Oct. 23, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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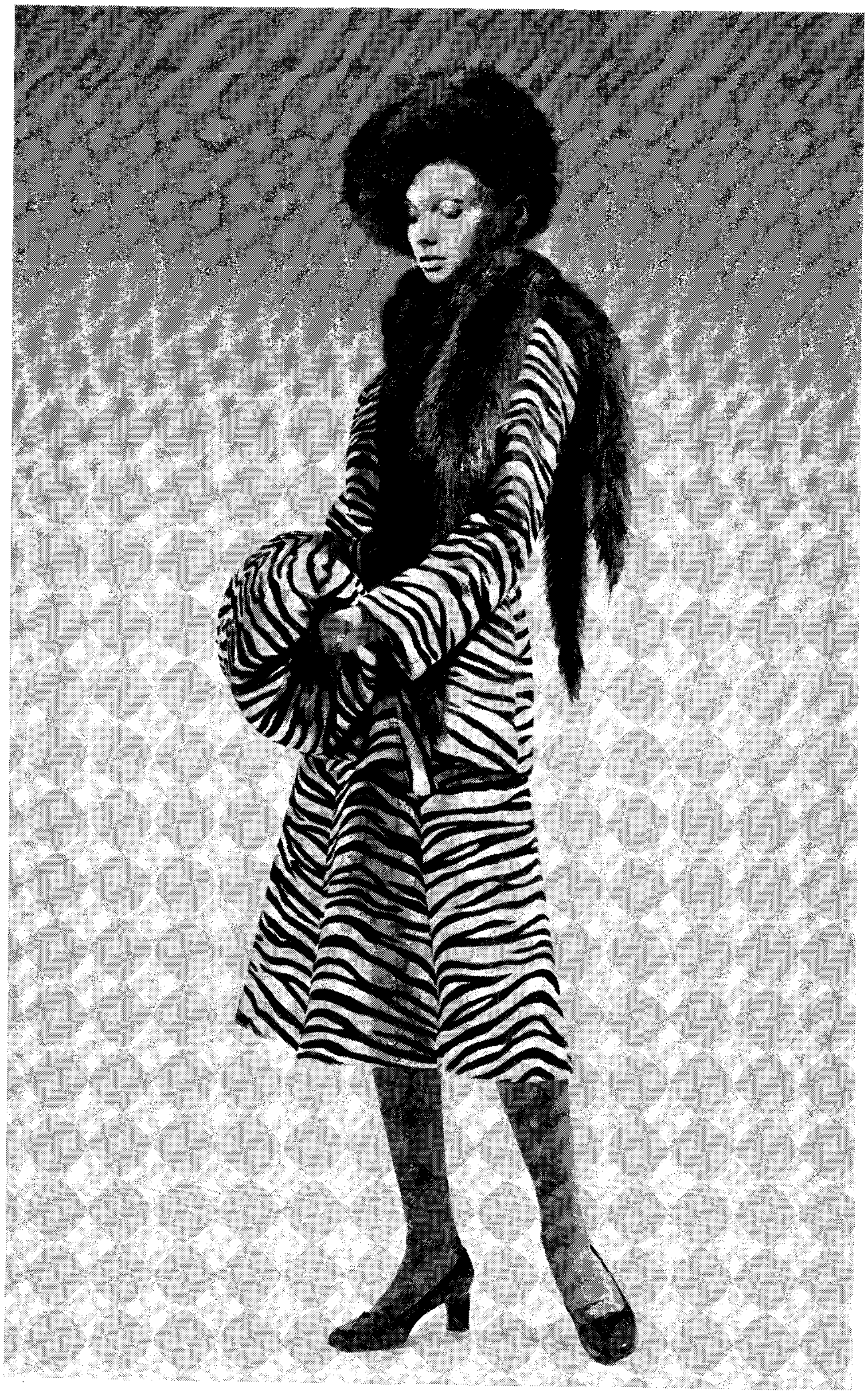

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AINT SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—A musical play by Melvin Van Peebles, with Barbara Alston, Lauren Jones, and Joe Fields. Gilbert Moses directed. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK GIRL—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACK TERROR—A play by Richard Wesley. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DRAT!—A musical with a book and lyrics by Fred Bluth and a score by Steven Metcalf. Bonnie Franklin and Jane Connell lead the cast. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FOLLIES—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE INCOMPARABLE MAX—Richard Kiley and Clive Revill in a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee about the incomparable Sir Max. Directed by Gerald Freedman. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, except Oct. 20, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 21.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

LEAVES OF GRASS—Stan Harte, Jr., has written a varied, melodic score, though not an especially original one, for twenty-one of the poems, and they are sung (well) and danced to (after a fashion) by a company of four. The result is quite a vigorous show, which would be much better off without an intermission. Walt Whitman may not be everybody's poet, but who would have thought the old man to have had so much fun in him? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

LENNY—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MASTER BUILDER—Even this shallow, lacklus-

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COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Joseph Mirachi, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, Charles Saxon, William Steig, Alan Dunn, James Stevenson, Donald Reilly, Edward Frascino, Dean Vietor, Robert Weber, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt*

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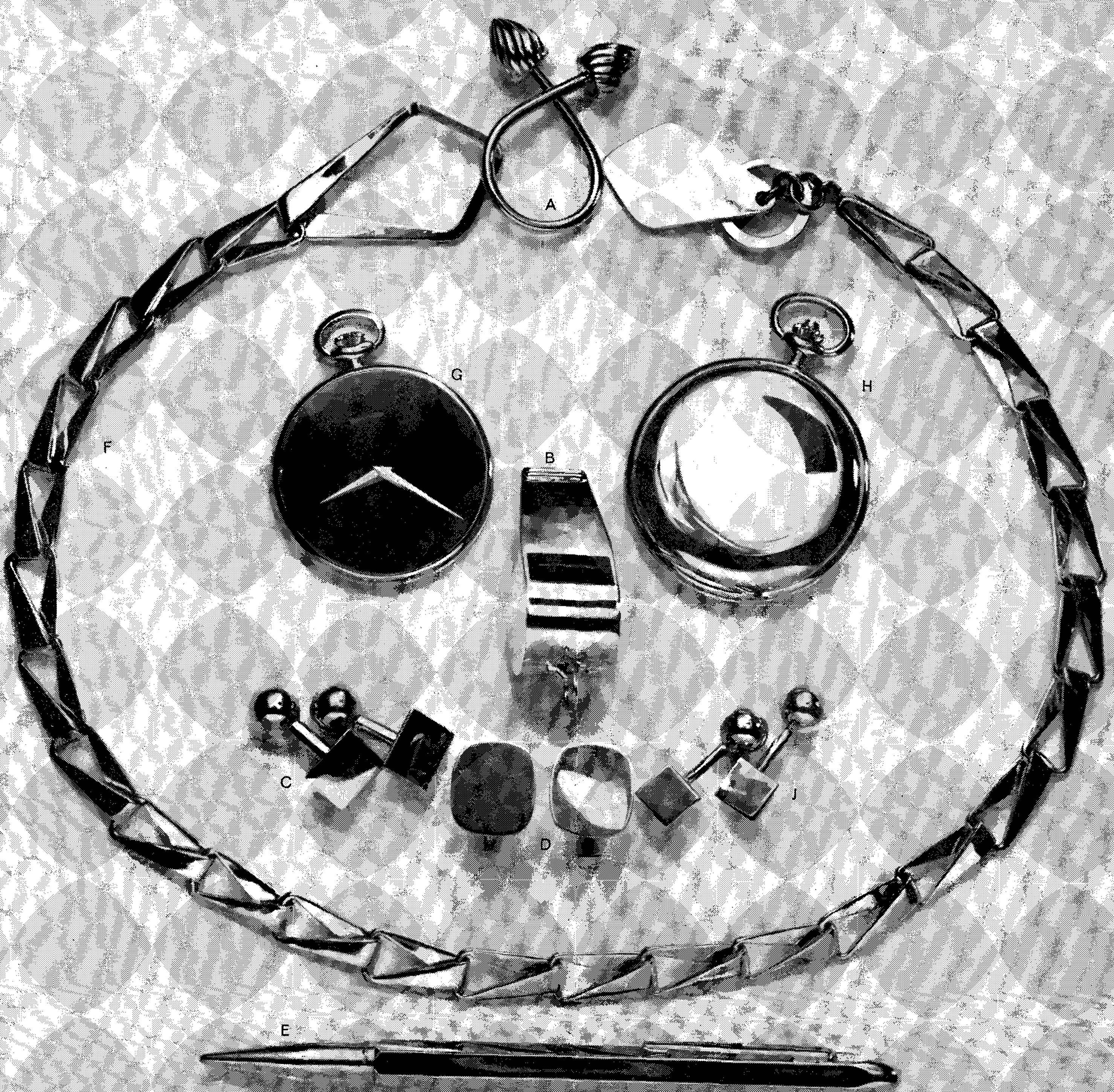

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a lively translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaption of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **Play Strindberg**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

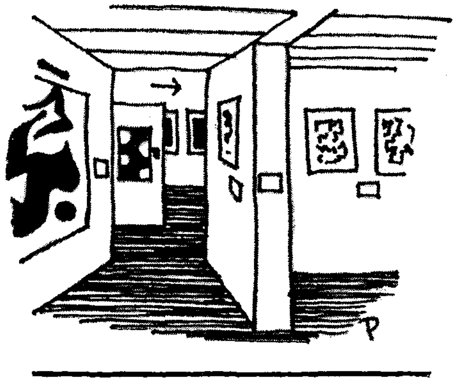
Solitaire/Double Solitaire—A pair of plays in which Robert Anderson wryly and wittily dissects the married state. The cast, all alumni of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, includes Joyce Ebert, Richard Venture, Ruth Nelson, and John Cromwell. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Song for the First of May—A play by Ted Pezzulo. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 21. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 22, at 7. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer, To Pass Another Winter—A musical from Israel, with a book by Hayim Hefer, music by Dov Seltzer and others, lyrics by Mr. Hefer and others, and a cast headed by Rivka Raz. The director is Jonaton Karmon. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories—Adapted by Larry Arrick from the Roth collection "Goodbye, Columbus." Mr. Arrick also directed, and Lou Jacobi and Michael Tolan head the cast. Previews through Monday, Oct. 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**Applause:** Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **Butterflies Are Free:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Oct. 26, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 25.)... **Company:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris:** Buck Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly: —He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **The Fantasticks:** His plump body plunged. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Fiddler on the Roof:** —We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **Hair:** He was not only to quit his home, but to see it in the hands of others; a trial of fortitude which stronger heads than Sir Walter's have found too much. Kellynch Hall was to be let. This, however, was a profound secret; not to be breathed beyond their own circle. Sir Walter could not have borne the degradation of being known to design letting his house. Mr. Shepherd had once mentioned the word 'advertise'; but never dared approach it again. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **Promises, Promises:** Sir Walter spurned the idea of its being offered in any manner; forbade the slightest hint being dropped of his having such an intention; and it was only on the supposition of his being spontaneously solicited by some most unexceptionable applicant, on his own terms, and as a great favour, that he would let it at all. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **The Me Nobody Knows:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **No, No, Nanette:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **Oh! Calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **Purlie:** A dated musical adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," with Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)... **The Rothschilds:** One man's family, with music. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, except Oct. 26, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Oct. 25, at 2.)... **Sleuth:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Kettentanz" (première), "Abyss," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Square Dance," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "The Mingus Dances," "The Still Point," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 24: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 24: "Square Dance," "Solarwind," "Abyss," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "The Mingus Dances," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Petrouchka," "Weewis" (première) and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Kettentanz," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Weewis," "Kettentanz," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia—A one-week engagement by this company of forty-eight girls, accompanied by a traditional Cambodian orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 20-23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2.)

Senegalese National Dance Company—Forty-two dancers, musicians, and singers in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 26-27, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Oliver and a group called Swamp Water will be onstage through Monday, Oct. 25. Blues singer Donny Hathaway and comedian Uncle Dirty take over on Wednesday, Oct. 27. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Thursdays through Sundays, the Major Holley trio plays. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 25-27, pianist Cedar Walton will team up with a bassist. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. The Pat Rebillot trio will be doing a gig through Saturday, Oct. 23. On Tuesday, Oct. 26, the Charlie Brown trio will come in. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass play-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Charlie Williams is in charge of a trio Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Part of the survival of the fittest; that is, Barney Josephson, of the long-lost Café Societies, still managing to come up with *spécialités de la maison*, such as Anita Sheer, coiled affectionately around her guitar and sounding far more Andalusian than any American has a right to be, plus Sammy Price, who treats a Steinway in a fine (and historical) way. From eight to one, except on Sundays, when Cyril Haynes, solo, moves to the piano for a seven-to-midnight set. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Through Monday, Oct. 25, a promising new jazz-band outfit named Weather Report will appear, along with singers England Dan and John Ford Coley. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 27, the Blues Project and singer Karen Dolton will perform. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Headquarters for six-stringed jazz. Through Sunday, Oct. 24, the admirable Jim Hall will be playing the instrument while the estimable Ron Carter handles a bass. On Wednesday, Oct. 27, guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Linc Milliman will move in. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The James Moody quartet, which includes drummer Roy Brooks, pianist Kenny Baron, and bassist Victor Sproles, will be here through Saturday, Oct. 23. Sunday, Oct. 24, the Ruby Braff quartet will do a one-night stand. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and a bassist are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. The Roy Ayers Ubiquity will perform Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 21-24. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, the Don Pullen trio, with singer Rita Da Costa, is up. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Thursdays through Sundays, drummer Roy Haynes heads a trio. Mondays through Wednesdays, the Sunny Henry trio plays. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Leon Thomas, the man with the voice like an electronic yodel, will be onstage through Sunday, Oct. 24, backed by a sextet known as Black Lightning. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 26-28, the Andrew Hill quintet will play. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, pianist Herbie Hancock will head a sextet. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The Ahmad Jamal trio entertains nightly, except Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Elvin Jones, leading a quartet, drums the night away until Tuesday, Oct. 26, when Chick Corea brings in his quintet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Oct. 24, Howard Johnson will sit in on tuba. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The sidewalk sideshow would have warmed the heart of Barnum, and it ought to attract a few dozen sociologists. Inside, however, the tone is set by rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

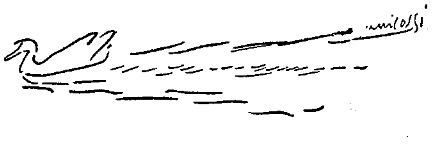
L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Neither fish nor fowl (though both are on the menu), as discothèques go, for the formality of a hotel restaurant sort of contradicts the passion of the tapes and discs. Best just to hark to Chico Hamilton, happy as a clam with his old drums and his three new sidemen. Music from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the *mise-en-scène*. People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, the Jesters Four come out and play and sing and so forth. Starting Monday, Oct. 25, the Jack D'Johns trio will perform. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.



Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

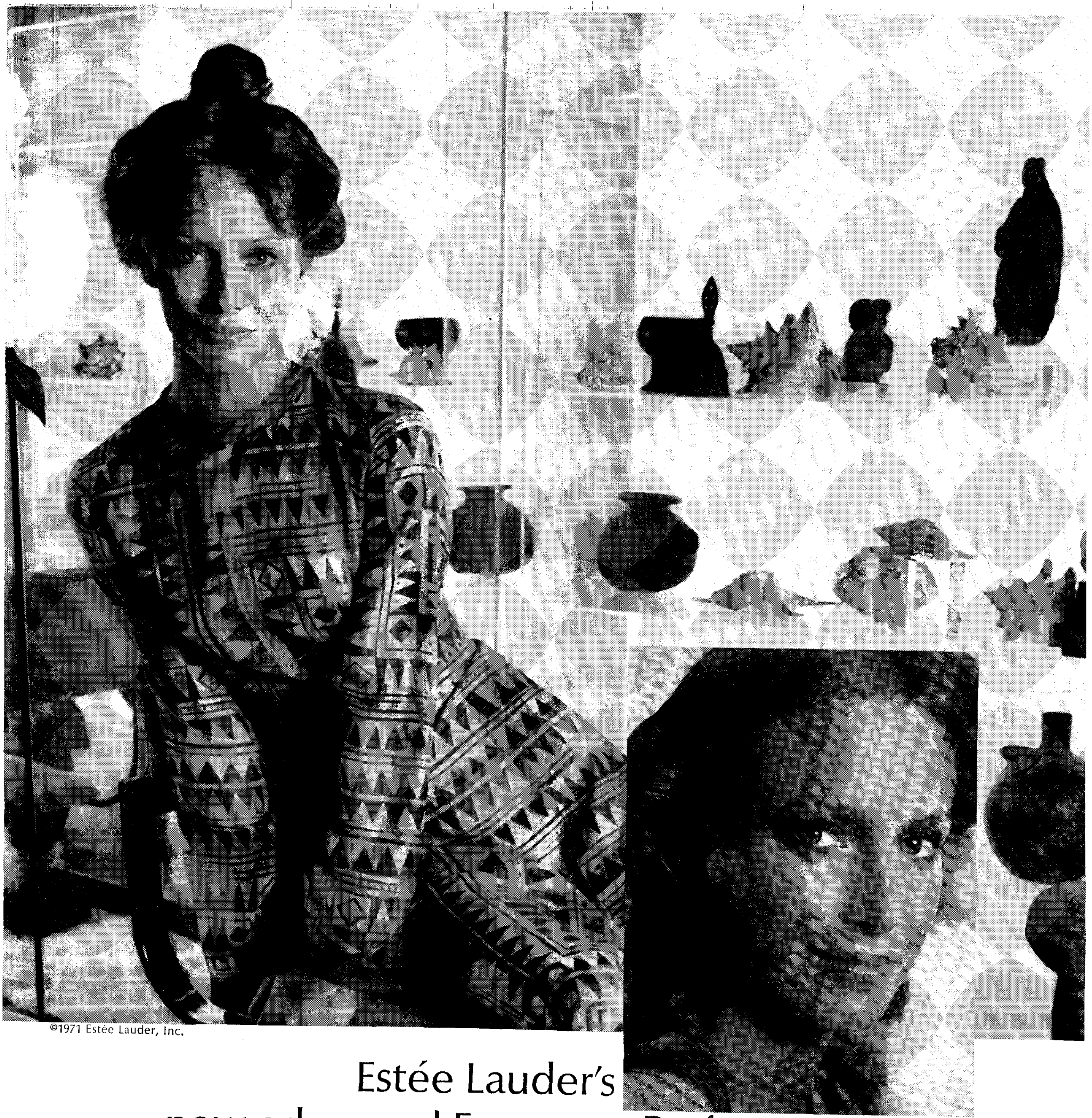
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Oct. 20, is the last night for the perfect Copa bill: Dionne Warwicke riding her sweet chariot through Burt Bacharach country, Lonnie Shorr talking his way through the Deep South. Next evening, on comes Jack Jones, in his hey-look-me-over fashion, to blow bubbles into his songs. Dick Lord will be the mandatory stander-upper-and-deliverer. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—A Peter Duchin orchestra has settled in at LA FORÊT to embellish this enchanted and enchanting woodland from eight-thirty to two-thirty. It's a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday—hereabouts. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the CAFÉ with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—What, besides all the urban renewal within, has got into the Plaza? Well, the PERSIAN ROOM will, through Saturday, Oct. 23, be letting Frankie Laine come on strong, and then, on Monday, Oct. 25, be bringing in Carol Lawrence to sing. Burt Farber and Mark Monte will be on the bandstand heading up their crews, which is to say that the situation here is just about normal, including the Sunday nights off. The star turn goes on at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. What's got into the courtyard once known as the Edwardian Room is a new name (GREEN TULIP) and a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians. And what's got into PLAZA 9 is a dozen new young people and a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this at eight and eleven every night but Monday. And what's got into the PALM COURT at night (except Sundays) is a new music man, Miguel, on guitar, though Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty. PLAZA 9, by the way, has a telephone of its own: PL 9-3933.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Northwest Mounted Police are having their own quite public New Year's Eve every night. The Eve ends on Saturday, Oct. 23. On Monday, Oct. 25, Benny Goodman checks in with a septet. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE contains, and just about, Erroll Garner, who accompanies his purposeful piano with an undercurrent of murmurings, all of them exultant. This one-man band is to be heard during dinner and supper. He is surrounded, from seven-thirty until two, by the music of George Cort's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BOITE, the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM**! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM**, Shirley Bassey sings full out during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. The whole thing amounts to a quite elaborate literacy test. Usually not before ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): After three becalmed years as a member of the family in "Fiddler on the Roof," Bette Midler erupts as her own self—a bacchante with a haunted, haunting voice and a marvellously split personality: rock, country, Western, and lieder done straight out or converted into complete liederkranz. Around nine and eleven, and (on Saturdays) at one as well. Hear the whole thing. She flies the coop on Saturday, Oct. 23.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one.

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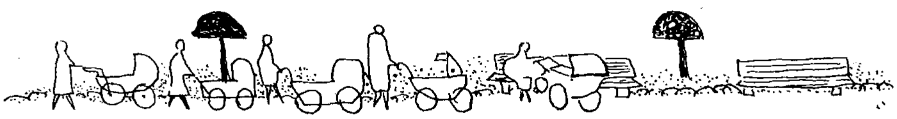
Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally handsome compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all. Well, when in Rome . . . A magnum of domestic champagne, though, has been added—Lynn Richards, a girl whose knowing lyrics and rumbling piano have been heard in quite a few wee small hours and places about town. She takes Sundays off. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. There also often arrives a passel of her Broadway playmates. The combination makes this one of the few true *boîtes de nuit* in our town. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): In remembrance of Goldie's New York, one of the city's best playgrounds, Wayne Sanders (long a part of that enterprise) does piano, nine to two, in a spot rather reminiscent of the original. Closed Sundays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Fifteen new paintings and eight large polychrome aluminum sculptures, plus three painted wood-and-canvas wall reliefs by this European Expressionist whose works are familiar in New York; through Nov. 13. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Marble and bronze sculptures by this celebrated Dadaist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Nudes in interiors and still-lifes by a painstaking realist; through Nov. 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VICTORIA BARR—Lyrical abstract paintings and watercolors; through Nov. 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ED BAYNARD—Drawings in blue pencil on canvas of plant and tree forms; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIMEON BRAGUIN—Abstractions suggesting sails and the sea by a nineteen-thirties artist who was for many years an absentee from painting; starting Saturday, Oct. 23. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show is running concurrently with his show of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROLLIN CRAMPTON (1886-1970)—Paintings by a pioneer in American monochromatic canvases; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings and drawings from the forties and fifties; through Nov. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

BOB DURAN—Cloudlike abstractions; through Nov. 3. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BASIL EDE—Thirty watercolors of wild birds common to the United States and/or Europe by a British craftsman; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings by this landscapist and illustrator; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—Installations of this artist's fluorescent-light compositions; starting Saturday, Oct. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St., and Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract oils of interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

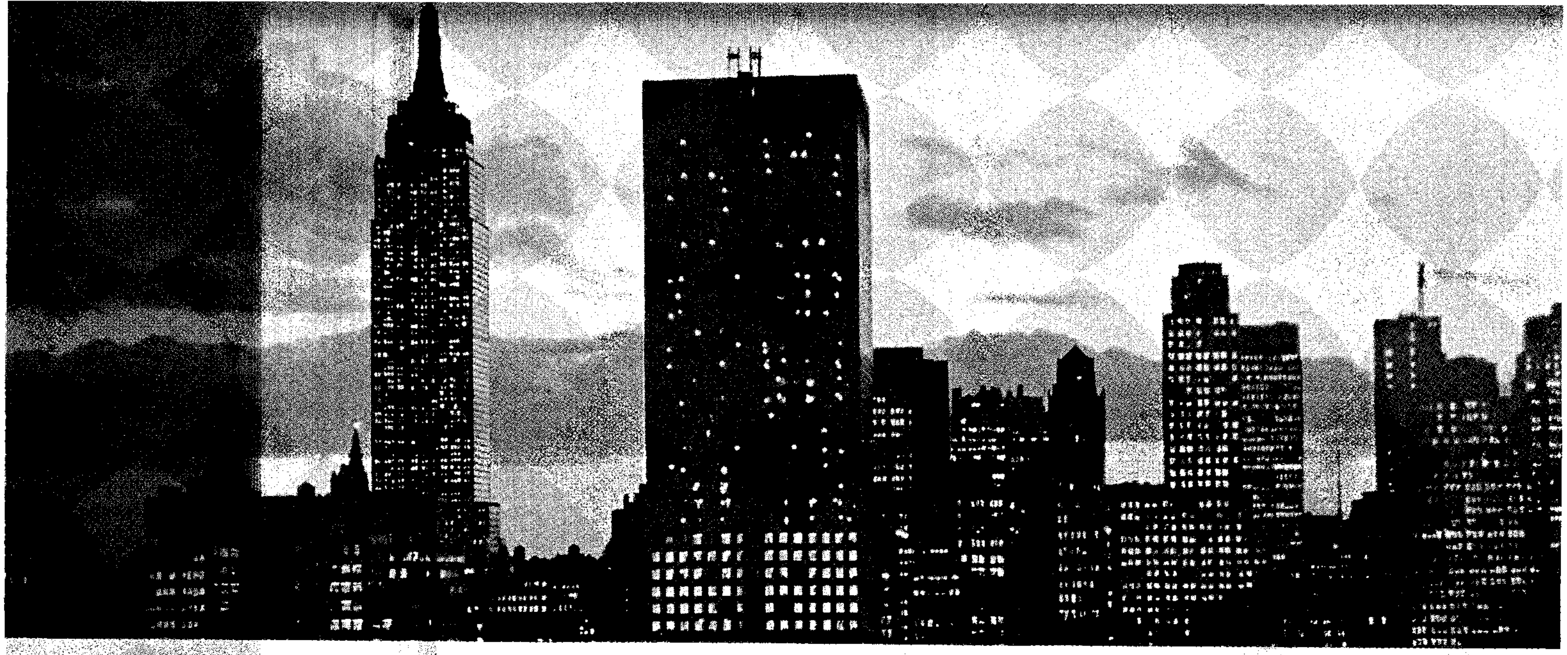
AARONEL DEROY GRUBER—Clear and colored plastic sculptures that move; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

EVA HESSE (1936-70)—Sculptures of various raw materials; through Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

IAN JOHN HORNAK—Landscapes and portraits by a realist who works from photographs; through Thursday, Oct. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JESS—Paste-ups with fantastic motifs by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSHUA JOHNSTON—Portraits by this black artist



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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who worked around the turn of the eighteenth century; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Kahn—Paintings and drawings of contemporary life; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Morton Kaish—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures; through Nov. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Painted cutouts of the artist's friends; starting Saturday, Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Kleemann—Neo-realist paintings of automobiles, subways, fire engines, and so on; starting Saturday, Oct. 23. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leonid—Shimmering views of Venice by a lyrical Romanticist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

David Levine—Portraits and scenes of Coney Island in watercolor; starting Saturday, Oct. 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors by the German-American famous for his threatening uniformed females; through Nov. 24. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

John Little—Recent paintings and collages by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings and sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Nov. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mainardi—The first one-woman show of the artist's landscapes, political compositions, and symbolic still-lifes; through Nov. 7. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Fifty-two paintings, including portraits and a few nudes, from private museum collections, representing all phases of the artist's development; through Nov. 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and drawings by this intellectually refined American abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt and Anton Heyboer—Drawings, some with watercolor, by the former, a fantasist in a hyper-realist mode, and prints by the latter, a Dutch artist who devotes himself exclusively to etching; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Recent works by this well-known painter of colored stripes; through Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Geometric paintings which, when seen at a distance, resemble stacked logs, a pile of boxes, and so on; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joe Overstreet—Compositions of geometrically shaped sections of brightly painted canvas attached to the ceiling and floor at different angles from the wall; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

David Pease—Paintings suggesting toys, cutouts, and building blocks; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A joint benefit exhibition of a hundred and ten oils and works on paper in honor of the artist's ninetieth birthday: from 1901 to 1924 at the Saidenberg (1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and from 1924 to the present at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino—New bright paintings of vivacious nudes by this veteran social realist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Constructions made of corrugated boxes; through Nov. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Reichner—The first one-man show in New York of this West Coast artist's geometrical paintings with sections of mirrors; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Twenty sculptures in rust-covered steel based on the artist's bizarre box drawings; through Nov. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emilio Sanchez—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures; through Nov. 7. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Martin Schreiber—Paintings and painted sculptures by an artist who favors chromatic arrangements of tones; through Thursday, Oct. 28. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Helene Simon—Stone sculptures in organic forms; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

William Steig—Drawings; through Nov. 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Collages by this celebrated "color" painter; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St.)

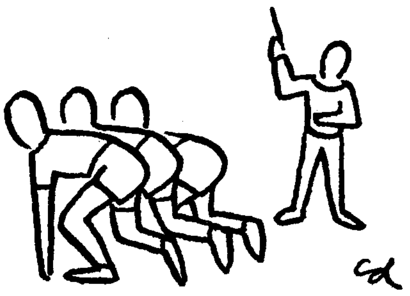
Thomas Stokes—Abstract compositions in disappearing hues that radiate from a central point of light; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings by a Chinese Abstract Expressionist; through Nov. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Constructions, drawings, and prints by this inventor of strange images; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CISNEROS**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Santos, some of them old, and graphics from Puerto Rico; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **DANENBERG & ROMAN**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Leading Americans, among them Hassam, Lawson, Weber, Zorach, and Archipenko; through Nov. 6.... **DANENBERG & ROMAN CONTEMPORARIES**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporaries such as Pearlstein, Wesselmann, and Gallo mixed with nineteenth-century academicians such as Gérôme and Bouguereau; through Nov. 6.... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Moholy-Nagy, Matisse, Miró, Picabia, and Kandinsky, for instance; through Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)... **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: About seventy designs for peace posters by outstanding American artists (Calder, Fahlström, Katz, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, and Youngerman, to name several), also glass-and-mirror constructions by Sam Wiener; through Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans such as Hopper, Burchfield, Sloan, Demuth, Marin, and Shahn; through Nov. 4.... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; starting Friday, Oct. 22.... **KRUGIER**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Indian erotic miniature paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth; through Saturday, Oct. 23.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Robert Vickrey; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Nov. 20. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode by, for example, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Saturday, Oct. 30.... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century French academicians as Gérôme, Couture, Tissot, Bouguereau, and Cabanel; through Nov. 6.... **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Works using materials usually devoted to big business; through Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three followers of "aesthetic realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Nov. 25. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by ten Westbeth Housing Project artists, including Robert De Niro, Robert Fabian, Fred Farr, Leatrice Rose, and Anne Tabachnick; through Nov. 14. (Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2 to 6; Fridays, 4 to 8.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Dadaist and Surrealist paintings, drawings, books, and graphics; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Twenty Impressionist still-lifes on paper by Turku Trajan, plus paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, who include Agostini, Frank, Nadelman, Rose, and Hill; through Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30.... ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 25, from 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1.... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" starting Thursday, Oct. 21.... ¶ A fifteen-by-thirty-foot shaped canvas by Jasper Johns, in paint, collage, and encaustic, based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Airocean World Projection; through Nov. 7.... ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one

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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 25, from noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; through Monday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; through Nov. 4. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 25, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 25, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), including stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays, except Oct. 25, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Monday, Oct. 25, from 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; starting Thursday, Oct. 21. (Mondays, except Oct. 25, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and poetry by Sonia Sekula, a figure in the New York art world during the forties and fifties; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays, except Oct. 25, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 25, from 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac; the exhibit will include a slide presentation, narrated by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Oct. 31. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Photographs taken by James Van DerZee between 1900 and 1971; through Nov. 14. (Mondays, except Oct. 25, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Maria Bieshu, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 25: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, George Shirley, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, William Walker, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Luisa Miller," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Joyce Gerber, Robert Hale, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Robert Johnson, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Joyce Gerber, Robert Hale, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Robert Hale, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Michael Devlin, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Michael Gielen directing on Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 2 (both with Sheila Armstrong and Margaret Price, sopranos; George Shirley, tenor; and the Schola Cantorum of New York). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano). . . . ¶ Michael Gielen conducting on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 1, at 7:30 (all with Siegfried Palm, cello).

London Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, the last two in a series of concerts—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Bernard Haitink conducting, with William Masselos, piano.

World Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting an orchestra made up of musicians from sixty nations. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 6:30. For free tickets, call 675-2686.)

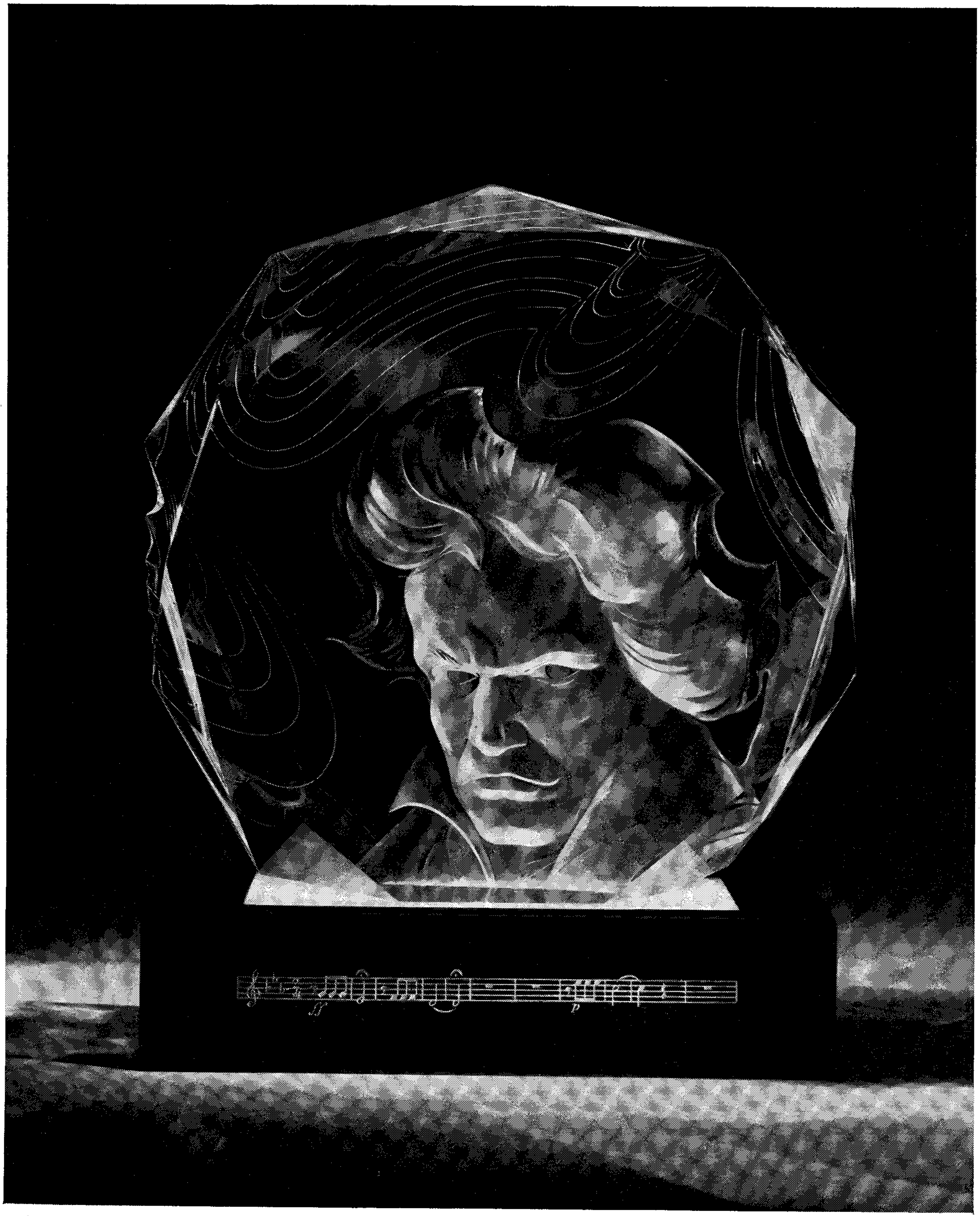
Boston Symphony—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8, with Christiane Edinger, violin.) . . . ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting; no soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8, with Stanley Ritchie, violin; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and others. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Orpheon Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of chamber works, with Diane Higginbotham, soprano, and Richard Shadley, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

"Stabat Mater"—Charlotte Bergen directing a

ANTIQUES
A. Martin



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chorus and an orchestra in a performance of the Dvořák work, with Marguerite Baxter, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the first in a series of four all-Haydn programs, with soloists. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Oct. 29, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

Thomas Schumacher—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Composers in Performance—LaMonte Young and Marian Zazeela in a program of ragas, with Pandit Pran Nath. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Drolc Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:15.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and acting as piano soloist; Julian Bream, lute and guitar; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30.)

John Ogdon—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Bergson Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—The second in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, this one conducted by Michael Gielen. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Oct. 29.)

Vermeer Quartet—With Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Pro Musica de Rosario—Singers and instrumentalists from Argentina in a program of music from the Middle Ages and the baroque period. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

Robert and Gaby Casadesus—A program of music for one and two pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Music From Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Doris Pines—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Oct. 26, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jim Hall Trio—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Oct. 22, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Aretha Franklin and the Sweethearts of Soul—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Deep Purple, Fleetwood Mac, and Audience—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 8.

Big Band Festival—Woody Herman and his Herd, Stan Kenton and his orchestra, Billy Eckstine, Rosemary Clooney, Tex Beneke and his orchestra, Ray Eberle, the Modernaires, and Paula Kelly. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1.)

Mandrill and Buzz Linhart—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3.

Cat Stevens—With Mimi Farina and Tom Jans. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:30 and 8.)

Charles Aznavour—Philharmonic Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, at 8.

Rod Levitt Orchestra—Jazz Center. Friday, Oct. 29, at noon.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Houston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—George Foreman vs. Louis Pires, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

College Football—saturday, oct. 23: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Alfred, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **saturday, oct. 30:** Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Pace, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Monday through Sunday, Oct. 25-31.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23; the Vineland Handicap, Monday, Oct. 25; and the Benjamin Franklin Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23; the Washington, D.C., International, Monday, Oct. 25 (for this day only, post time will be noon); and the Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—"The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill

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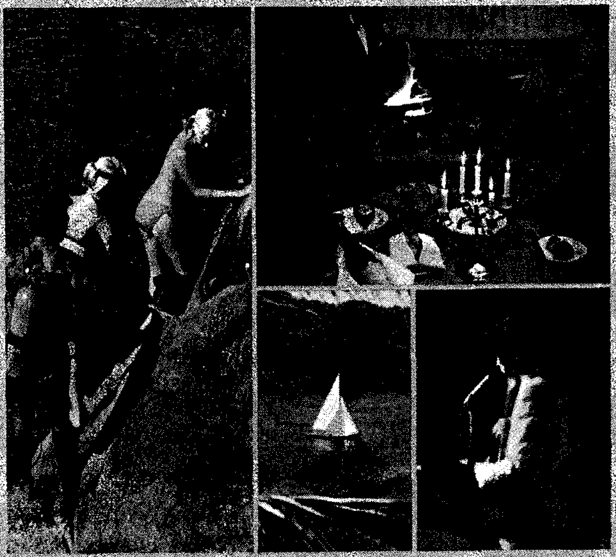

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 3:30 and 5:30. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1 and 3:30.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Oct. 24, and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TEN PENNY PLAYERS:** "Yes, Yes, Boniface!" (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 25, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Oct. 25, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4.)... ¶ A half hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Child's Garden of Art," an exhibition of paintings and drawings by children from Iraq, Jordan, Kuwait, Lebanon, Morocco, Sudan, and Saudi Arabia. Through Monday, Oct. 25. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 25, from 1 to 5.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Monday, Oct. 25, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be Persian swords, daggers, and knives; Ming and Ching porcelain; American handmade quilts; and Oceanic ancestor figures, shields, and masks. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, through Sunday, Oct. 31. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, and Klee; from the Solomon Guggenheim Foundation. ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, among them works by Kokoschka, Cassatt, and Rousseau; owned by Mrs. Robert R. McCormick and others. Admission by card only; for information call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 2: Chinese porcelain, from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 10:15: African art, including two Bakota wooden and brass reliquary figures, a Basonage ivory pendant figure, and a collection of fetish figures; from various collections.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from the estate of Martha Baird Rockefeller.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 10:15: American books, among them works on the Indians and Indian captivities, Western Americana, voyages and travel, and the unpublished manuscript of La Salle's Mississippi expedition; the property of several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, from a number of sources, including Bryn Mawr College. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 21.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: Western American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from the collection of Dr. Lester Bauer and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 21.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man in the White Suit" (1952), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness and Joan Greenwood.... ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1959), directed by John Boulting, with Peter Sellers and Ian Carmichael.... ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "Genevieve" (1953), directed by Henry Cornelius, with John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan.... ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1959).... ¶ Oct. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Carry On Nurse" (1959), directed by Gerald Thomas, with Wilfrid Hyde White and Shirley Eaton.... ¶ Oct. 23 at 11:30: "Crossroads" (1928), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa.... ¶ Oct. 23 at 3 and 5:30: "Another Sky" (1954), directed by Gavin Lambert, with Victoria Grayson. ... ¶ Oct. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Peeping Tom" (1959), directed by Michael Powell, with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.... ¶ Oct. 25 at 1: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud.... ¶ Oct. 25 at 6 and Oct. 26 at 2: "Remontons les Champs-Elysées" (1938), in French, directed by, and with, Sacha Guitry.... ¶ Oct. 26 at 5:30: "Secret Agent" (1936).... ¶ Oct. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Orders to Kill" (1958), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Eddie Albert and Paul Massie.... ¶ Oct. 28 at noon: "The Cincinnati Kid" (1965), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Edward G. Robinson.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 2: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "In the Heat of the Night" (1967), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 8: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966), directed by Norman Jewison, with Carl Reiner and Alan Arkin. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Oct. 21: "By the Law" (1926), directed by Lev Kuleshov.... ¶ Oct. 22-24: "Mother" (1926), directed by V. I. Pudovkin.... ¶ Starting Oct. 27: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), directed by V. I. Pudovkin. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—A retrospective of the films of Jean Epstein, through Oct. 26. After that, films by Belson, Baillie, Anger, Brakhage, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (no Mondays).... **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 26: "The Nun" and "The Immortal Story."
From Oct. 27: "The Crook."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 20: "Strike Up the Band" and "Babes on Broadway."
Oct. 21-23: "Colleen" and "Ready, Willing, and Able."
Oct. 24-27: "Summer Holiday" and "Girl Crazy."
From Oct. 28: "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "20 Million Sweethearts."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Summer of '42" and "Promise at Dawn."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 26: "Death in Venice" and "Elvira Madigan."
From Oct. 27: "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 21: Mary Pickford Festival.
From Oct. 22: A festival of Humphrey Bogart films, programs to be announced.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 21: "Death in Venice."
From Oct. 22: "War and Peace."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 23: "Rebecca."
From Oct. 24: "Joe Hill."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 27: "The Conformist."
From Oct. 28: "Bless the Beasts & Children."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 26: "Gimme Shelter" and "A Hard Day's Night."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."
R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 26: "The Last Movie."
From Oct. 27: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Summer of '42."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 26: "See No Evil" and "Husbands."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Catlow."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 21: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 26: "The Stewardesses."
From Oct. 27: "The Devils."
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Summer of '42."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Organization."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"School Play."
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 26: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Oct. 27: "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 26: "Flesh" and "Trash."
From Oct. 27: "Falstaff."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 27: "The Clowns."
From Oct. 28: "Medea."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 21: "Death in Venice" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 21: "Belle de Jour" and "The Milky Way."
Oct. 22-24: "Z" and "The Confession."
Oct. 25-26: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Orpheus."
Oct. 27-28: "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 26: "Soul to Soul."
From Oct. 27: "Captain Apache" and "A Town Called Hell."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Oct. 25: "Goyokin." (No performances on Sunday, Oct. 24.)
From Oct. 26: "Fort of Ezo" and "The Sword of Doom."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sleeping Beauty."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Kotch."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murmur of the Heart."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 26: "The Début."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 23: "The Telephone Book."
From Oct. 24: "Maidstone."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"It Only Happens to Others."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 23: "Gimme Shelter" and "A Hard Day's Night."
From Oct. 24: "Joe Hill."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 26: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From Oct. 27: "Gone with the Wind."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 21 (tentative): "Bunny O'Hare" and "The Velvet Vampire."
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "The Todd Killings" and "Women in Cages."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 26: "Death in Venice" and "Wait Until Dark."
From Oct. 27: "The Touch" and "Charly."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 25: "Millhouse: A White Comedy."
From Oct. 26: To be announced.
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 26: "Plaza Suite" and "Waterloo."
From Oct. 27: "Performance" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 21: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "It Happened One Night."
Oct. 22-27: "David Copperfield" and "Min and Bill."
From Oct. 28: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Lust for Life."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 21: "The Conformist."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Oct. 20: "Rock Revival of 1964" and "The Young Savages."
Oct. 21-27: "The Gladiators" and "One Plus One."
From Oct. 28: "The Gladiators" and "The Battle of Algiers."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Babes on Broadway (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Olympia; starting Oct. 28.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 25-26.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 21.)

Bless the Beasts & Children—With Bill Mumy and Barry Robins, directed by Stanley Kramer. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 28.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 26.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Waverly; through Oct. 26.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 26.)

Bunny O'Hare—With Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Gerd Oswald. (Regency; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

Captain Apache—With Lee Van Cleef, Carroll Baker, and Stuart Whitman, directed by Alexander Singer. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 27.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Catlow—With Yul Brynner and Richard Crenna, directed by Sam Wanamaker. (Juliet 1.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern

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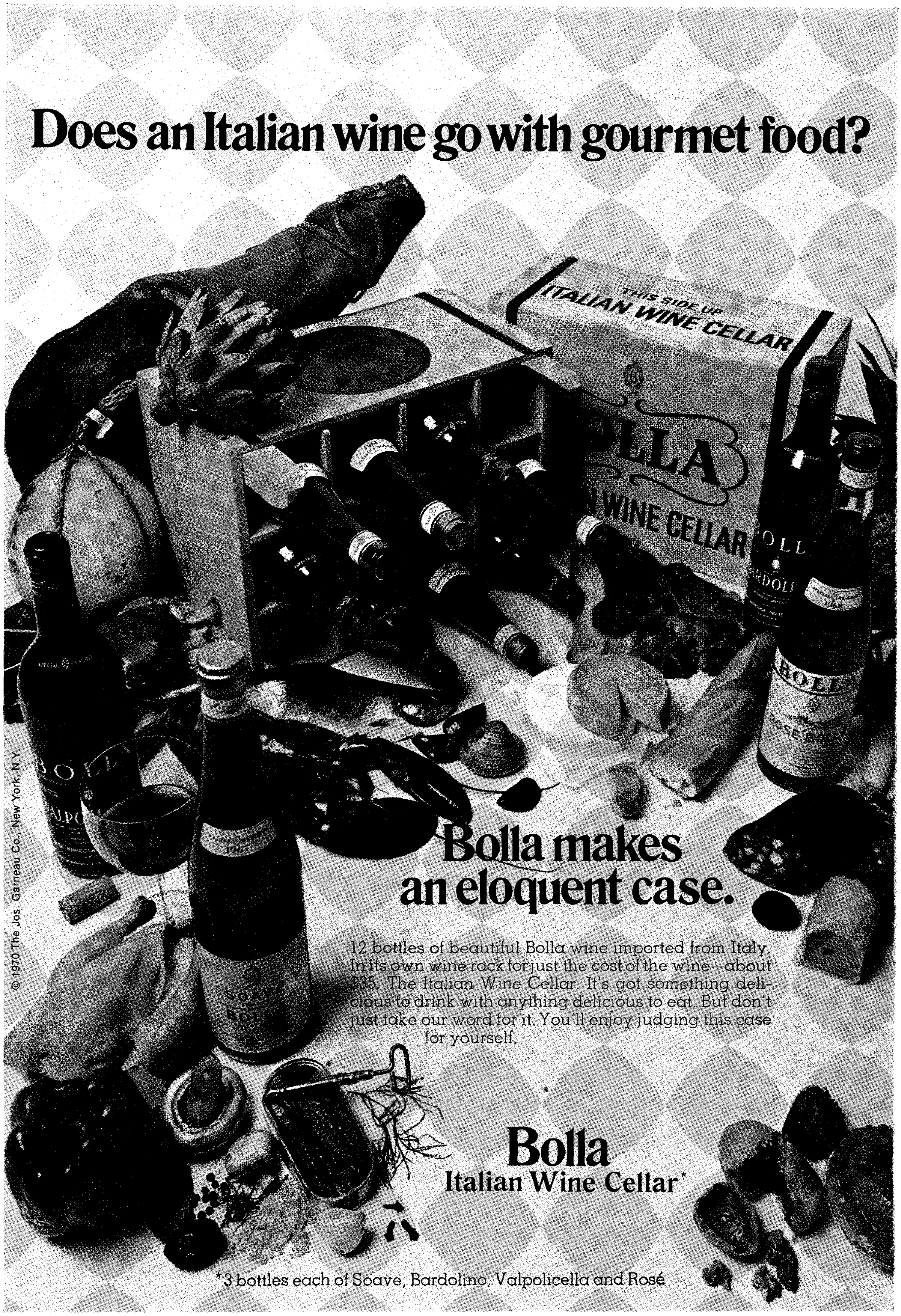
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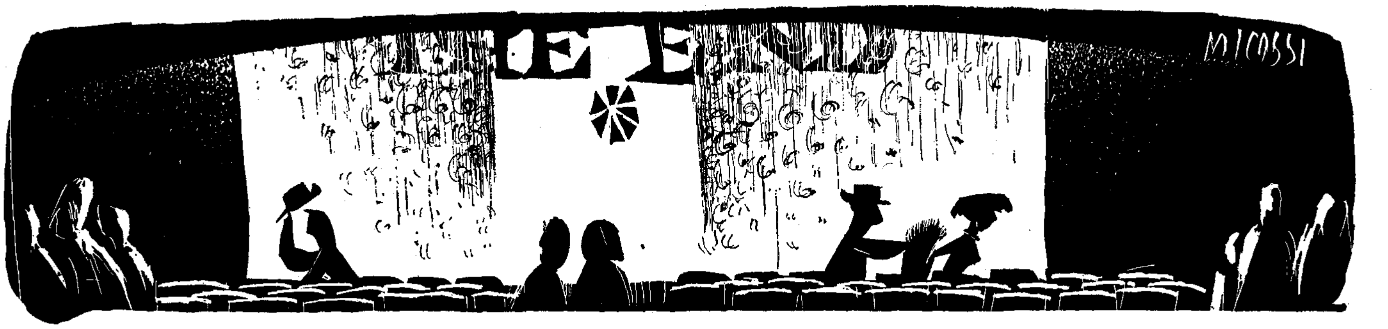
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Thalia; starting Oct. 28.)

Charly (1968)—With Cliff Robertson and Claire Bloom, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 27.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 27.)

Colleen (1936)—A Warner Brothers' musical, with a bunch of the regulars (Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert) plus Paul Draper and Jack Oakie. Not exactly a dazzler. Al Dubin and Harry Warren have written better songs; Alfred E. Green directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-23.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 22-24.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Midtown; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 27.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Art; starting Oct. 27.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Thalia; Oct. 22-27.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (34th St. East and Greenwich; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 26.)

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The Début—Directed by Gleb Panfilov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 26.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (U.A. East; starting Oct. 27.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Gramercy; through Oct. 26.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 27.)

Flesh (1968)—With Joe Dellesandro. Directed by Paul Morrissey, one of the Warhol group. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 26.)

Fort of Ezo—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Oct. 26.)

The French Connection—With Gene Hackman, directed by William Friedkin. (Orpheum.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Paramount; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 26.)

Girl Crazy (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24-27.)

The Gladiators—A Peter Watkins film. (Olympia; starting Oct. 21.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 28.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 27.)

Goyokin (1969)—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Oct. 25. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 27-28.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Paramount; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 26.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 26.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Art; through Oct. 26.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Thalia; through Oct. 21.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris.)

Joe Hill—With Thommy Berggren, directed by Bo Widerberg. (Sutton and Paramount; starting Oct. 24.)

Kotch—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. Dreadful. (Music Hall.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal law-

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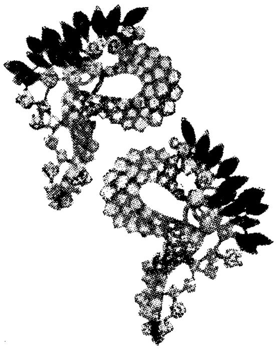

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yer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Thalia; through Oct. 21.)

The Last Movie—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through Oct. 26.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia 1.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Thalia; starting Oct. 28.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 21.)

Maidstone—Directed by, and with, Norman Mailer. (Lincoln Art; starting Oct. 24.)

Medea—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 28.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 21.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon, by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (New Yorker; through Oct. 25.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Thalia; Oct. 22-27.)

Murmur of the Heart—With Lea Massari and Benoit Ferreux, directed by Louis Malle. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Art; through Oct. 26.)

One Plus One (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very fine, subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (Olympia; Oct. 21-27.)

The Organization—With Sidney Poitier, directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 25-26.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Symphony; starting Oct. 27.)

Mary Pickford Festival—Oct. 20: "Sparrows" (1926) and "Stella Maris" (1918). Oct. 21: "Daddy Long Legs" (1919) and "Pollyanna" (1920). (Murray Hill.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Symphony; through Oct. 26.)

Promise at Dawn—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Cinema Village.)

Ready, Willing, and Able (1937)—One of the lesser Warner Brothers' musicals. With Ruby Keeler, Wini Shaw, Jane Wyman, Louise Fazenda, Allen Jenkins, and Teddy Hart. One good song: "Too Marvellous for Words." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-23.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare, vintage poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as best picture of 1940. (Sutton; through Oct. 23.)

Rock Revival of 1964 (1964)—The Teenage Awards Music International, with such performers as The Rolling Stones, James Brown, Chuck Berry, the Beach Boys, and The Supremes. (Olympia; Oct. 20.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 27-28.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

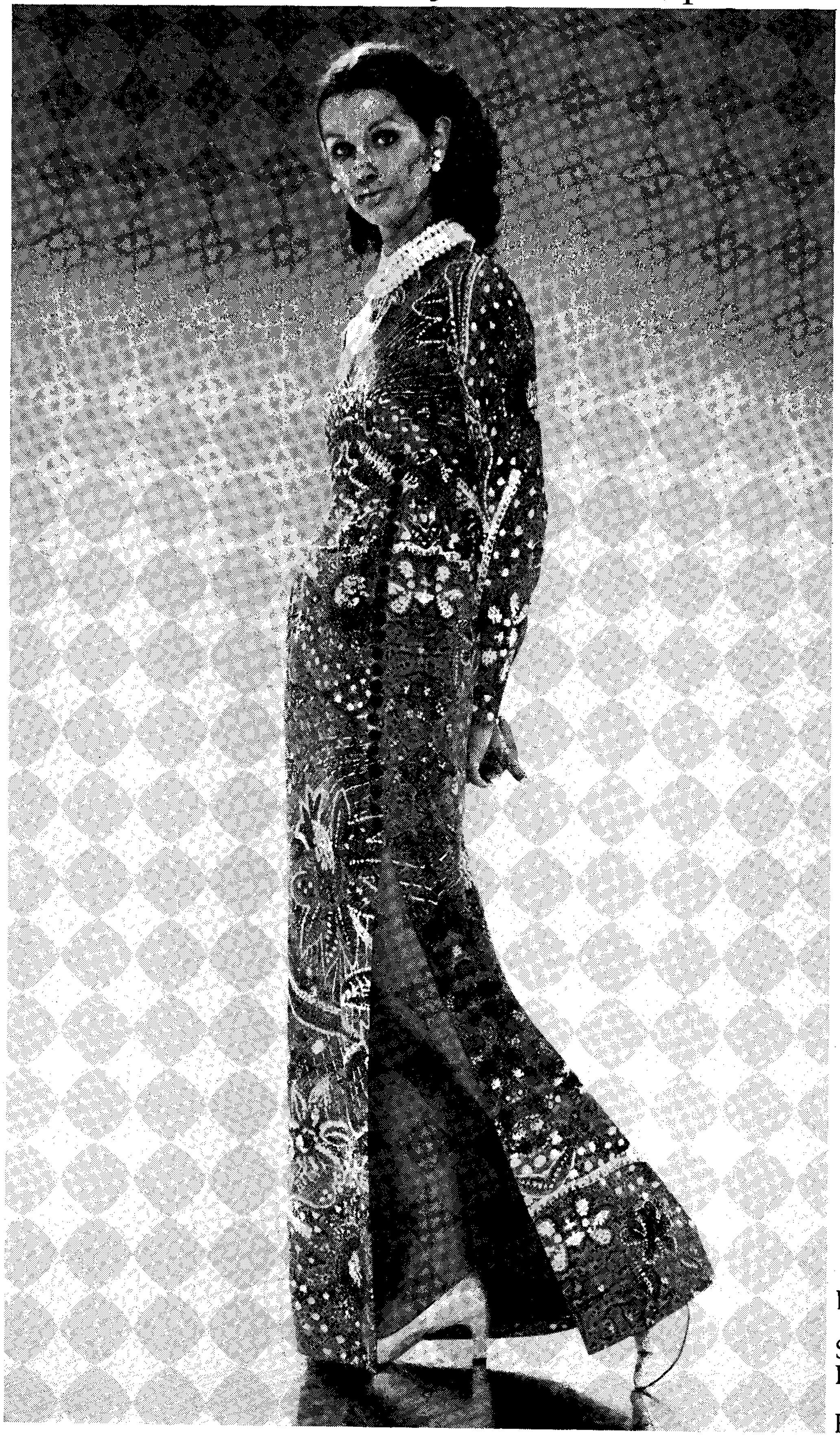
School Play—Directed by Charles Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 26.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Guild.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—With Dan Drake, directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting Oct. 27.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 26.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Symphony; starting Oct. 27.)

The Stewardesses (1970)—One of the half-dozen top box-office successes of the year—maybe because men have shifted their fantasies from nurses to stewardesses. Written and directed by Alf Silliman, Jr. In 3-D. (U.A. East; through Oct. 26.)

Strike Up the Band (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, hard-to-forget June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra in an M-G-M musical directed by Busby Berkeley. He shot the works in a bizarrely extended number called "Do the Conga." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20.)

Summer Holiday (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this moderately ghastly musical version of "Ah! Wilderness," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. The play unfortunately lends itself to the wholesome-Americana-good-clean-dances approach. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that Mickey Rooney in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, and Butch Jenkins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24-27.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Cinema Village, Ciné Malibu, and Loew's Ciné.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Oct. 26.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy and Waverly; starting Oct. 27.)

The Telephone Book—Another failed attempt to combine a porny picture with a spoof of porny pictures. Roger C. Carmel and William Hickey contribute funny vignettes, and Sarah Kennedy has a nice quality as the wide-eyed blond ingénue. But the author-director, Nelson Lyon, doesn't have enough style to carry out his ideas with even a modicum of grace. (Lincoln Art; through Oct. 23.)

The Todd Killings—With Robert F. Lyons and Richard Thomas, directed by Barry Shear. (Regency; starting Oct. 22, tentative.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Gramercy, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 27.)

A Town Called Hell—With Telly Savalas and Robert Shaw. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 27.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 26.)

T. R. Baskin—With Candice Bergen and Peter Boyle, directed by Herbert Ross. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

20 Million Sweethearts (1934)—Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, and Pat O'Brien, and an Al Dubin and Harry Warren score that includes the damned-near-impossible-to-forget "(You May Not Be an Angel But) I'll String Along With You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 28.)

The Velvet Vampire—With Michael Blodgett, directed by Stephanie Rothman. (Regency; through Oct. 21, tentative.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Greenwich; through Oct. 21.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 26.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondachuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (34th St. East; starting Oct. 22.)

Waterloo—Bondarchuk here makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Symphony; through Oct. 26.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 26.)

Women in Cages—Pamela Grier and Judy Brown, directed by Jerry deLeon. (Regency; starting Oct. 22, tentative.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II.)

The Young Savages (1961)—John Frankenheimer directed this melodrama about juvenile gangs in Spanish Harlem, recruiting some of the boys on location. You're awfully conscious that the picture means to be hard-hitting, but it sometimes succeeds. Burt Lancaster is the assistant D.A. who came out of the slums and has now got himself married to Dina Merrill, no less. Others involved include Shelley Winters and Telly Savalas. (Olympia; Oct. 20.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 22-24.)

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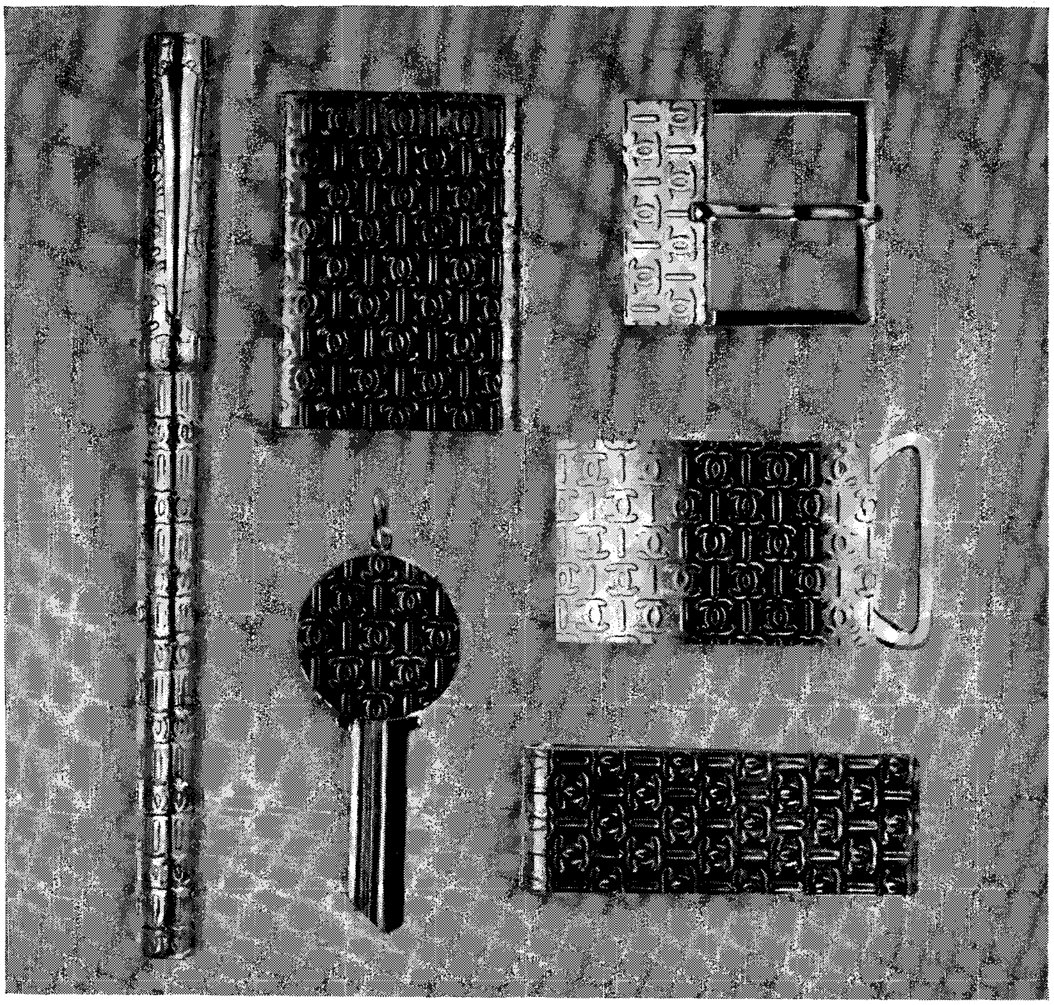

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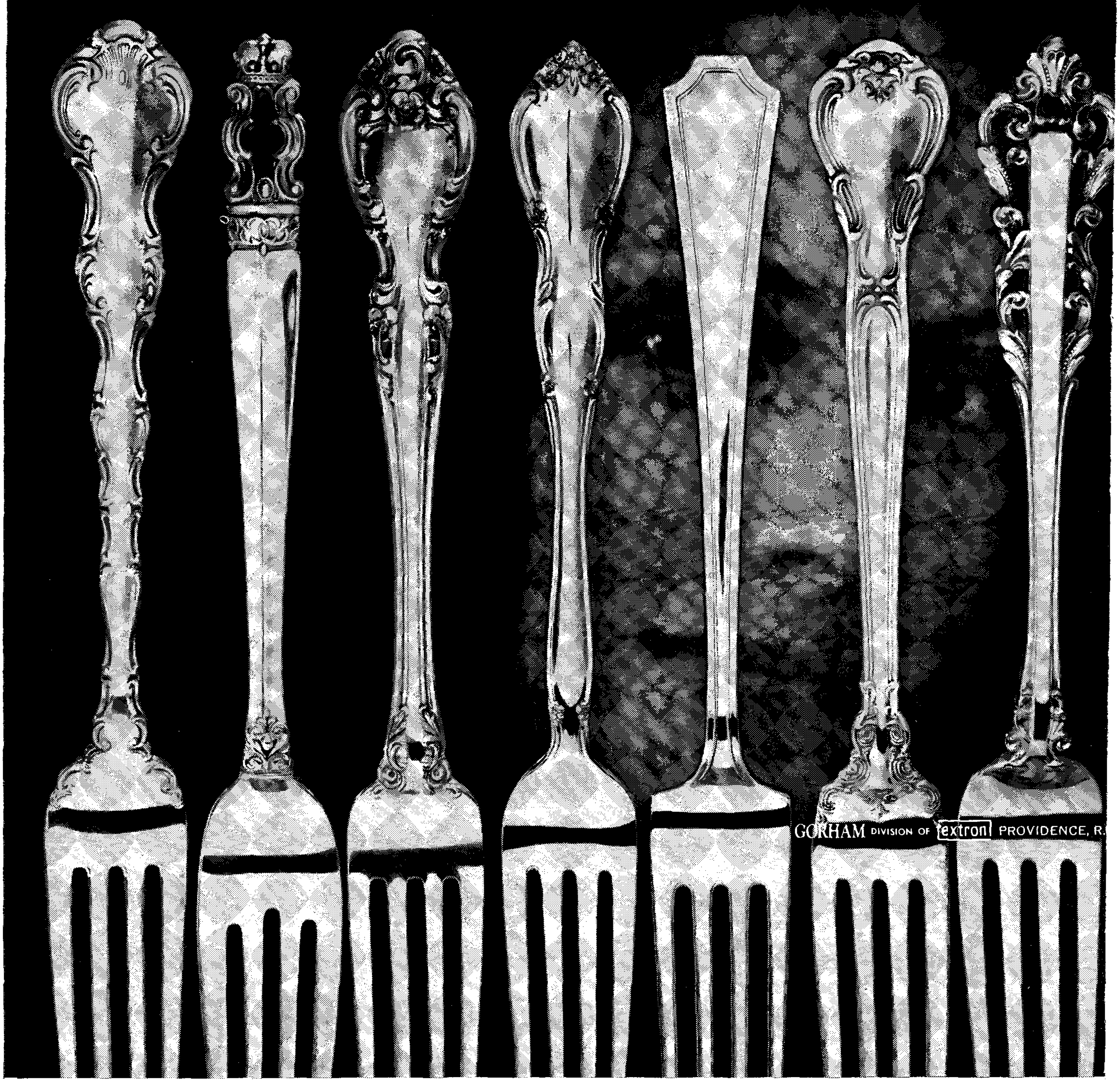
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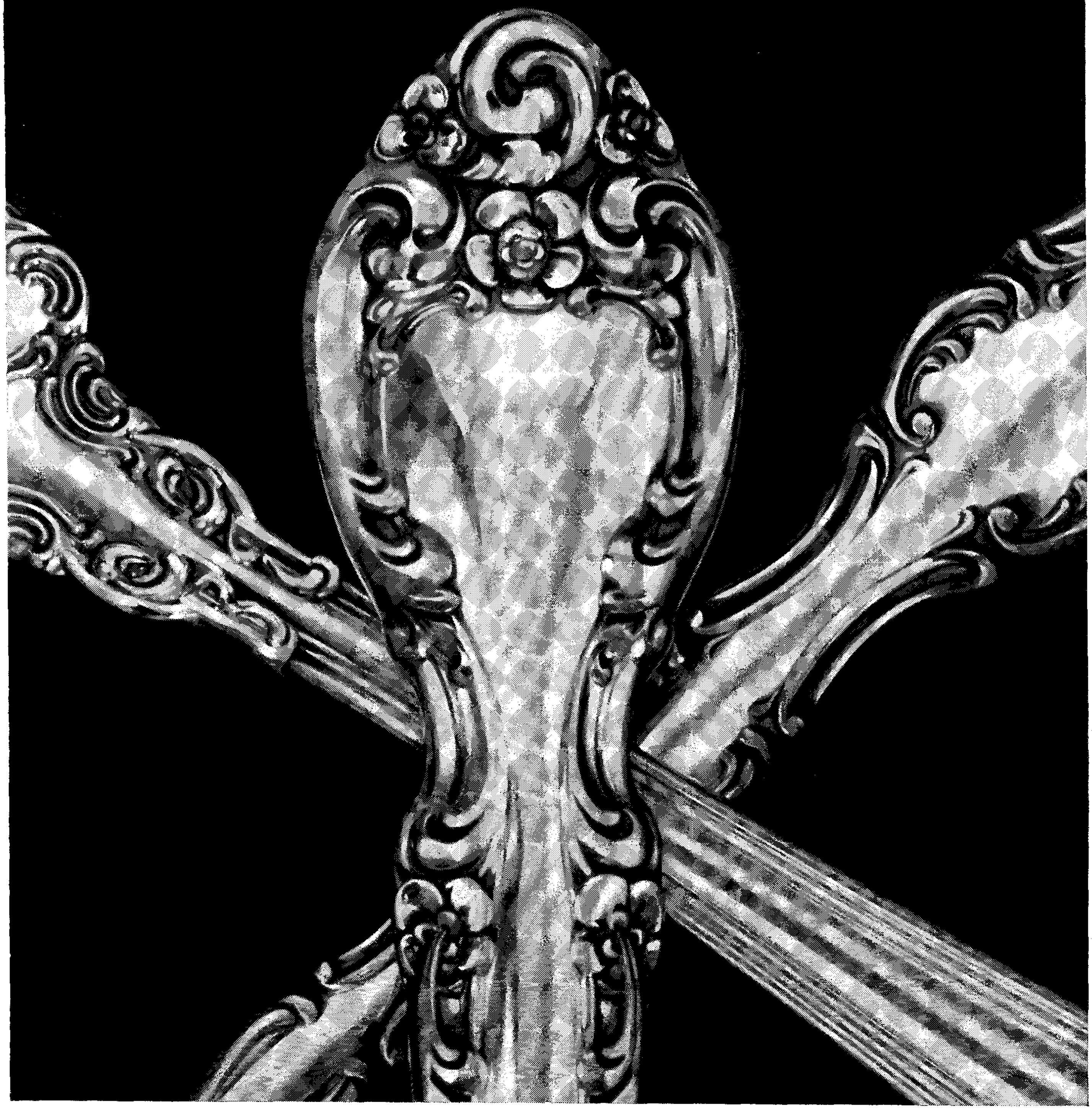

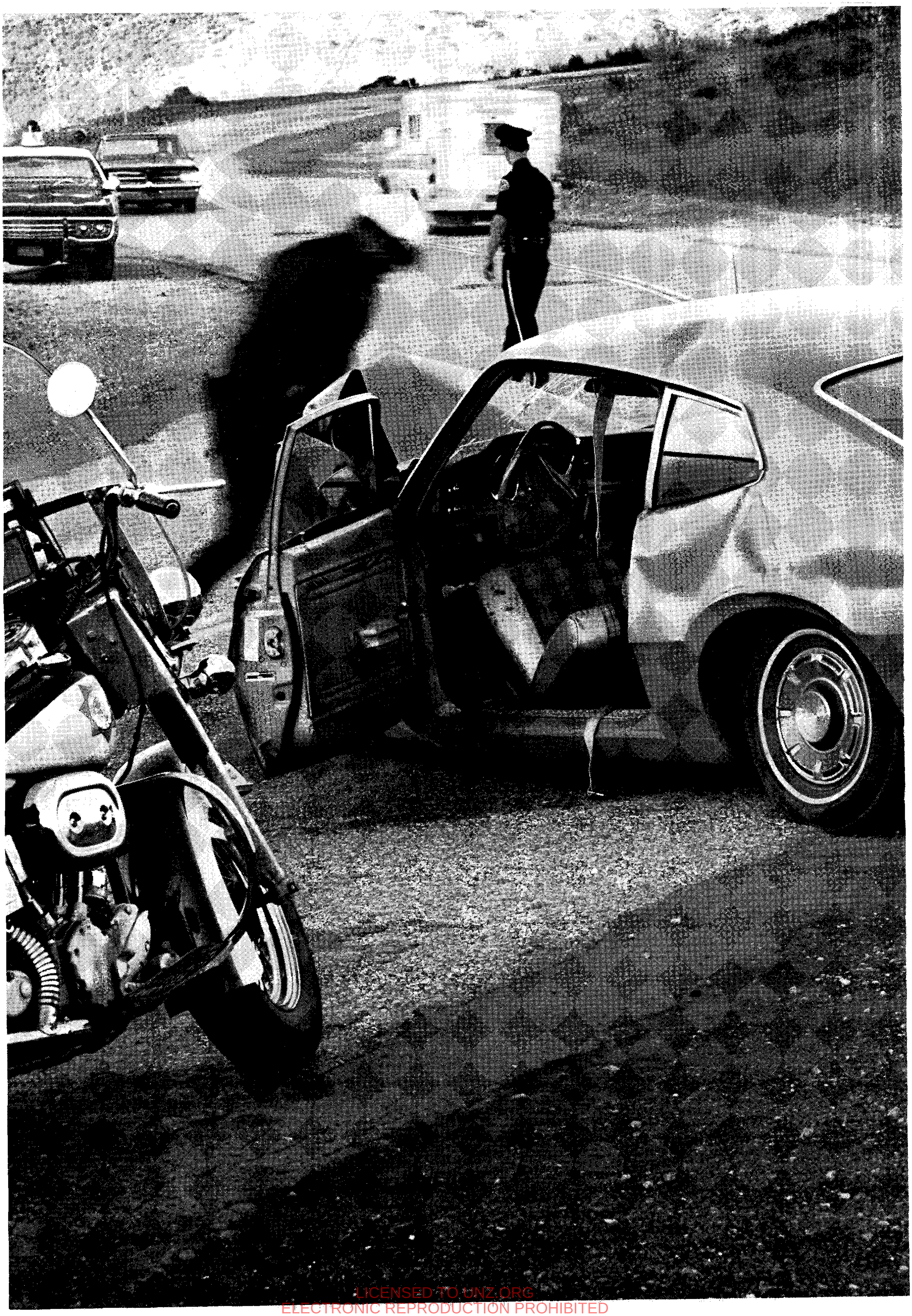

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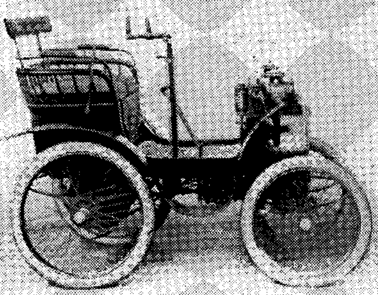

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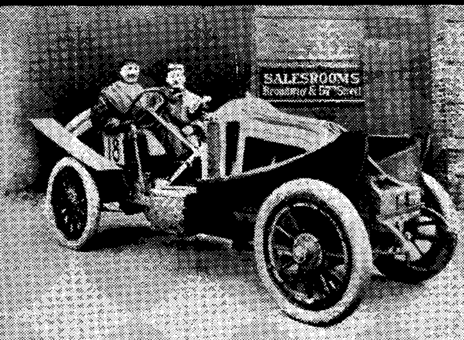

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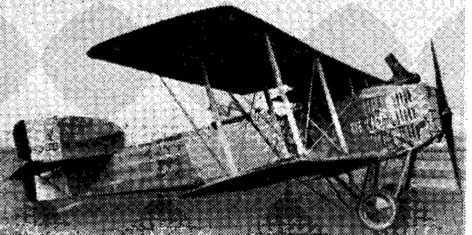

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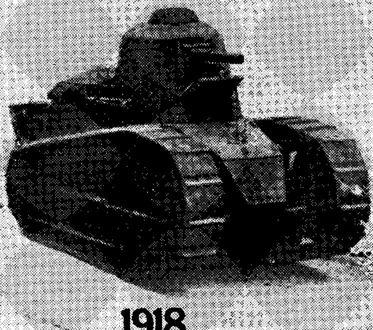

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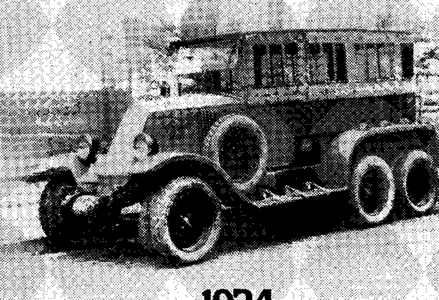

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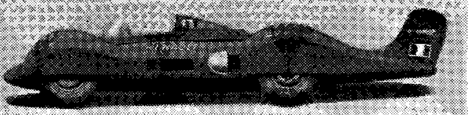
first motor
crossing of the Sahara.



1956.
The Renault that set a world's
speed record at
famous Salt Lake City flats.

1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.
It gets up to 35 mpg
and gains a very solid following.

1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16
arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd
in Monte Carlo against
cars like Lancia and Porsche.

Introducing a car that's much more than you expect.

The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

1972. You can finally get a reliable piece of transportation that doesn't ask you to sacrifice good road holding, or trunk space, or people space, or your bank account. It gets up to 30 mpg and goes for $2189.*

We can promise you uncanny road holding and better handling because the drive wheels are in front, and the engine is over them for better traction.

We produce more front-wheel drive cars than anybody in the world. Over a million a year. So it shouldn't be surprising that we know how to bring you the best that front-wheel drive has to offer.

It is 7" longer than the Pinto. So besides more leg room, it has almost as much trunk as Pinto and Vega combined, 12.8 cubic feet. If you need even more trunk, the Renault 12 station wagon has up to 58 cubic feet.

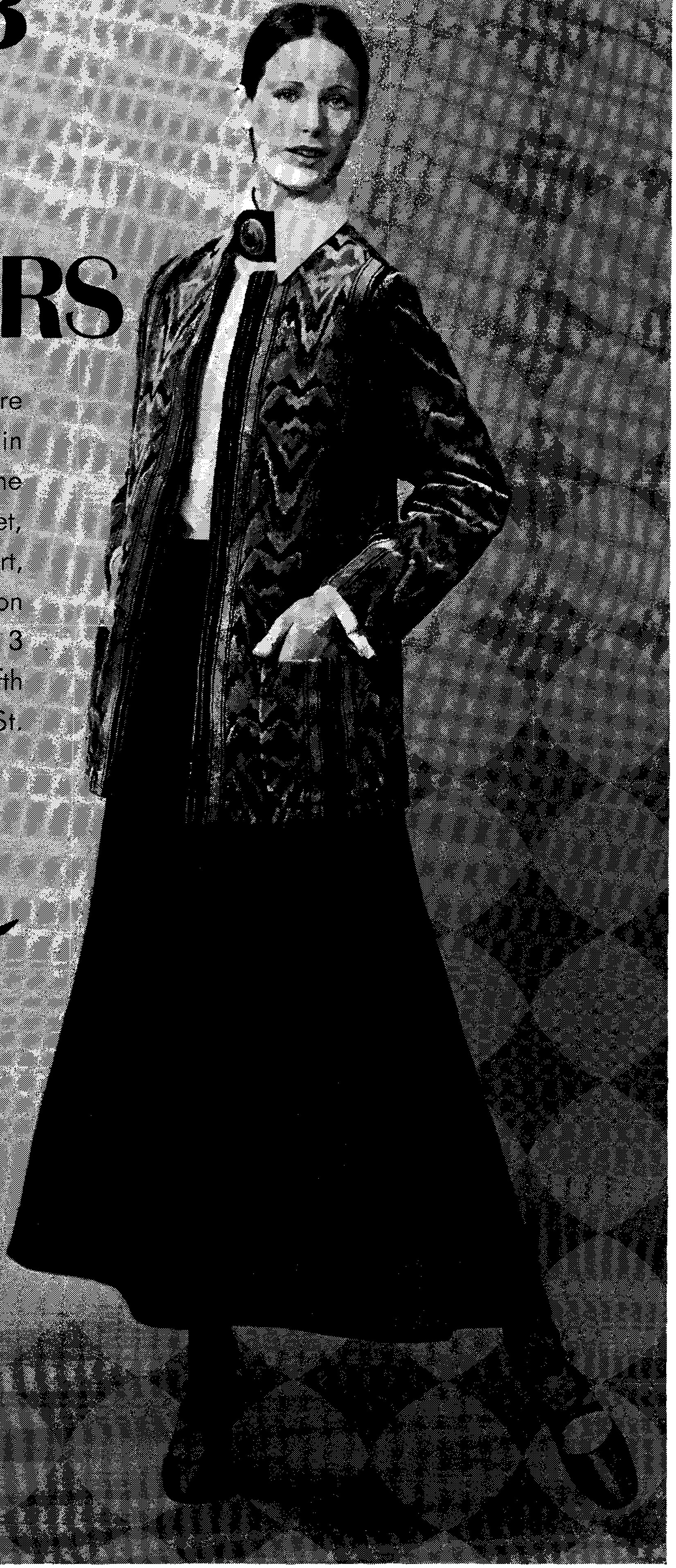
Its engine is essentially the same superb power plant that swept MonteCarlo. As is the ultra-precise rack-and-pinion steering.

With this car, we think we have a solid gold winner. And we know America likes a winner. It is something we learned in 1909.

RENAULT

world's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

*Suggested retail price P.O.E. for the Renault 12 sedan, plus F.E.T. if applicable, slightly higher on the West Coast, taxes, freight, options (as illustrated–custom wheels, front bumper overrider bar, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional. For overseas delivery information see your nearest dealer or write Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.



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YOUNG
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From our superb Anne Klein signature collection: the sculptured blazer in rayon and cotton that looks for all the world like a mellow Turkish carpet, 125.00, black wool pettipoint skirt, 80.00, cream color acetate and nylon shirt, 56.00. All, 6 to 14. Studio 3 For Young Designers, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, St. Davids, Ridgewood/Paramus.

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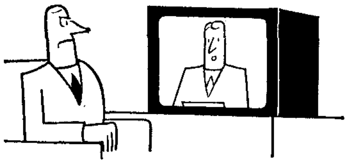
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

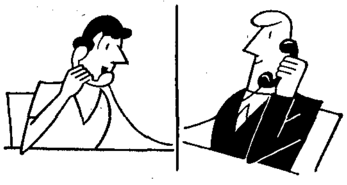
Notes and Comment

ONE of the main reasons, we imagine, that a number of people feel suspicious of "the news" isn't just that it's biassed or reflects some Eastern establishment, and isn't just a reaction to "bad news," but has something to do with the fact that the conventional, responsible news systems we profess to admire, or, anyway, depend on (we are thinking mostly of the television evening news and the morning newspaper), still haven't found a very effective way of dealing with the face-value pronouncements of official spokesmen. It may be a sad commentary on the-way-things-are-today that so many people in this country do *not* automatically, deferentially trust their leaders (we ourself don't think it's such a sad commentary; in fact, it seems a rather healthy thing), but, in any event, it seems true that there is a general distrust of official gospel, that there is often a reason (e.g., the Pentagon Papers) for this distrust, and that the orthodox news organizations still pretend otherwise—still *act* otherwise, in the priority they give official announcements, and the usually accepting way they relay them to us. When the President says that he is winding down the war or is trying to stop inflation with the investment tax credit, his news is carried as *the* news. When the head of a big car company makes a speech and announces that his company is working night and day to bring cleaner skies and safer cars and a more beautiful firmament to all of us, the speech is carried at face value, usually in a prominent place, and if there is any criticism it is shoved in on page 55. The latest example of this we can think of is in the matter of the Army and Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert. In the event that anyone hasn't heard about it, this astounding business goes something as follows: Lieutenant Colonel Herbert—among other things, the most decorated enlisted man in the Korean war—has been a model soldier, brave, intelligent, loyal to the Army. In Vietnam, in his job as battalion commander, he witnessed, he said, several instances of murder and torture of prisoners by American troops, and reported them to two of his superiors. His superiors (according to Herbert) told him to mind his own business and shut up. When Herbert persisted in bringing the matter to light, he was relieved of command, shipped back home to a degrading job, and given a highly damaging efficiency report—by one of the two men whom he had charged with having covered up the atrocities. (Incidentally, his charges against both men were dismissed by the Army as unsubstantiated.) But the point is this. Along came Army Secretary Robert Froehlke, and he issued a statement telling us that *the Army was tearing up the damaging efficiency report.* Big deal. Nothing about the charges that Herbert raised. Nothing about the degradation and harassment of Colonel Herbert. In fact, Froehlke had the gall to say that the ridiculous and malicious efficiency report given on Herbert had nothing to do with the atrocity charges. And the press—which just seems to keep getting caught in this kind of thing, surely not because it likes Froehlke and dislikes Herbert but probably because it can't figure out another way to handle it, at least without sacrificing "objectivity" and "responsibility"—dutifully reported the statement, and the wonderful news that the Army was now tearing up the spurious efficiency report. We should note here that the *Times* was, on this occasion, an exception to this getting-caught syndrome, since the *Times* did more than anyone else to raise and press the issue of Herbert's treatment by the Army, and since it ran an editorial to offset the news of Froehlke's statement on the front page. We point out, however, that, much as we sometimes wish it were, the *Times* is not the breakfast reading of most of the country. We have been looking through some of the main out-of-town newspapers. In general, when *they* printed the story at all, they played it straight, which means at face value. The *story* in the Herbert-Army-Froehlke business, we suggest, has been mostly offstage. The *story* in Froehlke's statement was not what he said but in part what he didn't say and in part what other people were saying. An awful lot of the news of this country, it seems to us, is this kind of news. And if people feel skeptical of the news organizations, feel skeptical of the real accuracy of what they are being told, they may fix on the wrong reasons for it, but clearly they have a point.



Hachette

"COME to a reception in the Savoy Room of the Plaza for the Marquis Ithier de Roquemaurel, president of the Librairie Hachette," Mrs. Irena Balinska, the New York representative of *France-Soir* and *Elle,* said to us over the phone the other day. "He and his wife are in America for a five days' visit. Hachette, as you may know, is one of the biggest publishing houses in the world, and one of the biggest distributors of books, magazines, newspapers, and educational records."



Well, before the day was over we also learned that Hachette was founded in 1826 by Louis Christophe François Hachette, a great-great-grandfather of the Marquis, "for the issue of works adapted to improve the system of school instruction, or to promote the general culture of the community" (we quote the Encyclopædia Britannica); that it now publishes, among other things, *France-Soir* (which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in France), the *Journal du Dimanche*, *La Vie Française*, *Elle*, and *Réalités;* and that it has over a hundred companies and subsidiaries, which do a five-hundred-and-twenty-million-dollar-a-year business all over the world.

"We have *installations sur place* in the United States, Canada, Spain, Belgium, England, Germany, Africa, and Latin America," the Marquis, an alert-looking man in his middle fifties, told us, over some rather indifferent hot canapés and excellent Scotch. "We export our and other people's books. We import books in many languages. We distribute *all* Paris newspapers and magazines. We are the co-publisher, with Groupe Jean Provost, of *Tele-Sept Jours*, a TV guide. One of our problems is quick delivery. In Paris, we have our own trains, planes, and trucks for distribution. We have an office and *entrepôts* in Long Island City."

"Warehouses," said Mr. Lewis Galantière, another guest and a former president of the P.E.N. American Center, coming to our linguistic rescue.

Mrs. Balinska introduced us to the Marquise, a jolly-looking woman, who said that she and her husband had just come from Montreal and that she was going to Washington for a couple of days before they both returned to Paris. "We've been coming here for fifteen years," she said. "My husband goes to the office every day and night. He was born in the Dordogne, and we have a family place in the Lot-et-Garonne—in Beauziac, between Bordeaux and Toulouse. He has recently been made *conseiller municipal* there. We make a modest wine, and we're planting American corn for the fifth year."

"Yum-yum," we said.

"*Ornamental* corn," said the Marquise. "Black and brown and white."

"I started out in bookbinding and printing in one of our *filiales*," said the Marquis.

"Subsidiary companies," said M. Adalbert de Segonzac, who is *France-Soir's* North American bureau chief, also coming to our rescue.

"We have over nineteen thousand employees in Europe, not counting subsidiaries," said M. Yves Mengin, who is in charge of Hachette's American distribution. "We're still kind of small here. We do an annual American business of around a million six hundred thousand dollars in French, Spanish, and Italian newspapers, and around a million dollars in French, German, and Spanish books. And we handle eighty-eight thousand subscriptions to *Réalités*. There's a big market in America."

The Marquis wandered off, and we asked his wife what a French marquis is.

"A marquis is the eldest son of a dead marquis," she said.

Close to Somebody

THE newest of the resident companies at the City Center of Music and Drama is called the Children's Theatre. It consists of a group of professional actors and directors, all adults, who meet with from a hundred to a hundred and fifty children at a time in three age groups—seven to nine, ten to twelve, and thirteen to fifteen. The children turn up at the City Center, from all over town, on any one of several mornings or afternoons a week and pay seventy-five cents each to participate in a theatrical workshop as both audience and improvisational actors. That's the general idea. For the details, we have had a talk with Miss Marjorie Sigley, the originator and director of it. She is known as Siggy, and she makes you feel like joining whatever she's got. She is solid English, of the kind we used to see upping chins, smiling through, and defying Nazis in movies about the blitz. She has scraggly blond hair, luminous blue eyes, the complexion of an English outdoor baby, and unlimited energy. Siggy is in her late thirties, with the ageless appearance of those special people who seem to look exactly the same between the ages of eight and eighty. She came over here last year from London, where she had run a season of children's theatre at the Roundhouse, under the auspices of the Royal Shakespeare Company.

"What are you trying to do with the Children's Theatre here?" we asked Siggy.

"My major aim is truly gargantuan," she said. "No matter what the child's level of attainment is, no child should feel disappointed when leaving this place."

We had nabbed Siggy at the end of a presentation of a workshop play called "King Mateus," and over a hundred children (from the two older groups) were high-jinking around us, with nobody looking disappointed. We were in the underground part of City Center, a spacious area, without a formal stage, where the audience, sets, and performers are placed in whatever arrangement is called for. The children had just got through the three parts of their workshop: (1) sitting in the audience while the theme of the play—a boy king who is trying to find a way to be of service to his people—was presented by the company of professional actors; (2) going off in small groups with the actors—one group to each actor—to work on a specific section of the play; and (3) reassembling, with the actors, and finishing the drama with their own ideas and performances as part of the play. It was good stuff. The children popped bubble gum, giggled, waved to each other, gave their all, and advised the king in the play to levy "fines for any company who throws their garbage into the river," to make "strict laws against the drug pushers," to get "science to spend more money on cleaning the water, the air, the health, the lives of animals that are dying, instead of spending it on things like sending men to the moon," and to "help people get in the hospital without paying so much money or having to wait while the child sits there and half dies."

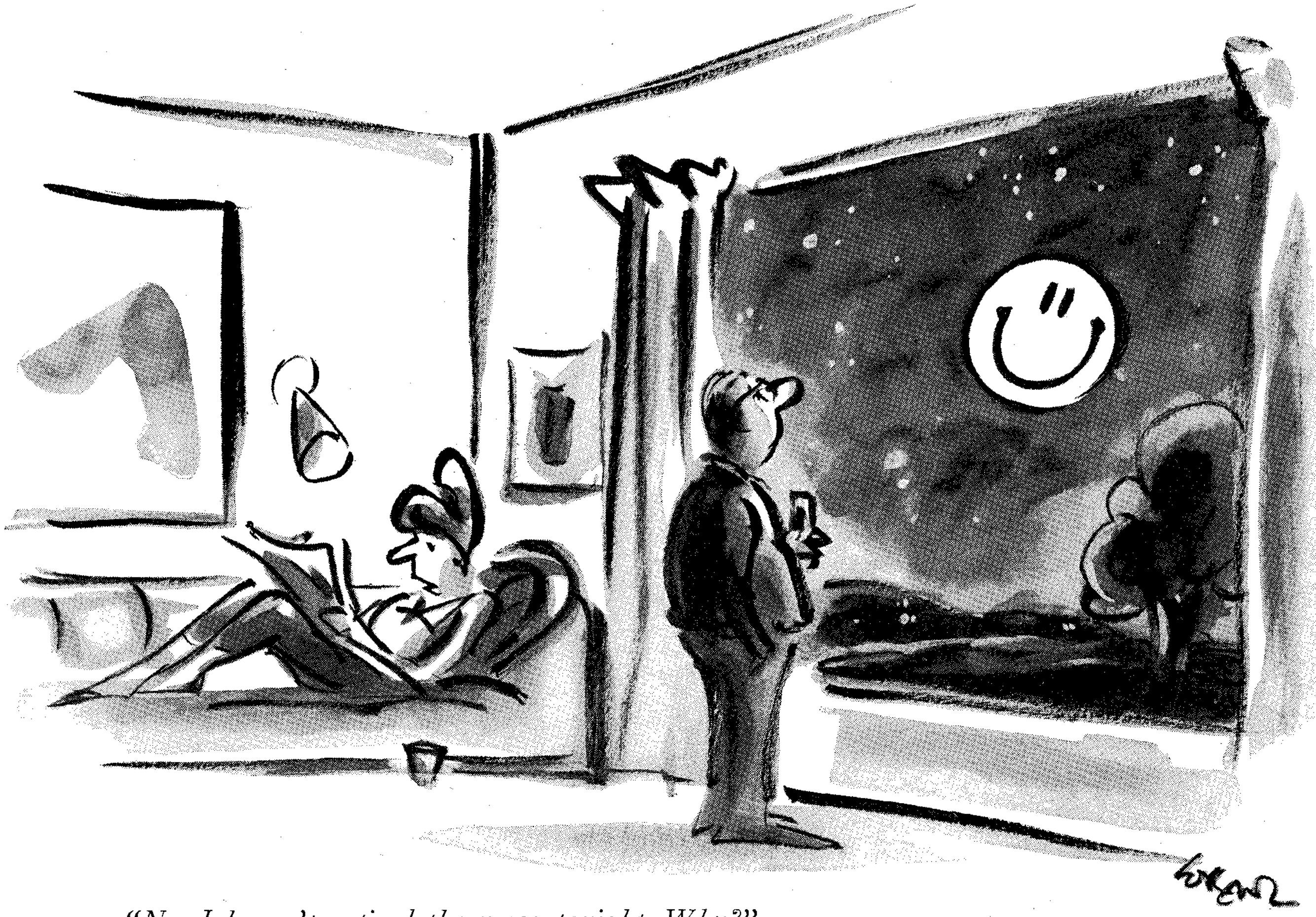
"We offer these children a platform," Siggy said. "Every child contributes at his own will level. It doesn't matter if, when they get up, it doesn't come off. If they have something to say, we try to get them to say it. What we're interested in is: What does theatre mean to *them*?"

"Terrific," we said.

"The nice thing is they write such delightful letters to us afterward," Siggy said. "One boy wrote and said he liked coming to the Children's Theatre because 'it's getting close to somebody.' "

Siggy lit a cigarette and sat sidewise on a chair, facing us.

"What shocked me, though, last season was the revelation in the letters of the quality of children's education here," she said. "The intent of the letters was to say thank you, but in a bundle of thirty letters the writing was poor and the spelling was awful. I thought the letters were from children



"No, I haven't noticed the moon tonight. Why?"

in the fourth and fifth grades. Then I discovered they were in Grades Seven and Eight."

"How were the children different in England?" we asked.

"'School' and 'teacher' and 'education' are not dirty words in England, and that makes a difference. On the other hand, English children are very often apathetic about the influences in their lives. We did 'King Mateus' there, too, and the children often showed no need to protest things like the cost of living, labor problems, strikes, health problems, housing problems. The exciting thing about the Children's Theatre is that each session is different. Each one is free-flowing. It's quite astonishing to see what happens when the children discover they've got an audience, an audience that listens to *them*." Siggy's face bore an expression something like rapture.

"You seem to like working with children," we said.

"They're about the only thing we can believe in. They're my faith," Siggy said. "Don't you feel that way?"

"Absolutely," we said.

"I have a twofold career," Siggy said. "One is education. The other is theatre. Actually, it's all one. It all has to do with life and living. We've got to encourage everybody to contribute. Our only hope is to get people together, starting with the children. What do *you* think?"

"The same," we said.

"The wonder of the theatre is delightful," Siggy said, transmitting a Siggy glow. "The most exciting thing to me is that children don't lie. What the children find when they come here is a beautiful freewheeling space, all light and airy, and they're met by a freewheeling group of people. The atmosphere they come into is one they want to be part of. It's like an addiction."

"How come?" we asked.

"I can be very specific," she said, lighting another cigarette without making a big production of it. "We get rid of that awful competition thing right off. Many people who work in my profession find that the commercial system in the theatre seems to be abortive. It cuts people off, for the wrong reasons, from what they want to do. In the theatre, you've got to be allowed to make mistakes. We start with the children with that premise. They feel it from the beginning. They're free here to get up and say and do what they feel and what they think. But our concept is structured. It will fit anybody. Once a child comes through those doors, he makes a commitment to me, and from that point on he wants to get up and make his contribution. The children are so desperately in need of values. If we can give them one or two things, I feel we're doing *some*thing. I was so happy when Norman Singer, the executive director of the City Center, picked up the Children's Theatre right away. He *wanted* it. He felt it was an absolute necessity. All of us here are *determined* to do something to make the theatre come alive."

"Is it alive in England for children?" we asked.

"More than it is here," Siggy said. "Educational drama is usually part of a school's curriculum in England. In London alone, there are three theatres run *for* children. At this precise moment, America is very, very aware of the need for it. The F.C.C. is threatening television because of what television has done to children. The Children's Theatre, people here tell me, is a beginning in turning things around."

"Good," we said. "How come *you're* so dedicated to it?"

"I've always loved the theatre," Siggy said.

"Since when?" we asked. "Where?"

"Buxton," Siggy said. "A beautiful

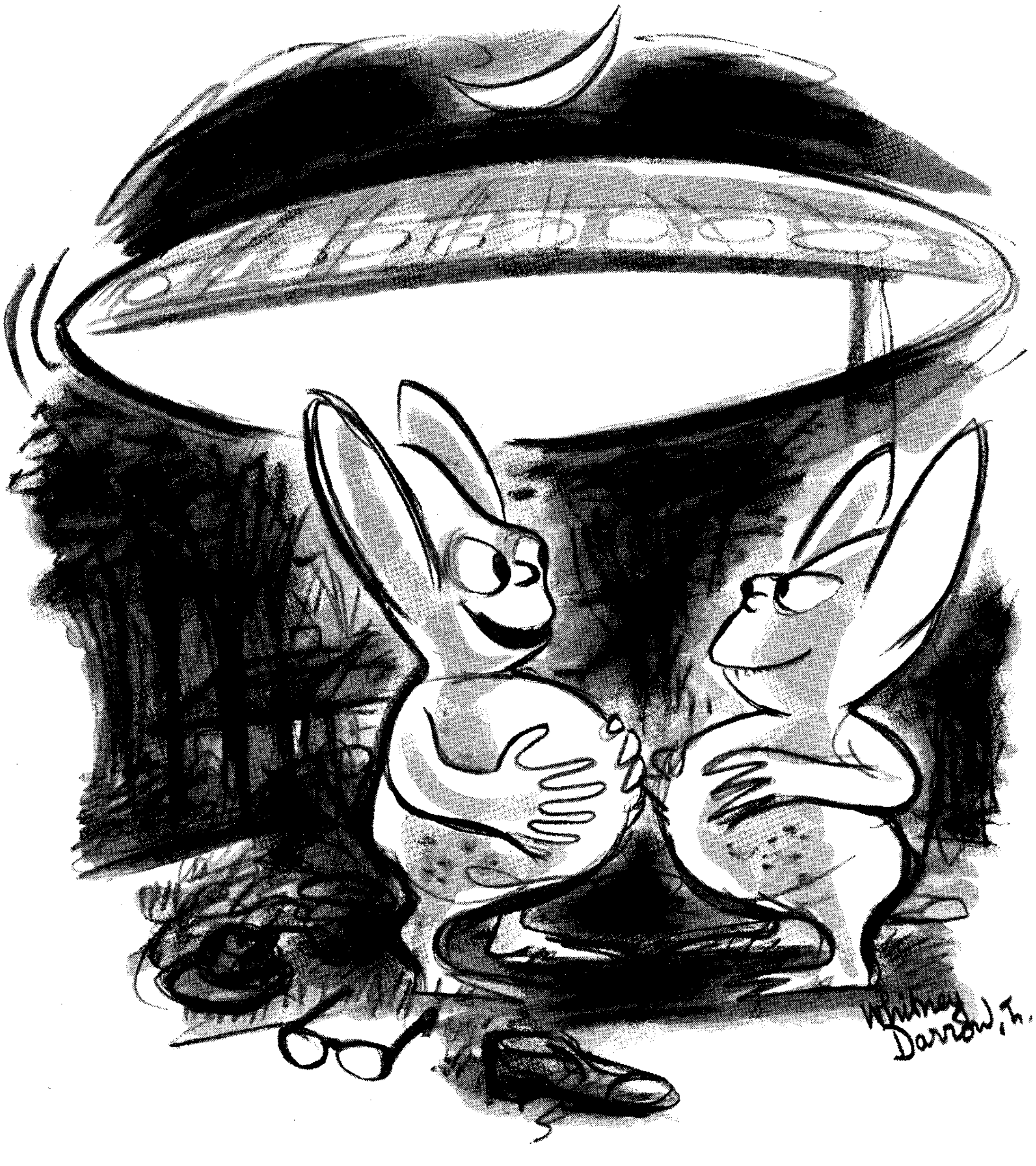
little town in the hills, about twenty-five miles from Manchester. People come to Buxton to drink our waters. We have a beautiful little theatre in Buxton, with a resident company. From the age of ten, I saw everything in that theatre. 'Daddy Long-Legs,' 'Night Must Fall,' 'The Corn Is Green'—everything ever done in repertory. And we had two movie houses. I had a fever for all of it. My father and mother are very working-class, and we loved going to the theatre. The working classes of Buxton are very solid, very traditional. My father worked for the Imperial Chemical Industries in Buxton. He's a lovely person. And my mother worked as a professional cook, in, among other places, a nursery for abandoned children. She's dynamic and thoroughly working-class. My grandma was a fishwife and a laundress, and she worked in the quarries, breaking stone, during the First World War. She died last year. I miss my grandma so much. She was phenomenal."

"What kind of schools did you go to?" we asked.

"I had *such* a regular schooling," Siggy said. "Harper Hill Infants' School, Hardwick Square Primary School, Cavendish High School. My mother always wanted me to be a schoolteacher. I went to Goldsmiths' College, London University, from 1950 to 1953, studying theatre, music, and dance. My first job as a director was with the Mermaid Theatre. I adapted and directed 'Emil and the Detectives.' In 1961, I went to Israel and worked at the Habimah National Theatre, in Tel Aviv. From 1960 to 1964, I was running a theatre department in a secondary modern school in London—it had a delightful theatre. We toured three times a year. In five years, we put on fifty productions. Then Uta Hagen asked me to come to America to teach at the Uta Hagen-Herbert Berghof drama school—the Herbert Berghof Studio—and I am there now, giving courses in improvisation and movement. Almost from the time I started in the theatre, I didn't want to be boxed in, with a set and three acts, in conventional theatre. I felt there had to be an extension to it, with a spontaneous, creative atmosphere."

"Well, how do you control this spontaneous thing, dramatically?" we asked.

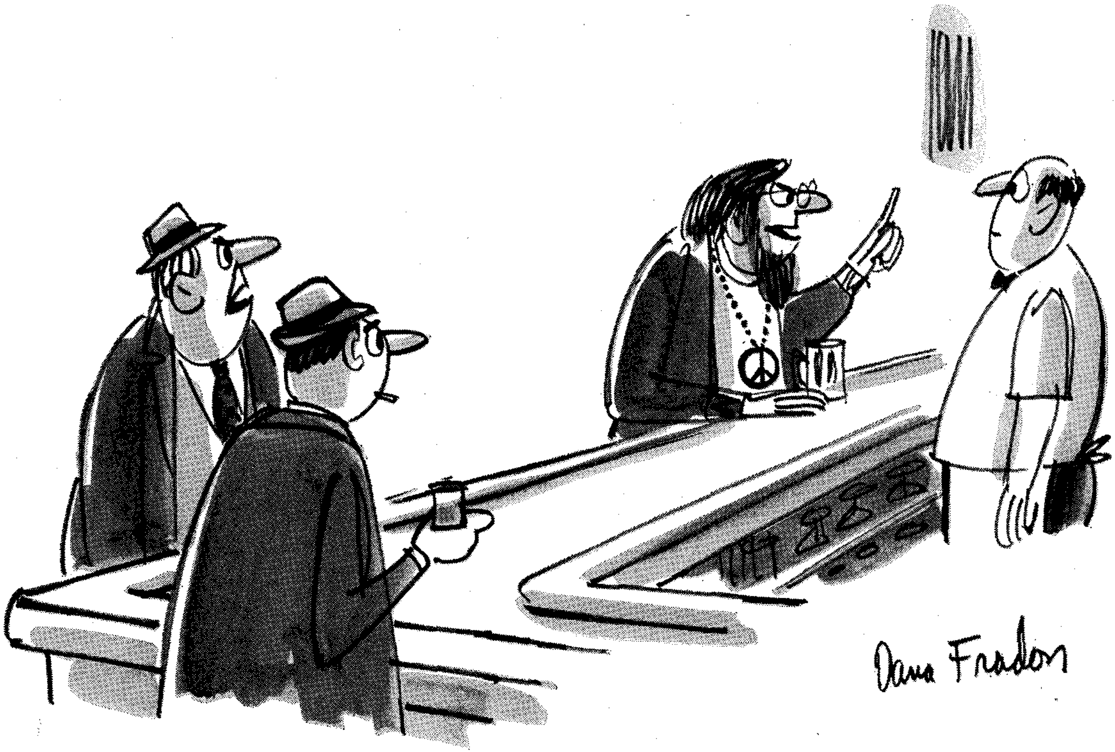
"By designing a discipline, so that there will be an outcome," Siggy said. "You release something in the children, something in their imagination, but you must release it within a dramatic form. There have been times in 'King Mateus' when the kids got so worked up they wanted to lynch the actor playing the part of the prime minister, who opposes the young king. Those of us in control have had to be aware of all possible permutations." She paused, then said, "We're laying a basis for the theatre of the future for these children. What I'd like to do is to take writers and actors and musicians and dancers and put them *all* together and build a beautiful theatre."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, whatever it was, it sure hit the spot."

Surprises

FOR nearly eighty years now, the Municipal Art Society has fought to preserve and enhance the amenities of this sorely beset city, sometimes by helping to bring good things to pass (for example, the City Planning Commission and the Landmarks Preservation Commission) and sometimes by helping to prevent bad things from coming to pass—such things as the café that Huntington Hartford wanted to install in the bosky dell at the southeast corner of Central Park and the huge parking garage that came within an ace of being built under Madison Square Park. The Society was founded by the eminent architect Richard Morris Hunt, whose walking stick is the sole visible badge of office handed down from one president of the Society to the next. Hunt and other local notabilities were bent upon embellishing the city, which from its earliest days had been notorious for pursuing commerce and not culture, but it soon turned out that every bit as important as municipal art was the quality of municipal life; problems of noise, air, traffic, sanitation, and inadequate housing and schooling were already manifest in the nineties, and plenty of sour souls were shaking their heads and pronouncing New York ungovernable and imminently uninhabitable. The Society early found that one of its primary tasks was to teach New Yorkers to recognize what was precious in their community and therefore worth struggling—always against high odds—to save.



"With him, it's always 'The other country, right or wrong.'"

• •

To this end, the Society has recently undertaken a program of guided tours of the city, called "Discover New York." Instead of the usual bullhorn extravaganza, full of picturesque misinformation, these are tours that have been carefully researched, under the direction of Helen W. Swenson, a former member of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, and even the most diligent student of New York's past is likely to encounter surprises. There are four tours in all, each limited to twelve people, plus a guide and driver, and they are carried out in a spanking blue-and-white Mercedes bus, air-conditioned and with an exceptionally well-bred p.-a. system. When we decided to go on a tour, we chose Tour No. 3, which is called "Old New York." It lasts four hours, costs twelve dollars and fifty cents, and includes a picnic *sur l'herbe*, with sandwiches, cheese, grapes, and white wine, in Washington Square. Our guide on the tour was a tall, good-looking, extremely knowledgeable young man named Paul Leopold. So far, the tours have drawn many out-of-towners as well as in-towners, and a good number of European and Asian businessmen; Mr. Leopold conducted the tour in English. He can also do it in French or Italian, and other tour leaders are prepared to carry on in German or Japanese.

The tour began at the American Federation of Arts Building, at 41 East Sixty-fifth Street, which houses the headquarters of the Municipal Art Society. Mr. Leopold informed us that the building had been a private residence, designed for Benson B. Sloan by Trowbridge & Livingston in 1910 and occupied by the Sloan family for fifty years. Before our group entered the classy, glassy little bus, Mr. Leopold showed us the façade of the Roosevelt house, at 47-49 East Sixty-fifth Street—a double house, designed by Charles A. Platt in 1907, half of which was occupied by Sara Delano Roosevelt, half by Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt and their children. Once in the bus, we set off down Park Avenue, with Mr. Leopold pouring out facts and figures at a stunning rate. The 7th Regiment Armory, decorated, in large part, by Louis Comfort Tiffany. The Ritz Tower, built by William Randolph Hearst in 1925 from plans by Emery Roth and Carrère & Hastings. The Italian Renaissance palazzo of the Racquet and Tennis Club, designed by McKim, Mead & White in 1918. The Seagram Building, handiwork of Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. Grand Central. The 71st Regiment Armory, with a tower modelled on the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena, and soon to be destroyed. Gramercy Park, brainchild of Samuel Ruggles, who fashioned it out of a steep hill and a deep swamp. Here our little company disembarked and were marched briskly about the park, to be shown The Players, the National Arts Club, the Fish-Sonnenberg house, the Harper house, and the now defunct Friends' Meeting House on East Twentieth Street. Back into the bus we scrambled, to be sped to Washington Square and Henry James' grandmother's fine, high-stooped house, then on to a scrap of ancient Jewish cemetery on West Eleventh Street, to the former Jefferson Market Courthouse ("masterpiece of Venetian Gothic Revival, whatever *that* may be"), Edna St. Vincent Millay's house on Bedford Street, St. Luke's Episcopal Chapel, the Isaacs-Hendricks house ("oldest house in the Village"), and so to a quiet corner of Washington Square, where, under leafy trees turning tawny with autumn, we ate and drank and strengthened ourselves for the run to Brooklyn. "At the time of the consolidation, in 1898, Brooklyn was the third-largest city in the country," said Mr. Leopold. "There are those in Brooklyn who wish it had remained independent to this day. Among other things, we will be seeing the church where the great Henry Ward Beecher preached, and I can't resist reciting the limerick written about him by Oliver Wendell Holmes." Mr. Leopold threw back his head and, wineglass in hand, recited with feeling:

"The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature.
 The hen, pleased with that,
 Laid two eggs in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK

THESE events took place at La Colorada ranch, in the southern part of the township of Junín, during the last days of March, 1928. The protagonist was a medical student named Baltasar Espinosa. We may describe him, for now, as one of the common run of young men from Buenos Aires, with nothing more noteworthy about him than an almost unlimited kindness and a capacity for public speaking that had earned him several prizes at the English school in Ramos Mejía. He did not like arguing, and preferred having his listener rather than himself in the right. Although he was fascinated by the probabilities of chance in any game he played, he was a bad player because it gave him no pleasure to win. His wide intelligence was undirected; at the age of thirty-three, he still lacked credit for graduation by one course—the course to which he was most drawn. His father, who was a freethinker (like all the gentlemen of his day), had introduced him to the lessons of Herbert Spencer, but his mother, before leaving on a trip to Montevideo, once asked him to say the Lord's Prayer and make the sign of the cross every night. Through the years, he had never gone back on that promise.

Espinosa was not lacking in spirit; one day, with more indifference than anger, he had exchanged two or three punches with a group of fellow-students who were trying to force him to take part in a university demonstration. Owing to an acquiescent nature, he was full of opinions, or habits of mind, that were questionable: Argentina mattered less to him than a fear that in other parts of the world people might think of us as Indians; he worshipped France but despised the French; he thought little of Americans but approved the fact that there were tall buildings, like theirs, in Buenos Aires; he believed the gauchos of the plains to be better riders than those of hill or mountain country. When his cousin Daniel invited him to spend the summer months out at La Colorada, he said yes at once—not because he was really fond of the country but more out of his natural complacency and also because it was easier to say yes than to dream up reasons for saying no.

The ranch's main house was big and slightly run down; the quarters of the foreman, whose name was Gutre, were close by. The Gutres were three: the father, an unusually uncouth son, and a daughter of uncertain paternity. They were tall, strong, and bony, and had hair that was on the reddish side and faces that showed traces of Indian blood. They were barely articulate. The foreman's wife had died years before.

There in the country, Espinosa began learning things he had never known, or even suspected—for example, that you do not gallop a horse when approaching settlements, and that you never go out riding except for some special purpose. In time, he was to come to tell the birds apart by their calls.

After a few days, Daniel had to leave for Buenos Aires to close a deal on some cattle. At most, this bit of business might take him a week. Espinosa, who was already somewhat weary of hearing about his cousin's incessant luck with women and his tireless interest in the minute details of men's fashion, preferred staying on at the ranch with his textbooks. But the heat was unbearable, and even the night brought no relief. One morning at daybreak, thunder woke him. Outside, the wind was rocking the Australian pines. Listening to the first heavy drops of rain, Espinosa thanked God. All at once, cold air rolled in. That afternoon, the Salado overflowed its banks.

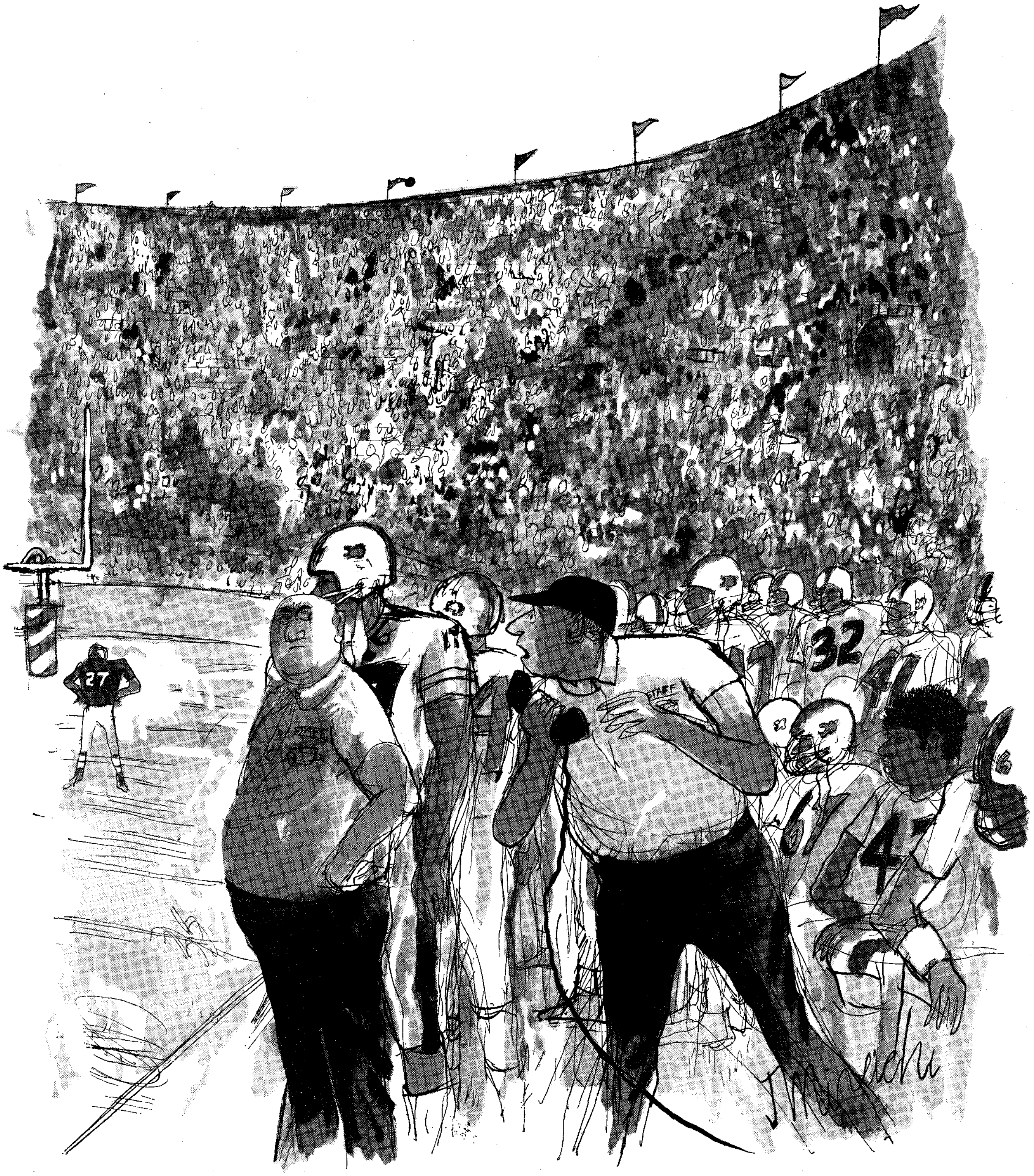
The next day, looking out over the flooded fields from the gallery of the main house, Baltasar Espinosa thought that the stock metaphor comparing the pampa to the sea was not altogether false—at least, not that morning—though W. H. Hudson had remarked that the sea seems wider because we view it from a ship's deck and not from a horse or from eye level.

The rain did not let up. The Gutres, helped or hindered by Espinosa, the town dweller, rescued a good part of the livestock, but many animals were drowned. There were four roads leading to La Colorada; all of them were under water. On the third day, when a leak threatened the foreman's house, Espinosa gave the Gutres a room near the tool shed, at the back of the main house. This drew them all closer; they ate together in the big dining room. Conversation turned out to be difficult. The Gutres, who knew so much about country things, were hard put to it to explain them. One night, Espinosa asked them if people still remembered the Indian raids from back when the frontier command was located there in Junín. They told him yes, but they would have given the same answer to a question about the beheading of Charles I. Espinosa recalled his father's saying that almost every case of longevity that was cited in the country was really a case of bad memory or of a dim notion of dates. Gauchos are apt to be ignorant of the year of their birth or of the name of the man who begot them.

In the whole house, there was apparently no other reading matter than a set of the *Farm Journal*, a handbook of veterinary medicine, a de-luxe edition of the Uruguayan epic "Tabaré," a "History of Shorthorn Cattle in Argentina," a number of erotic or detective stories, and a recent novel called "Don Segundo Sombra." Espinosa, trying in some way to bridge the inevitable after-dinner gap, read a couple of chapters of this novel to the Gutres, none of whom could read or write. Unfortunately, the foreman had been a cattle drover, and the doings of the hero, another cattle drover, failed to whet his interest. He said that the work was light, that drovers always travelled with a packhorse that carried everything they needed, and that, had he not been a drover, he would never have seen such far-flung places as the Laguna de Gómez, the town of Bragado, and the spread of the Núñez family in Chacabuco. There was a guitar in the kitchen; the ranch hands, before the time of the events I am describing, used to sit around in a circle. Someone would tune the instrument without ever getting around to playing it. This was known as a guitarfest.

ESPINOSA, who had grown a beard, began dallying in front of the mirror to study his new face, and he smiled to think how, back in Buenos Aires, he would bore his friends by telling them the story of the Salado flood. Strangely enough, he missed places he had never frequented and never would: a corner of Cabrera Street on which there was a mailbox; one of the cement lions of a gateway on Jujuy Street, a few blocks from the Plaza del Once; an old barroom with a tiled floor, whose exact whereabouts he was unsure of. As for his brothers and his father, they would already have learned from Daniel that he was isolated—etymologically, the word was perfect—by the floodwaters.

Exploring the house, still hemmed in by the watery waste, Espinosa came across an English Bible. Among the blank pages at the end, the Guthries—

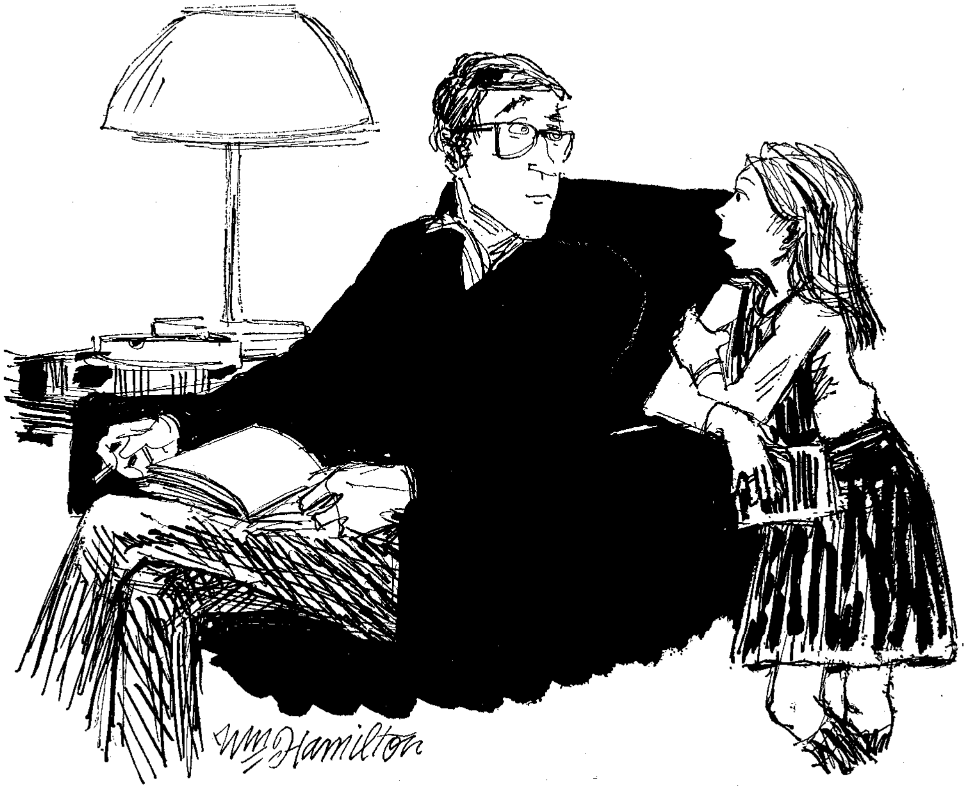


"My God, it's President Nixon! He suggests we freeze the middle linebacker with a fake through center and flip a quick jump pass to the right end, slanting in."

* * *

such was their original name—had left a handwritten record of their lineage. They were natives of Inverness; had reached the New World, no doubt as common laborers, in the early part of the nineteenth century; and had intermarried with Indians. The chronicle broke off sometime during the eighteen-seventies, when they no longer knew how to write. After a few generations, they had forgotten English; their Spanish, at the time Espinosa knew them, gave them trouble. They lacked any religious faith, but there survived in their blood, like faint tracks, the rigid fanaticism of the Calvinist and the superstitions of the pampa Indian. Espinosa later told them of his find, but they barely took notice.

Leafing through the volume, his fingers opened it at the beginning of the Gospel according to St. Mark. As an exercise in translation, and maybe to find out whether the Gutres understood any of it, Espinosa decided to begin reading them that text after their evening meal. It surprised him that they listened attentively, absorbed. Maybe the gold letters on the cover lent the book authority. It's still there



"What was it like back in the fabulous fifties?"

• •

in their blood, Espinosa thought. It also occurred to him that the generations of men, throughout recorded time, have always told and retold two stories—that of a lost ship which searches the Mediterranean seas for a dearly loved island, and that of a god who is crucified on Golgotha. Remembering his lessons in elocution from his school days in Ramos Mejía, Espinosa got to his feet when he came to the parables.

The Gutres took to bolting their barbecued meat and their sardines so as not to delay the Gospel. A pet lamb that the girl adorned with a small blue ribbon had injured itself on a strand of barbed wire. To stop the bleeding, the three had wanted to apply a cobweb to the wound, but Espinosa treated the animal with some pills. The gratitude that this treatment awakened in them took him aback. (Not trusting the Gutres at first, he'd hidden away in one of his books the two hundred and forty pesos he had brought with him.) Now, the owner of the place away, Espinosa took over and gave timid orders, which were immediately obeyed. The Gutres, as if lost without him, liked following him from room to room and along the gallery that ran around the house. While he read to them, he noticed that they were secretly stealing the crumbs he had dropped on the table. One evening, he caught them unawares talking about him respectfully, in very few words.

Having finished the Gospel according to St. Mark, he wanted to read another of the three Gospels that remained, but the father asked him to repeat the one he had just read, so that they could understand it better. Espinosa felt that they were like children, to whom repetition is more pleasing than variations or novelty. That night—this is not to be wondered at—he dreamed of the Flood; the hammer blows of the building of the Ark woke him up, and he thought that perhaps they were thunder. In fact, the rain, which had let up, started again. The cold was bitter. The Gutres had told him that the storm had damaged the roof of the tool shed, and that they would show it to him when the beams were fixed. No longer a stranger now, he was treated by them with special attention, almost to the point of spoiling him. None of them liked coffee, but for him there was always a small cup into which they heaped sugar.

The new storm had broken out on a Tuesday. Thursday night, Espinosa was awakened by a soft knock at his door, which—just in case—he always kept locked. He got out of bed and opened it; there was the girl. In the dark he could hardly make her out, but by her footsteps he could tell she was barefoot, and moments later, in bed, that she must have come all the way from the other end of the house naked. She did not embrace him or speak a single word; she lay beside him, trembling. It was the first time she had known a man. When she left, she did not kiss him; Espinosa realized that he didn't even know her name. For some reason that he did not want to pry into, he made up his mind that upon returning to Buenos Aires he would tell no one about what had taken place.

THE next day began like the previous ones, except that the father spoke to Espinosa and asked him if Christ had let Himself be killed so as to save all other men on earth. Espinosa, who was a freethinker but who felt committed to what he had read to the Gutres, answered, "Yes, to save everyone from Hell."

Gutre then asked, "What's Hell?"

"A place under the ground where souls burn and burn."

"And the Roman soldiers who hammered in the nails—were they saved, too?"

"Yes," said Espinosa, whose theology was rather dim.

All along, he was afraid that the foreman might ask him about what had gone on the night before with his daughter. After lunch, they asked him to read the last chapters over again.

Espinosa slept a long nap that afternoon. It was a light sleep, disturbed by persistent hammering and by vague premonitions. Toward evening, he got up and went out onto the gallery. He said, as if thinking aloud, "The waters have dropped. It won't be long now."

"It won't be long now," Gutre repeated, like an echo.

The three had been following him. Bowing their knees to the stone pavement, they asked his blessing. Then they mocked at him, spat on him, and shoved him toward the back part of the house. The girl wept. Espinosa understood what awaited him on the other side of the door. When they opened it, he saw a patch of sky. A bird sang out. A goldfinch, he thought. The shed was without a roof; they had pulled down the beams to make the cross.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)

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The reason we can afford to sell our antiques for less is because we buy them direct from the manufacturer.—*Adv. in the Washington* (*D.C.*) *Star.*

It's the only sensible way, really.

THE DAY OF THE LHASA APSO

IT is lonely at 5:41 in the morning of an October day in Flushing, Queens, and it seems even lonelier to a woman in a deserted twenty-four-hour self-service launderette who is about to run a load of wet wash through the spin-dry cycle.

At that hour, on October 4, 1971, Mrs. Winifred Vech, age forty-two, Queens resident, mother of three, took a final drag on a Viceroy that had been smoked down to the filter and squinted her steely-gray eyes as she allowed the smoke to seep out of her nostrils. She clicked the dial of the huge General Electric washer-dryer into motion.

Across the street, fourteen metres away, standing in a fine chill drizzle, Mrs. Violet Pluch, age forty-one, resident of Brooklyn, mother of four, stepped swiftly off the curb, pulling after her a small wire-mesh cart filled, ostensibly, with soiled articles of clothing. She crossed the street and entered the launderette.

One floor above the launderette, in a one-room flat booked the previous day, Mrs. Muriel Glack, age forty-three, resident of the Bronx, aunt of seven, cousin of thirty-two, squashed out a half-smoked Raleigh and lowered the pair of high-powered Zeiss field glasses with which she had been observing the woman standing across the street. Pausing only to seize a bag filled with what appeared to be, and in fact was, dirty linen, she stepped quietly through the door.

Winifred Vech scarcely moved as the woman with the wire-mesh cart entered the launderette, followed swiftly by the woman carrying the bag filled with what appeared to be, and in fact was, dirty linen. Nor did she seem to notice as each of the women selected a washing machine on either side of hers and proceeded to fill it with grimy clothes.

Looking straight ahead, Violet Pluch uttered a single phrase in a flat, unemotional voice. "You can take Salem out of the country," said Violet Pluch, "but . . ."

Winifred Vech set fire to another Viceroy and inhaled deeply, causing the end of the cigarette to glow suddenly and then diminish, a star flaring briefly at the end of a cylinder of tobacco. Then she broke the silence in the otherwise tranquil room. "You can't take the country out of Salem," she said, exhaling her words in a cloud of blue smoke.

At the utterance of these words, the mounting tension in the room diminished perceptibly. All three women faced each other for the first time.

"Right," said Winifred Vech. "Well, we all know why we are here. There are many of us in all five boroughs of the city who feel that this once beloved official, this type, this *mayor* of ours, has betrayed us and must not go unpunished! Some public humiliation, some deeply and profoundly embarrassing form of tongue-lashing, is called for. And yet, with all of the bitter invective native to the members of our group, with all the natural foul-mouthed talent at our disposal, there is not one among us who has the peculiar combination of skills necessary, first, to insinuate herself into the forefront of a public event to launch such an epochal punishment upon our mayor, or, second, to think up the precise words necessary to reduce him to a whimpering, cringing, simpering mass of jelly."

"O.K., O.K., we already know all that," said Muriel Glack. "Get to the point."

"The point," said Winifred Vech, "is that the services of an outsider are required. An outsider who will not be recognized as a disgruntled housewife from one of the five boroughs of New York. A person who is not a New Yorker, not a housewife. A person who is not even a woman."

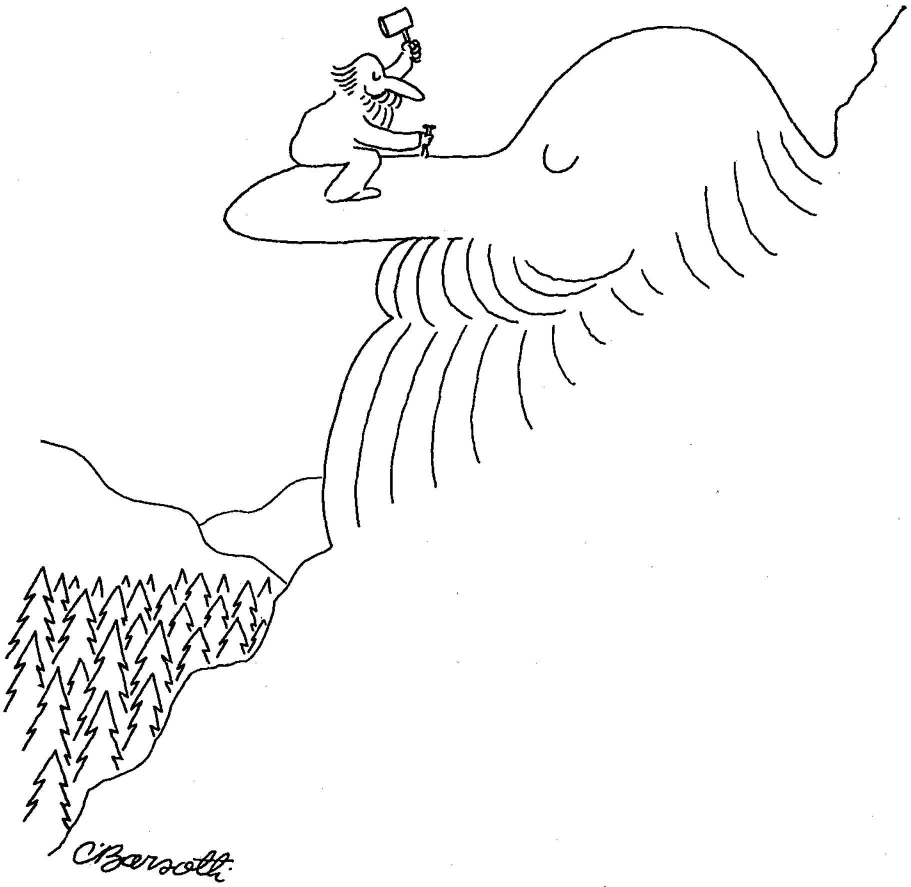
Glack and Pluch gazed at her in amazement, and then in the clear light of dawning comprehension. Muriel Glack let out a low whistle of appreciation. "Go ahead," she said, a new note of respect in her voice.

"I have done considerable research into who or whom such an outsider might be," said Winifred Vech. "I believe I have found a person who fits all of these qualifications."

The time was 6:57 A.M.

EMERGING from the shadow of the New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street was a tall, hollow-cheeked man with shaggy blond bangs falling into his eyes, who looked not unlike a larger version of a currently fashionable city dog.

The Lhasa Apso felt pleased with himself. Following the terse call from the woman in Queens, received in an outdoor phone booth in suburban Chappaqua, he had lost no time swinging into action. At 9:04 that morning, disguised as a Texas oilman, he had rented a garish pink Cadillac Eldorado, abandoning it half an hour later on the Saw Mill River Parkway. Disguised as a Miami Beach bellhop, he had hitched a ride on the West Side Highway as far down as the Seventy-ninth Street Boat Basin. Changing clothes swiftly at the



marina, he next hailed a cab and rode across the Park to Fifth Avenue, disguised as a Unitarian certified public accountant. From there, in the guise of a Bavarian pastry chef, he travelled the rest of the way down to Forty-second Street on the Fifth Avenue bus. At the library, using a forged library card apparently belonging to a Puerto Rican waiter employed at the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel, he was able to withdraw several biographical source works on the life and career of John Vliet Lindsay.

THE Lhasa entered the Zum Zum luncheonette on Forty-second Street between Fifth and Madison and took a seat at the counter. A buxom blond waitress slid up to him on the other side of the counter. Without looking up, the Lhasa addressed her in flat, unemotional tones. “Let us be frank with one another,” he said. “I know what you are and you know what I am. You are employed by Restaurant Associates to serve lunch at a specific location, whereas I am free to move about and select lunch from a variety of locations. You are motivated by money, I by hunger, but we are both professionals in our roles. Therefore we do not need to beat around the bush with one another.”

“What is it you wish?” said the waitress, betraying no emotion.

“I shall require,” said the Lhasa, “two bratwurst with onions, one beet salad, one piece of apple cake, and one stein of *dunkles Bier*.”

The waitress nodded and withdrew.

While he ate, the Lhasa scanned the documents he had stolen from the library, making a number of indecipherable pencil notations in the margins. He sighed. The Mayor had led a busy but unexceptionable life. Suddenly, however, the Lhasa bent forward to reread something in a slim, tattered volume; it was the senior-class yearbook of the exclusive St. Paul’s School, for the year 1940. The Lhasa permitted himself a brief, grim smile, and then read the damaging item aloud in a whisper: “ ‘Nickname, “Vlietie.” ’ ” *Nickname*, “*Vlietie*”! The weapon was ready.

Out on the street, the Lhasa walked quickly to a newsstand on the corner of Sixth Avenue and addressed the newsdealer in flat, unemotional tones. “I require,” said the Lhasa, “a periodical. Not just any periodical but one which will have a listing of television programs, particularly of the so-called talk shows, which are scheduled to run in the next seven-day period, and one which might contain the names of probable guests. Do you think you might have such a periodical?”

SPEED

In 200 miles
a tender painting
on the wind-

shield, not yet done,
in greeny yellows,
crystalline pinks,

a few smeared
browns. Fuselages
split on impact,

stuck, their juices
instantly dried. Spattered flat out-

lines, superfine
strokes, tokens of
themselves flying,

frail engines
died in various
designs: mainly arrow-

shapes, wings gone,
bellies smitten
open, glaze and tincture

the wipers can’t
erase. In 400 miles
a palette, thick

impasto; in 600
a palimpsest the sun
bakes through. Stained

glass, not yet done
smiting the wind-
borne, speeds on.

—MAY SWENSON

• •

The newsdealer studied the strange-looking man facing him for several moments before replying. In forty years in the Times Square district, he had come in contact with a great many curious people, but something about this one made the moray eel of fear squirm in his intestines. It was not a pretty feeling.

“I have a periodical such as you describe,” said the newsdealer carefully. “Its name is *TV Guide*.”

The strange-looking man stared at the newsdealer for a moment or two without speaking. “It has the listings I described?” he said at last.

“It does.”

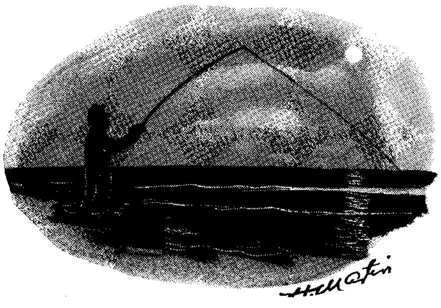
The strange-looking man seemed neither gratified nor displeased. “Have you any idea of the price?” said the man.

“The price,” said the newsdealer, “is fifteen cents.”

“Done,” said the man, without any attempt at haggling.

The time was 1:13 P.M.

THE Lhasa entered a small, sleazy lingerie shop on West Forty-eighth Street. After waiting impassively for a middle-aged man to finish buying a lace-trimmed brassiere with strategic cutouts, the Lhasa approached the owner of the shop. “My wife,” said the Lhasa, carefully measuring his words, “a proud and lovely Italian woman with a penchant for semi-professional still photography, requires several articles of lingerie.”



“What sort of articles?” said the proprietor of the store.

“A black brassiere, a black garter belt, a pair of black fish-net stockings, a black half slip, and a pair of black nylon panties trimmed in lace with the word ‘Thursday’ embroidered in pink script on the side.”

“All of that,” said the vender mildly, “seems within the realm of possibility.”

“There is more,” said the Lhasa. “My wife is a very beautiful, shapely woman, but her, ah, bosom is not quite so ample as she would wish it to be.”

The proprietor nodded. “What size does your wife desire the brassiere to be built up to?” he said.

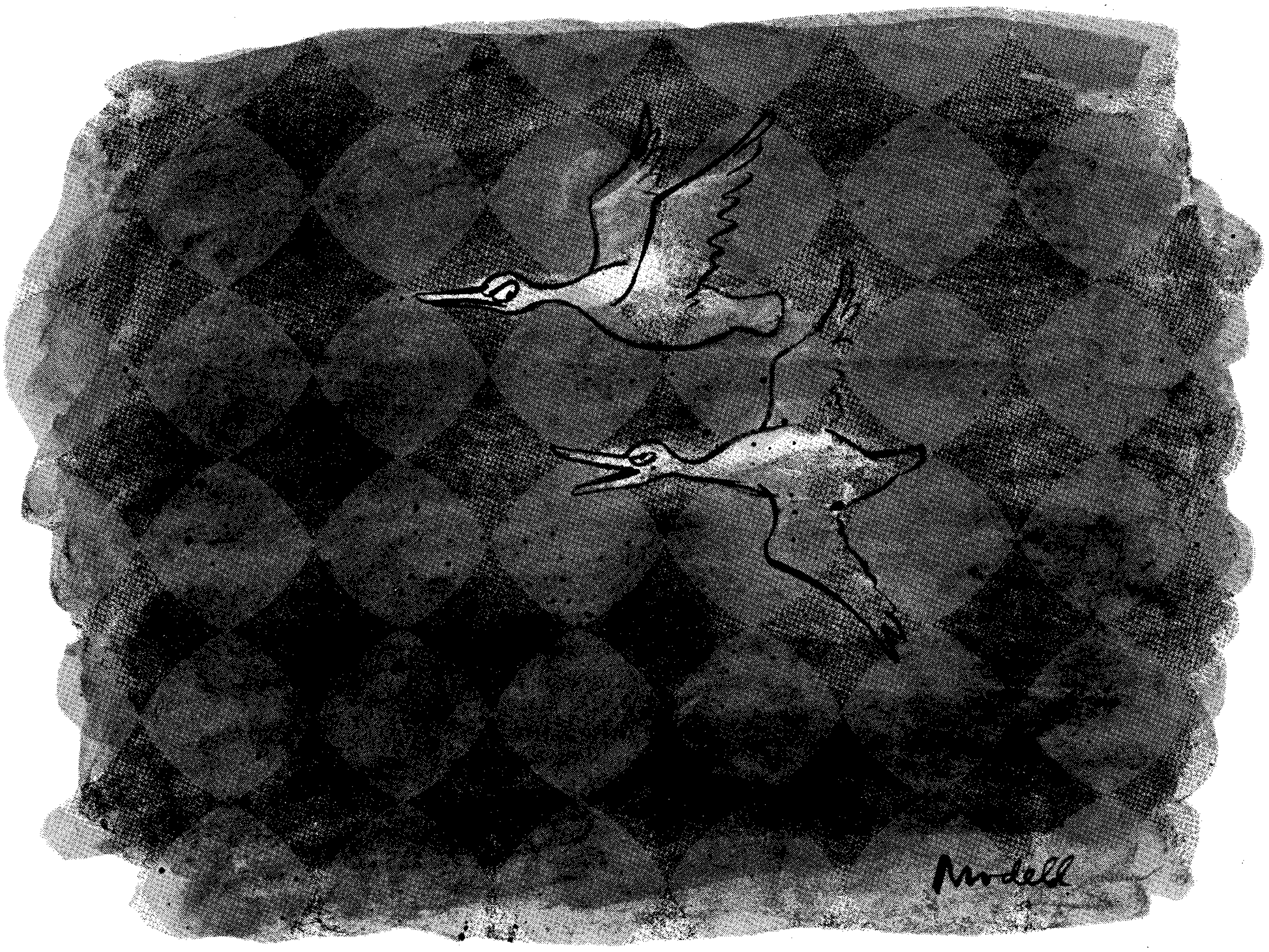
“Forty-one E,” said the Lhasa. “Do you think that will be a problem?”

“I cannot see why,” said the shop’s proprietor. “Now, for the other garments you mentioned—what are your wife’s remaining dimensions?”

The Lhasa surveyed him coolly. “She’s about my size,” he said. “You can just take the measurements off of me.”

The time was 4:49 P.M.

IN a cheap room in the Dixie Hotel, the Lhasa Apso regarded himself carefully in the mirror. It was going to require some getting used to. Even with the garter belt, the stockings



"You don't know when you're well off. If it wasn't for all this gunk, some damn fool could be drawing a bead on us right now."

• •

looked bunchy. The brassiere seemed too high up on his chest. He ran his finger over the pink embroidered script in the area of his appendix that spelled out "Thursday." Thursday. The day of fulfillment. The Day of the Lhasa Apso. He narrowed his eyes at his reflection in the mirror. For maximum practice, he would keep the entire outfit on till Thursday. Either you were a professional or you were not.

It was 11:55 P.M. In five minutes, it had become Tuesday, October 5.

"HECK!"

The expletive was uttered quietly but with remarkable venom by the short, thin-haired man in the uniform of senior security guard as he replaced the telephone receiver in its cradle. Waldo Rembar, age sixty-four, officer of the security force that patrolled the backstage area of the "Dick Cavett Show," was vexed. His chief had just relayed the substance of a message from City Hall about an anonymous call from a housewife in Staten Island.

"Some sort of monkey business is being planned for Thursday night's Cavett show, Rembar," the chief had said. "Do you think I can count on you to sniff it out?"

Waldo Rembar took his time before answering. If he were not able to sniff out the monkey business in time, it would be Rembar, and not his superior, who would suffer.

"If only we knew what *sort* of monkey business we're trying to sniff out," said Rembar.

The time was 10:38 A.M. The date was Tuesday, October 5. In another thirteen hours and twenty-two minutes it had become Wednesday, October 6.

AT 4:52 P.M. Thursday, October 7, on Fifty-eighth Street between Seventh Avenue and Broadway, a long line of people waited to be admitted to their seats for the taping of the "Dick Cavett Show." Among the announced guests were Mayor John V. Lindsay and the celebrated Italian film actress Gina Valpolicella. The crowd was restless with anticipation. Scarcely twenty-three metres from the head of the waiting line, secure inside the warm, well-lit building, a tall, commanding figure sat in a modified barber chair, bantering with the makeup man. John Vliet Lindsay had no inkling of the plot now unwinding as smoothly and inexorably as a tightly coiled mainspring clicking off its preordained and irrevocable increments of time, nor of the appalling piece of information with which he would be confronted on national television in less than one hour's time. If he had, the smile would have frozen on His Honor's naturally tan and now partially made-up face.

As the ushers began to let the people outside into the theatre, a tall, raven-haired woman swept up to the stage door. Security Officer Rembar detained her, but she explained in halting English that she was Gina Valpolicella, a guest on tonight's program. Rembar apologized and permitted her to pass through into the wings. Well, mused Rembar, these Italian actresses were certainly built, but he, for one, did not much care for that faint but unmistakable mustache.

It was 5:21. The people had taken their seats in the brightly lit auditorium. Backstage in the greenroom, the host was chatting with Mayor Lindsay, Gina Valpolicella, and the other guests who were to appear on the show. A stagehand entered and politely handed Gina Valpolicella a note in a sealed envelope. She tore open the envelope, read the message, and walked out of the greenroom. No sooner had she entered the tiny backstage ladies' room to which she had been summoned than a tall, buxom brunette appeared from the shadows, produced a cleverly made key, and locked the door from the outside.

The show had begun. Four metres away from where John Vliet Lindsay was delivering an urbane, amusing monologue, the man known as the Lhasa made a microscopic adjustment to one of his garters and once more ran through the carefully prepared greeting that would shatter the handsome official's famous poise. Passing from the greenroom, still deep in thought, Security Officer Rembar could not help but notice the expanse of shapely leg revealed by the tall, buxom brunette waiting in the wings as she hiked up her skirt and adjusted her stocking. Well, mused Rembar, famed Italian actresses certainly had shapely legs, as they said, but he, for one, did not much care for the thick muscles or the hairy calves that he had glimpsed under those black fish-net stockings.

At this instant, a stagehand heard cries from within the backstage ladies' room. Swiftly he summoned Security Officer Rembar and apprised him of the situation. In a matter of seconds, the door was torn open and a distraught but shapely Gina Valpolicella burst from the room. Rembar stared at her, thinking furiously, then smacked his forehead with his palm. Why had he not seen it before? Placing a firm hand about the wrist of the actress, Rembar said, in his most official tone, "This man is an impostor!"

Onstage, the host, rising, said, "Would you welcome, please, my next guest, the lovely Gina Valpolicella." With something akin to a smile on his rouged face, the Lhasa stepped forward.

Two point one seconds later, Officer Rembar realized his error. The faint mustache, the muscled legs and hairy calves—these were not perceptible in the shapely Mediterranean thespian who was now pummelling him about the head and shoulders. Ah, the human element, he mused, always the human element of error. Rembar turned and raced down the hall.

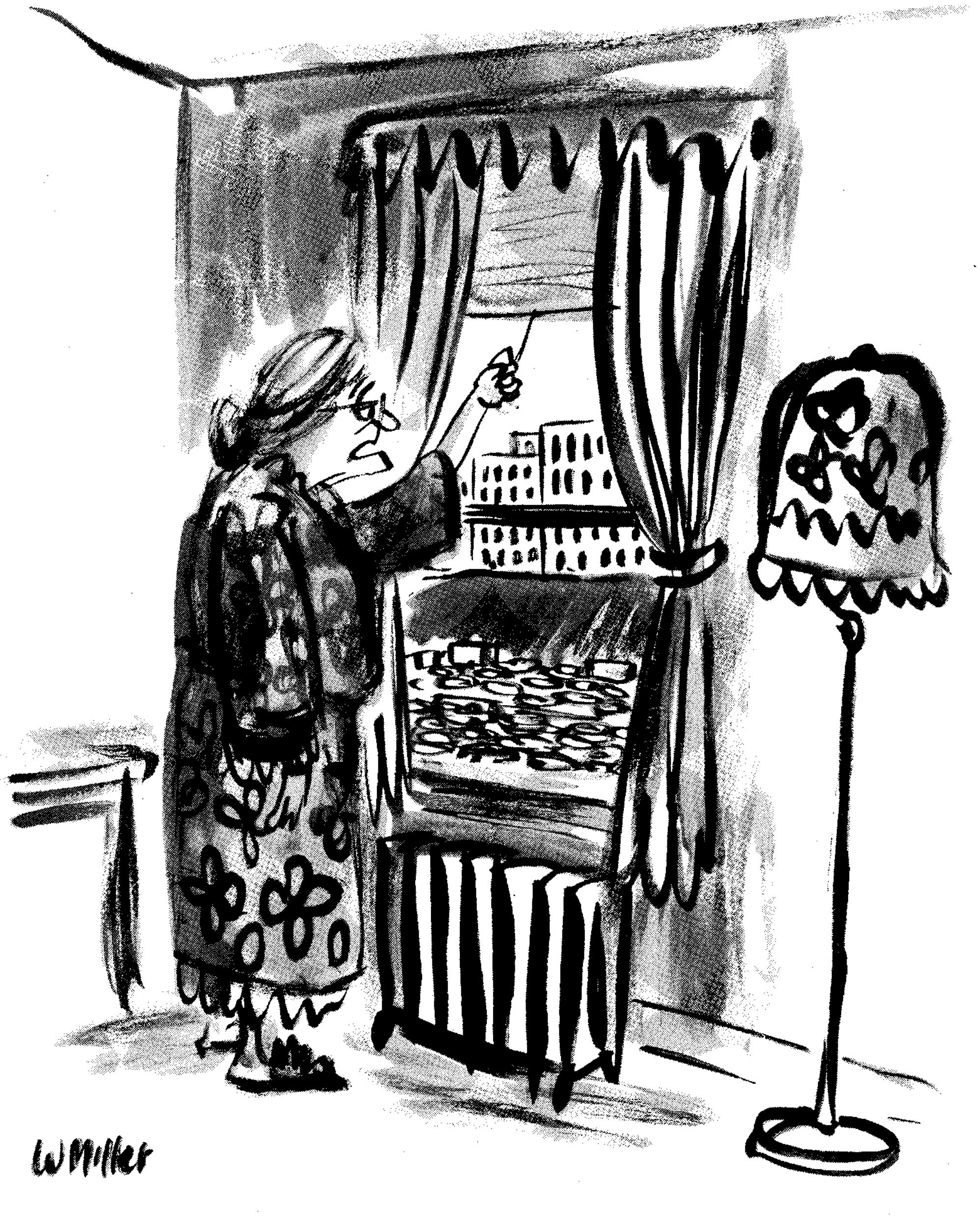
The thunderous applause greeting the tall, buxom female figure was suddenly cut short as a sweating, middle-aged man bounded onstage and seized the new guest by the wrist. The brunette turned and regarded the security officer with flat, unemotional eyes.

"Rembar," said the security officer simply.

"Lhasa," said the other, with a sudden weariness that he either could not or would not explain.

A phalanx of blue-coated policemen surged onstage to lead the criminal away as the host stepped forward to restore calm to the horrified audience. In the confusion, no one seemed to notice as a huge figure in a gorilla suit crept onstage, scooped Mayor Lindsay into his arms, and carried him away.

The Day of the Lhasa Apso was over. —Dan Greenburg



"Good morning, Cross Bronx Expressway."

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As you can see, this is a rough 'n ready box of rough 'n bumpy Royal Riviera Pears. Some of 'em grew into shapes sorta like Queen Victoria outside, yet just as regal inside . . . some got big friendly freckles where the Oregon sun nuzzled 'em too lovingly . . . and some got bumptious where maybe a jet butterfly whapped them. They're Mavericks for your own PRIVATE FAMILY EATING.

It's not our usual finicky, high-falutin' kind of package either. But shucks, pardner, it's the friendliest box of juicy joy ever available for kinfolk and friends that already know Royal Rivieras and want an extra load for kitchen guzzling.

So . . . READY . . . AIM . . . GUZZLE . . . and welcome to the Maverick family! *—Letter from Bear Creek Orchards, Medford, Ore.*

What good is a pear when you're throwing up?

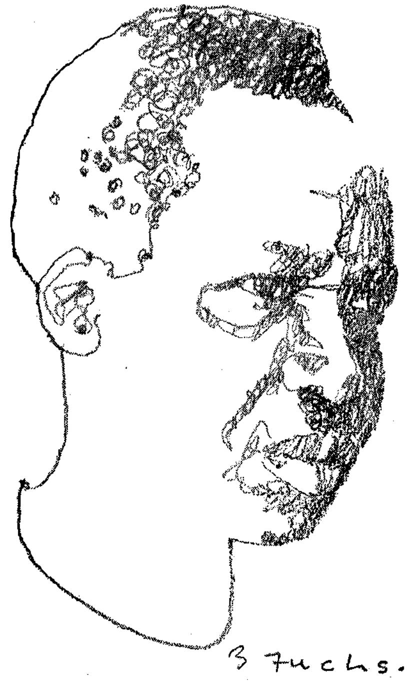
PROFILES

PRESIDENT

II—AFTER MIDNIGHT

THE twelve months that began when the East African territory of Tanganyika became independent from British rule, on December 9, 1961, and ended when it declared itself a republic, on December 9, 1962, have been characterized by Sir Richard Turnbull, the territory's last colonial governor, as "the year in the wilderness." Toward the end of that year, a foreign visitor asked Julius Kambarage Nyerere, who had led Tanganyika's seven-year campaign for independence and had become its first Prime Minister, what his country had accomplished in the early months of independence. "We have learned this hard fact of life—that there are no shortcuts to our aspirations," he said.

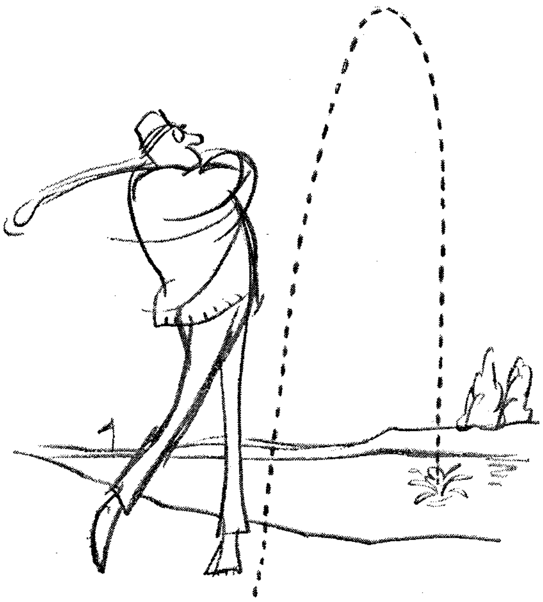
At the time of independence, Nyerere was regarded by many Britons and Americans as one of the most moderate and sensible of Africa's new leaders. "I was considered a moderate because I stuck stubbornly to certain principles—two in particular," he has said. "One was the method of winning independence. It was very clear in my mind that, because of the nature of the trust territory under the British, it was possible to win independence without violence. I stuck to it. I'm not nonviolent in the sense of Mohandas Gandhi. But I feel violence is an evil with which one cannot become associated unless it is absolutely necessary. And so, in Western circles, they said, 'Julius is very good.' Secondly, I said racism must never be a part of our campaign for independence. I put my foot down." But the year in the wilderness brought with it a series of incidents that disturbed those Europeans who had elected to remain in Tanganyika after independence. The year started with a series of deportations. In January, 1962, the British manager of the Palm Beach hotel, in Dar es Salaam, asked four Africans to leave the hotel bar, apparently because he felt they were talking noisily. Of the four, he later learned, one was the mayor of Dar es Salaam, the capital, one was president of the national women's organization, and another was the wife of a parliamentary secretary. The manager was immediately served with a deportation order. A day or two later, a second deportation order was issued, this one against three Britons who had got into an argument with a parliamentary secretary at an inn in the town of Korogwe, a hundred and thirty miles northwest of Dar es Salaam. The following day at Lindi, a coastal town near the Mozambican border, a Swiss citizen who had lived in Tanganyika for nine years was similarly expelled. According to a government announcement, he had pinned an "*Uhuru*" badge to his dog's collar and "paraded the animal in front of the people." Further, "he was heard to say that his dog was just as good as the people who were celebrating independence." The British press expressed alarm at the deportations—not so much because the Tanganyikan government had reacted angrily to racial incidents but because it had expelled the offenders, usually on twenty-four hours' notice, without giving them a chance to answer the charges brought against them. "For once," said the London *Economist*, Nyerere "showed an inept touch and did not ensure that justice was seen to be done." The *Guardian* said, "It may be that an African leader has to behave like a racist occasionally even though he is not one, to talk like a politician even though he is a statesman. It may be that racism, like smallpox, is best prevented by vaccination." Even in Tanganyika, many observers seemed to believe that Nyerere was simply allowing members of the Tanganyika African National Union, or TANU, the party he had founded in 1954, a bit of self-indulgence. "One principle outweighed all the rest—to avoid a quarrel with the party," Sir Richard Turnbull, who had remained that year as governor-general, has said. "The law provided that the deportees had some recourse to the courts. This wasn't allowed them." But then, he went on, "there were the rich Indian merchants in their Mercedeses after independence, and there were the privileged Europeans, and the Africans were still in the same position, with nothing changed," and he asked, "What had they but national pride?"

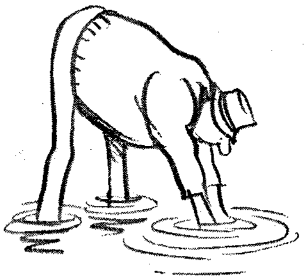

B. Fuchs.

Julius K. Nyerere

Unhappily, the twenty-four-hour deportation became in Tanganyika, as elsewhere, a symbol not only of the African's rise to power but also of the arrogant, and even whimsical, use of that power. Yet deportation was a practice for which Nyerere never apologized. "For many years, we Africans have suffered humiliations in our own country," he said at the time. "We are not going to suffer them now." A few years later, he said, "I think we were definitely right. You go through two stages in these colonial countries. One is when midnight comes: the clock strikes, and you are independent. Fine. But then begins a whole process of changing the conditions and changing people. I had been talking to the people, telling them that the second process would not be easy. Long before independence, I'd been saying over and over, '*Uhuru na kazi*'—'Freedom and work.' And, getting the people ready for the next stage, I told them, 'Don't expect miracles. Don't expect a better house after midnight.' But one thing *must change* after midnight: the attitude of the colonial people, their way of treating the Africans as *nothing*. This must change after midnight. The colonized are now the rulers, and the man in the street must *see* this! If they have been spitting in his face, now it must stop! After midnight! This cannot take twenty years! We had to drive this lesson home."

For more than a year, deportations and similar incidents continued, furnishing evidence of the abrasive relations between the new rulers and the





old. In 1963, the Safari Hotel at Arusha, in northern Tanganyika, was closed by the local authorities on only an hour's notice; twenty-eight guests, mostly whites, were there at the time, and within that hour they all had to find other lodgings. The government's complaint, it turned out, was that the hotel's European management had insulted President Sékou Touré of Guinea, who was in Tanganyika on a state visit. On the previous day, Touré's party—led by Oscar Kambona, the longtime secretary-general of TANU, who had become Nyerere's Minister of External Affairs and Defense—had arrived at the hotel for lunch, and nobody had stood up as the distinguished visitor passed through the lounge. (Later, guests said they had had no idea whom the party consisted of.) Moreover—so Peter Walwa, the regional commissioner and the ranking government official based in Arusha, complained—the hotel had neglected to display national flags or other decorations, and in addition had served a poor meal. "When we came into the hotel, an attitude of mind showed up, and we thought it was time we showed an example," Kambona later explained. "One thing an African will never stand for is this lack of dignity accorded him as a human being. We are very sensitive to no appreciation of our dignity." Inevitably, perhaps, the foreign press accused the Tanganyikan government of being hypersensitive and arrogant, while the local white community tended to blame Kambona and Walwa for the trouble and to take refuge in the thought that Nyerere would have smoothed things over if he had been present. The Safari Hotel was allowed to reopen a few months later.

Later that year, sixty-nine members of the government and of TANU—almost all of them Africans—applied for membership in the Dar es Salaam Club, a squat old relic of colonialism. The club refused to accept them, but it implied that the applicants might be accepted later if they were properly proposed and seconded. At the time, the club had nine hundred and eighty members, only nine of them black Africans. In December, 1963, the club became the subject of angry parliamentary debate. "Here is a club that even President Nyerere cannot enter!" one member of Tanganyika's Parliament shouted. "We don't know what's going on in this club, either. For the sake of our security, it's time the club was closed down." Job Lusinde, the Home Affairs Minister, assured the member that the government was watching the club's every move, and said, "Our security is such that even if a group of people meet in a hidden place for subversive activity, they will be found out. We wait until the iron is hot, and then we strike." Eventually, the government decided to dissolve the club and take over its assets. Lusinde explained at the time of the takeover that since the club had been started by Germans before the First World War, when Tanganyika was part of German East Africa, it was former enemy property and should have been confiscated long before. "This is real African Socialism," a jubilant Tanganyikan M.P. declared. The club was reorganized as a largely African group, and its veranda thereafter became a favorite meeting place for Tanganyikan politicians. As in the Safari Hotel case, Nyerere remained aloof from the controversy, but a few years later, when the club fell into bankruptcy, he promised to see to it personally that its bills were paid.

ONLY six weeks after Tanganyika won its independence, the London *Sunday Telegraph* carried a report that Julius Nyerere had resigned as Prime Minister. According to the Tanganyika *Standard*, Dar es Salaam's privately owned English-language daily, Nyerere, on being shown a copy of the

Sunday Telegraph, "read the first few words, laughed loudly, and said, 'Oh, boy.' " The next day—it was January 22, 1962—he announced at a press conference that the report was true. "Today I relinquished my position as Prime Minister of Tanganyika," he said. "Before doing this, I myself selected a new team of ministers, with Mr. Rashidi Kawawa at its head." He had decided to devote himself to the rebuilding of TANU, he explained, because he believed that strengthening the party would be the best way to achieve "our new objective—the creation of a country in which the people take a full and active part in the fight against poverty, ignorance, and disease." In addition to an able government, he said, the country needed "a strong political organization, active in every village, which acts like a two-way all-weather road, along which the purposes, plans, and problems of the government can travel to the people, at the same time as the ideas, desires, and misunderstandings of the people can travel direct to the government." Saying that such a goal was "the job of the new TANU," he added, "We do not believe it is necessary for us to copy the institutions of other countries. We do believe we must work out our own pattern of democracy." He asked Tanganyika's friends abroad to "understand these changes and not to try to read into them a different significance from the one they have."

Nyerere's request notwithstanding, his resignation was widely interpreted as a strategic retreat. "It looks as if Mr. Nyerere has met a too common fate among African moderates of the day," said the New York *Times* in an editorial on February 3, 1962. "The swiftness with which pressures from more radical and nationalistic elements rose against him and drove him out of office is disquieting." A better-informed judgment was offered by the *Economist*, in its January 27th issue: "If anyone had been asked to prescribe a nightmare formula that would do the most harm to the reputation of Tanganyika throughout the world, he could hardly have improved on the concoction brewed in Dar es Salaam this week." Even Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's political leader, said he had heard "with great sorrow" of the resignation of his "dear friend." In Dar es Salaam, journalists interpreted the series of deportations as evidence of discontent within the party. They also noted that *Uhuru*, the party's Swahili-language weekly, had recently been inclined to adopt a strident, racial tone; it had referred to the country's Indians as "snakes" and to the remaining British officials as "the prophets of colonialism." Indeed, Nyerere's resignation was the first in a series of not quite explained incidents that were to become an odd hallmark of Tanganyikan politics. If Nyerere had in fact had a serious quarrel with some members of TANU's National Executive Committee in the weeks following independence, as the press suggested, he has never admitted it publicly. Former Governor-General Turnbull has recalled, "I had known a month earlier that he might do it, but I hoped that he was being unnecessarily pessimistic." There is no doubt, however, that Nyerere regarded the rebuilding of the party as the most urgent task facing the country, and that when he told the Committee of his plan it took some three days for him to win their consent. "Until independence, we had deliberately tried to discuss nothing but *uhuru*," he has said. "But then the nation was asking, 'What next?' I couldn't sit here. I had to answer the vital questions."

The morning after the National Executive Committee meeting at which his resignation was accepted, Nyerere called in Kawawa, who was a minister without portfolio at the time. As Kawawa has recalled, "He said, 'Look, Rashidi, you are the Prime Minister from right now. Take the chair.' I got the shock of my life! Yes, we had given him the green light to resign the previous evening. He argued with us

"Behold my husband the liar!"

four hours that night, but he didn't tell us when he wanted to do it. This shocked everybody. He is always dramatic, you know."

"He was very agitated," Amir Jamal, another Cabinet colleague, has said. "He had already gone through the agony of the decision. He said, 'I'm asking Rashidi to become Prime Minister, and all you fellows are going to stay on.' "

Upon being told by Nyerere that he had finally decided to resign and that Kawawa would succeed him, Turnbull pointed out to Nyerere that Kawawa was scheduled to leave on a trip to Nigeria that very evening. "I said the government had better not let him get off," Turnbull has recalled. "They hadn't thought of this." Turnbull was also disturbed about the effect that the announcement would have around the world. "Julius was awfully bad at handling his public relations," he has said. "I told him, 'Look, this will have to be very carefully explained to the world—in the towns here, in other African countries, in Britain, and in the United Nations. You must tell each of them, and in a slightly different way. You must get your public-relations chaps to work on it.' And I told him to tell the overseas staff by cable. But none of this was done. The Tanganyikan High Commission in London wasn't told for a week. They didn't know if Julius was ill, or what."

Despite the lingering confusion, Nyerere did not regret his action. Several years later, long after he had become President of the Republic of Tanganyika, in December, 1962, he was asked if he thought he had been right in resigning so suddenly after independence. "No question about it," he said. "If I made any mistake, it was that I came back." His listeners laughed, but he was deadly serious. "I was convinced that my function was to lead the masses," he went on. "If I regret anything, it is that it would be difficult now to go back to the masses. It [his resignation] changed the tone of the country. I will not say that we are therefore different from other East African countries, but I think we are different from what we might otherwise have become. If this country has anything, it has a sense of purpose. I think my actions in 1962 helped give it that sense of purpose. I think it's the best thing I've done for this country."

SOON after Nyerere resigned as Prime Minister, a headline in the *Standard* reported, "JULIUS IS BACK WITH THE PEOPLE." And indeed he was—travelling and speaking throughout the country. In words strikingly like those he would use five years later in his Arusha Declaration, which set forth the guidelines of the country's future development, he told his audiences, "Our emphasis must be on what we ourselves can do. We must produce more cotton, more coffee, more tobacco; and if, without too much government assistance, people can build a dam or a school or a road, they must do it. This is what we can rely on—not outside assistance."

Under the government's self-help program, villagers all over the country donated a day's work a week to a community project—a new road, a well, a school, a clinic. According to one government announcement, the population built two and a half million dollars' worth of projects during the first half of 1963, for which the government donated two hundred thousand dollars' worth of materials. To understand the enthusiasm of many villagers, a visitor had only to spend a day that year at a place such as Kibamba, fifteen miles west of Dar es Salaam, where two hundred villagers, building a new roadway, hoed and hacked to the rhythm of drums and castanets. One man seemed to have gone berserk with exuberance; he raced back and forth through the crowd waving his pickaxe like a bayonet. Miraculously, there were no casualties. Prime Minister Kawawa appeared slightly put off by the pandemonium. "I think I have made you too joyful," he said. A local TANU official boasted, "We are all sweating—from the Prime Minister down." Much of the early excitement in the villages faded as villagers waited in vain for the government to send a roof for a new community center or a teacher for a new school. If it were possible to repeat the experience of the early months of independence, Nyerere said later, "I'd try to make better use of the people's enthusiasm—try to give more guidance about where a road should go, or whether a school should be built."

Six months after independence, the government abolished the jobs and salaries of the hereditary chiefs, whose powers and functions conflicted with those of government officials. "The chiefs were not absorbed into the nationalist movement, primarily because of their own shortsightedness," one former chief has said. "Most of them were too closely identified with the British authorities, and there was growing tension between the old chiefs and the younger, educated ones. 'They are ambitious,' the old men would say when the young ones favored change. The colonial administration found the chiefs useful in trying to carry out policy, and also as scapegoats if things went badly." As an example, this former chief cited the case of some of the chiefs in Sukumaland, in the northern part of the country, who were pressured by the colonial authorities into supporting a plan for cattle de-stocking—reducing the number of cattle their people owned. "To the peasant, his cattle were his wealth," the former chief said. "He couldn't care less if they were only skin and bone. Any effort to reduce his cattle simply meant that the government was trying to make him poorer. Well, the old chiefs started accusing the younger chiefs of supporting the plan. 'They want you to get poorer,' the old chiefs would tell their people. It was Machiavellian—a case of hunting with the hounds and running with the hares. Many of the younger chiefs decided to wait and see what would happen to the nationalist movement, and they got caught in the process. TANU was able to label them anti-people. As long as the chiefs had any power, they could be a headache to TANU. So it was expedient for the TANU government to get rid of them."

Another former chief has said, "There was feuding in Nigeria and Ghana between the chiefs and the democratically elected governments, and there were problems of double loyalties. To avoid these problems, TANU decided to abolish the chiefdoms altogether. TANU's aim was to streamline the government from the top down to the village level, and retaining the chiefs would have made a break in the direct line."

SOON after the Tanganyikan Parliament reconvened, in February, 1962, with former Prime Minister Nyerere seated among the backbenchers, the government announced that it favored legislation to convert the system of land ownership from freehold to leasehold—an idea that Nyerere elaborated a few weeks later in an essay entitled "Ujamaa" ("Familyhood"), in which many of his other ideas about African Socialism were also explained. Nyerere wrote, "To us in Africa, land was always recognized as belonging to the community." Man's right to the land "was the right to use it; he had no other right to it, nor did it occur to him to try and claim one," he said. "The foreigner introduced a completely different concept, the concept of land as a marketable commodity. According to this system, a person could claim a piece of land as his own private property whether he intended to use it or not. I could take a few square miles of land, call them 'mine,' and then go off to the moon. . . . Such a system is not only foreign to us, it is completely wrong. . . . Unconditional or 'freehold' ownership of land which leads to speculation and parasitism must be abolished."

On June 1st, the government announced the details of a new republican constitution that would go into effect on the first anniversary of independence. Under this constitution, a President would be elected by universal suffrage, and would appoint a Vice-President, who would preside over the National Assembly. Having an elected President, rather than a Governor-General representing the Queen, said Prime Minister Kawawa, would "provide a new focus for loyalty" and would be "more capable of inspiring a sense of loyalty in the people." The new constitution also vested strong powers in the Presidency, prompting the London *Daily Express* to warn, in a news report, "The pattern of dictatorship emerges in Tanganyika." In Tanganyika itself, there was also criticism of the sweeping powers proposed for the Presidency, on the ground that they could lead to authoritarianism. In response to such charges, Nyerere told the National Assembly that "ultimately the safeguard of . . . the people's freedom . . . is the ethic of the nation." What was needed, he declared, was a national ethic that would enable the government to say, "We cannot do this; this is un-Tanganyikan." Or the people to say, "That we cannot tolerate; that is un-Tanganyikan." Without such an ethic, Nyerere said, "no constitution, however framed, could insure that the people would not become victims of tyranny." On the subject of political campaigning, he told the Assembly, "It is not a traditional African practice. It smacks of pride, vanity, and sometimes stubbornness. A man standing before the public outlining his good qualities—this is a shameful thing."

Nyerere combined his electioneering with his TANU duties throughout the Presidential campaign. Still encouraging villagers to undertake self-help projects, he announced that he would not make a campaign speech in any village that hadn't started such a project. In the elections of November, 1962, he polled ninety-eight and one-tenth per cent of the national vote. Not

"Comfy?"

long after that, an American visitor asked him if he had been surprised to receive so high a percentage of the vote. "Why?" he replied sharply. "I would not have been surprised to receive ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. We are a united people. I would not have been surprised if America had had only one party in the beginning. You would have said, 'We've got to win the war and get this stupid King George out! The most important thing is unity! The issue is: Should we be led by a monarch three thousand miles away?' We Tanganyikans want to govern ourselves. This is no issue. We laugh at the happenings in Kenya"—where, only a year before independence, the two major parties were in conflict. "We say to the Kenyans, 'You have no sense of priorities. One-hundred-per-cent unity is the answer.' My ideas of democracy are Western. I never questioned the two-party system until I was confronted with the problem in Tanganyika. Is it necessary for a democracy to have a two-party system? I said no. There is no use standing on Mount Kilimanjaro and shouting our disagreement."

After the 1962 elections, Nyerere selected Rashidi Kawawa, who had served as Prime Minister since January, as his Vice-President. He also announced that the National Executive Committee had voted to ask the party's national conference to open TANU membership to non-Africans and to grant "complete political amnesty" to a number of persons who had been expelled from TANU since 1954. "We were not racist then—we were realistic," Nyerere said of the policy of excluding non-blacks from party membership. "We were the Africans of Tanganyika fighting for our rights. Our aim was to be racial in composition and nonracial in policy." However, he said, as early as 1955 this policy had become an embarrassment; that year, the party had voted to accept any Tanganyikan who was half African. In early 1963, Amir Jamal, who is Indian, became TANU's first non-black member, and Derek Bryceson, a former Briton, became its second. As for the amnesties, Nyerere explained, many members had been expelled in the past for failing to support TANU candidates, but the party realized that under a one-party system such a practice made no sense. "We realize that you can't have an election in Tanganyika between TANU and another organization, so it will have to be between members of TANU," he said.

Only after the second general election, in 1965, however, did Western criticism of Tanganyika's one-party system begin to subside. Sir Richard Turnbull observed in 1966, "None of us realized at the time that the one-

POMPEII REVISITED

By the villa of Diomedes,
out of the falling
doors of the garage, yellow
eyes from an old Rolls
stare toward the cypresses
and shrine of Pomona.
Through the burst windows
the meadows climb
into the rooms
and by the foot of the stairs
a beefsteak mushroom (half
car tire, half carbuncle)
throttles the warped neck
of a paterfamilias clock.
The end of the world has blown
a way through the front door
of the temple of Venus, slipped
through the atrium, sidled
up and away and within
the vestals' bedrooms.
Worse than nothing is
in the pantry of Lucullus:
a refrigerator crinkled
as a Sphinx, and dead
jam jars still labelled
"Gooseberry 1975."
I know
what has happened here
but there is nobody
to tell.
I fall
on my knees on the *tesserae*
of the cracked terrace
where Favilla poured tea.
I must be the child
that was left behind—
an Ascanius deserted
at Troy's crumble.
The "Illustrated Annals
of Pompeii Felix"
(I was fool enough to pick
up from the cobwebs) says,
"The Lady Margaret Creighton-Stuart
and Major Douglas Campforth-Smith . . .
a wedding
in the temple of Fortuna Augusta . . ."
the same date as the gooseberries.
I am afraid
to mount the stairs.
Electron and positron have met,
have concluded in a puff
of energy—gone where?—perhaps
it is that gross thrush
that walks the scorched lawn,
walks and does not hop.
I am afraid to go
upstairs. I might
find a moloch
astraddle a vestal
skeleton.
Back and beyond and before,
the dance always
falls short of the desire.
A dream? The world
has been transmogrified.
The blood of blackberries
climbs and dyes
the stones among the lava.
Somewhere near
Arcturus or the Rings of Saturn, tunes
from the burnt-out radio
in Castor's vestibule arrive.
What whistlings of dissolution
now arriving! What
amorous wounds bursting!
What beds denting
the virgins flowering
into matrons while
the ivy slowly
inserts its fingers
into the enclaves, into
coigns where the marrow
turns to powder. I
walk through the bathroom
of the children of Publius
Cornelius Tages (broker),
where toothbrushes still
hang on the burnt wall;
the flavor of peppermint clings
to the curled paper, seeps
through the gravestones
of the Via Appia and
the mausoleums of Kensal Green.
The sunlight in this village
temple stains the church floor
through some of the windows still—
buckled by great heat
but beautiful. Weddings,
funerals, sermons turned
into dandelions—brass-yellow—
frothing
up the aisle. And gently
through the puffed fenestras
of the villa of Diomedes,
where the starved fig climbs,
the silence of the Lares
(below the warped stairs)
filters. . . . None
of us was innocent.

—PAUL ROCHE

• •

DISNEY WORLD
JOE'S PLACE BEER
LAST CHANCE FOR REALITY
JOE'S
BEER ON ICE
STEVENSON

party state is the natural and proper way of governing a country like Tanganyika. How can there be two parties? Maybe in ten years, if differing economic programs are devised. The dominant thing at this stage, though, is national pride and feeling, and raising the level of the people." The key point, Nyerere declared in 1963, was that parties like TANU "were not formed to challenge any ruling group of our own people; they were formed to challenge the foreigners who ruled us." He continued, "They were not, therefore, political parties—i.e., factions—but nationalist movements."

Might the country develop a two-party system at some later stage? "It does not necessarily follow," Nyerere said shortly before the 1965 elections. "Tanganyika could become a multi-party country, but I see no necessity for that. We are rejecting the idea that only a two-party system can be a democracy. The philosophical concept of freedom is not a matter of mechanics." He said that he was also rejecting the notion of his Western friends that they should "make allowances for us to go through an undemocratic period in the beginning," and added, "But look, brother, this is not right. We must not be undemocratic even in the beginning."

Despite Nyerere's evident concern for freedom and democracy, not everyone was convinced that the new government was acting accordingly. "I must confess I don't quite understand this security mania," said a British resident of Dar es Salaam late in 1962. The opposition to TANU, insofar as it existed at all, consisted of a few dissident trade-union officials and one or two tiny political parties. Nonetheless, in 1962 the government pushed through Parliament a law virtually banning strikes and a preventive-detention law enabling the government to imprison without trial any person it deemed dangerous to the national security. "We feel that while this country is peaceful, its roots are not really all that deep," Nyerere said at the time. A few months later, he said, "We know that this detention law could be a convenient tool in the hands of an unscrupulous government. The point is, preventive powers are assumed by democratic governments at times they consider such powers necessary. Britain had such a regulation in wartime; India has one, which she recently used. We hope we misjudged the danger. We don't want to use this drastic law. But this is a huge country, with five hundred miles of coastline, and borders with seven nations, and we have *eleven hundred men* in our Army. Eleven hundred men! Our security is in the hands of the Almighty! We have no money for a large Army or a large police force. But we can put this law on the statute books. It's a safeguard. And I think it has done some good."

Among the other programs pushed by the new government was the "Africanization" of the civil service, which had started at the time of independence. By the end of 1963, several hundred British civil servants had left Tanganyika, and roughly half the senior and middle-grade posts were held by Africans, with many of the rest vacant. Many of the Africans were insufficiently trained; many of the Europeans employed to fill upper-level and technical vacancies for which no trained Africans were available were newcomers on short-term contracts. A number of trade-union leaders were dissatisfied with Africanization. The head of the railway workers' union, Christopher S. K. Tumbo, had threatened a strike if more jobs were not made available to Africans, and in Parliament he called

"Gee, you mean to say that just __*anyone*__ *can join the rabble?"*

• •

the white civil servants "mercenaries." In April, 1962, presumably to get rid of him, the government had sent him to London as Tanganyika's new High Commissioner (or Ambassador), but that August he resigned, dropping hints that he didn't really have to work for a living, and returned to Tanganyika. In September, when the preventive-detention bill was passed, Nyerere spoke in Parliament about Tumbo, without mentioning him by name, with uncharacteristic vehemence. "What is to be done to traitors? A man from Tanganyika, a poor country, with money sufficient to keep him from needing employment for the rest of his life? Where did he get the money? What do we do with such a person?" In late November, Tumbo slipped across the border to Mombasa, in Kenya, where he became a press agent for a cement factory.

During the first year of independence, there were still one or two tiny opposition parties. One of these was the African National Congress, whose leader, Zuberi Mtemvu, accused Nyerere in January, 1962, of plotting to "introduce neo-colonialism" into newly independent African states—which meant that Mtemvu was discontented with Nyerere's moderate policies on racial matters. In May, 1962, Mtemvu announced a three-stage plan—"cool, warm, and very hot"—to obtain a "purely African government" in Tanganyika within a year. For several months, the government prevented the African National Congress from holding meetings, but it lifted the ban in time for the November elections, in which Mtemvu was Nyerere's chief opponent. Mtemvu drew 21,279 votes to Nyerere's 1,123,553. A few days later, Mtemvu rejoined TANU, which he had left to found his own party, and said he was urging all A.N.C. members to do likewise. "The most significant result of the elections is the refusal of our people to have anything to do with racism," a TANU statement said.

THE celebration of Tanganyika's becoming a *jamhuri*—a republic—in December, 1962, was much like the independence celebration a year earlier. At a midnight ceremony, a tattoo was sounded, fireworks were set off, and schoolchildren marched forward to slay papier-mâché dragons representing poverty, ignorance, and disease. Nyerere took the oath of office as President the next morning, and moved into State House immediately. During Tanganyika's first year of independence, Nyerere had devoted most of his attention to domestic problems. Now, in the second year, he turned his mind to matters beyond Tanganyika's borders. He made a series of official visits—to Great Britain, West Germany, the United States, Canada, Algeria, and Scandinavia—but the area of foreign policy that preoccupied him most was pan-African affairs. In a speech made in February, 1963, he ridiculed the existing African national boundaries—most of which had been established by the colonial powers—as "ethnological and geographical nonsense." He continued, "It is impossible to draw a line anywhere on the map of Africa which does not violate the history or future needs of the people." At the founding session of the Organization for African Unity, at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, in May of that year, he told the delegates, "The real, humiliating truth is that Africa is not free, and therefore it is Africa which should take the necessary collective measures to free Africa."

In June, Nyerere met in Nairobi with Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya and Prime Minister A. Milton Obote of Uganda, and the three announced that they had agreed to inaugurate an East African Federation before the end of the year. "We cannot create a continental government overnight, but we can start in East Africa," Nyerere said. But the talks designed to establish the basis of federation broke down at the ministerial level, and in December, 1963, Nyerere called the failure to achieve federation the major disappointment of the year. Some observers speculated that the announcement of federation had been a cynical attempt to induce the British government to advance the date of Kenya's independence; Kenyatta, in fact, once implied as much. "If it was a pressure technique, it was quite unnecessary," a former British diplomat has said. "Brit-

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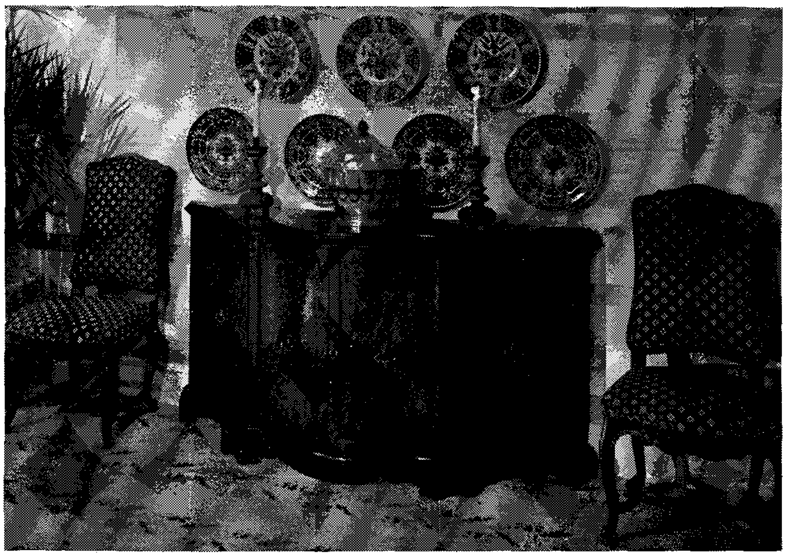

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ain was as anxious for Kenya's independence as the East Africans were." The Tanganyikans have insisted, however, that putting pressure on the British was not the purpose of the negotiations, and that at least several of the Kenya delegates—most notably, the late Tom Mboya—were as strongly determined as they were to achieve federation. In any event, both Kenya and Zanzibar became independent in December of 1963.

In the two years since Tanganyika had achieved independence, Nyerere had fretted over the problem of Africanization and what such a policy meant in terms of freedom and equality for all the citizens of his nation, black and white alike. In July, at a Saba Saba ceremony—the seventh day of the seventh month—marking the ninth anniversary of TANU's founding, he told a mass meeting of party members, "If you don't believe in human equality, quit the party. Those who do not believe in the principle of human brotherhood had better burn their membership cards." He conceded that Africanization was a sort of discrimination but said that the policy had been "justifiable" initially as a means of redressing the past inequities of the British colonial system. These remarks were, in effect, a prelude to an announcement that Nyerere made on January 7, 1964. On that day, he declared that the government's two-year-old policy of Africanization—that is, of giving job priority to black Tanganyikans—was being ended, and thereafter, he said, Tanganyikan citizens of all races would be equally eligible for government jobs. "It would be wrong for us to continue to distinguish between Tanganyikan citizens on any grounds other than those of character and ability to do specific tasks," he said. "We cannot allow the growth of first- and second-class citizenship. . . . This action is taken not for the sake of people with brown or white skins but for the sake of Tanganyika."

Nyerere's policy announcement had two immediate effects: it set off a predictable storm of protest by trade-union officials, and it led within a few days to the most serious crisis of Nyerere's career. The railway union promised to resist the policy change "at all costs," and the head of the local government-workers' union accused Nyerere of taking the country "back to the colonial days." He added, "If Tanganyika is to gain respect outside by neglecting its indigenous citizens, then we don't want that kind of respect." Far more serious than the union leaders' reactions, INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, RUTHERFORD, CALIFORNIA

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The second definition is the one people usually mean when they refer to vintage. So let's talk about that.

In order for a vineyard to put a vintage date on a bottle, they have to prove that every single grape used in the making of that wine was produced during the year specified.

In Europe, the vintage date has come to be an index of the quality of the wine, since their weather is relatively sporadic from year to year.

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Each has something to offer. It's the same with wine.

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Reds	Age	Whites	Age
Zinfandel	2–4 years	Johannisberg Riesling	2–4 years
Gamay Beaujolais	2–4 years	Chenin Blanc	2–4 years
		Chablis	2–4 years

WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE MATURE

Reds	Age	Whites	Age
Charbono	3–15 years	Pinot Chardonnay	2–6 years
Cabernet Sauvignon	5–20 years	Dry Semillon	2–6 years
Pinot Noir	5–15 years	White Pinot	2–6 years

Also, if you have trouble finding the right year for the right wine, keep at it. Fine wines are like antiques. They're available, but you may have to look around a bit to find them.

19??

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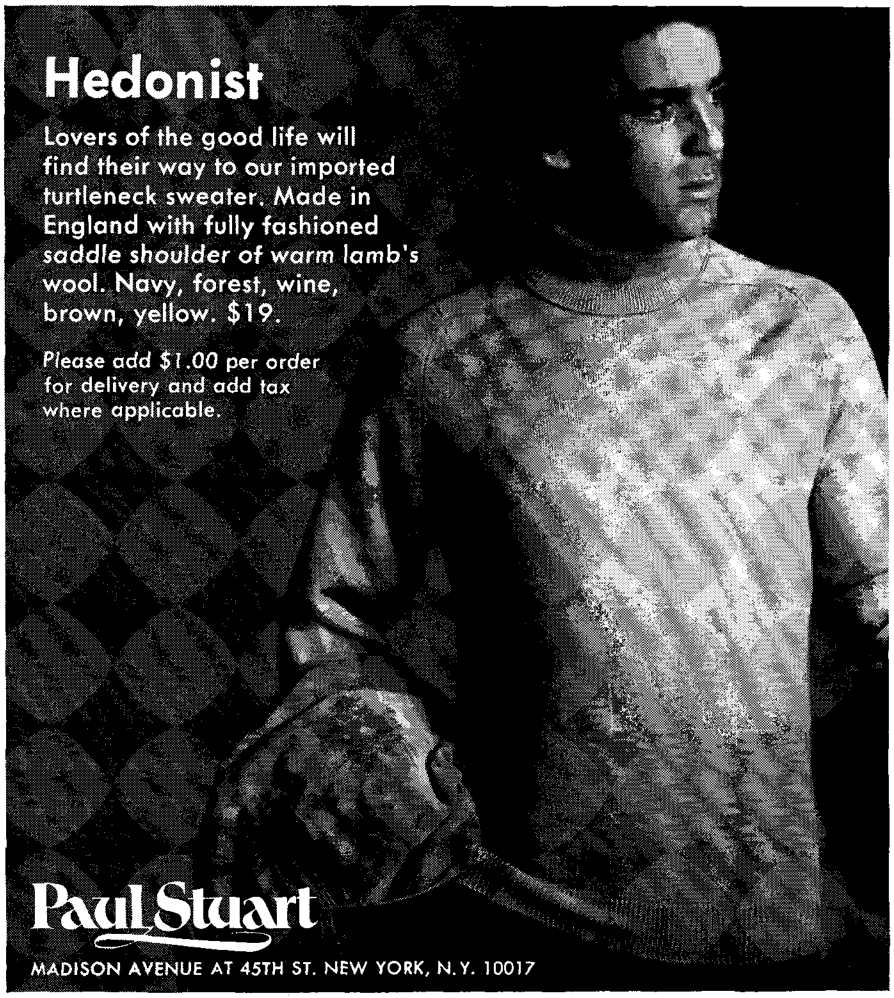

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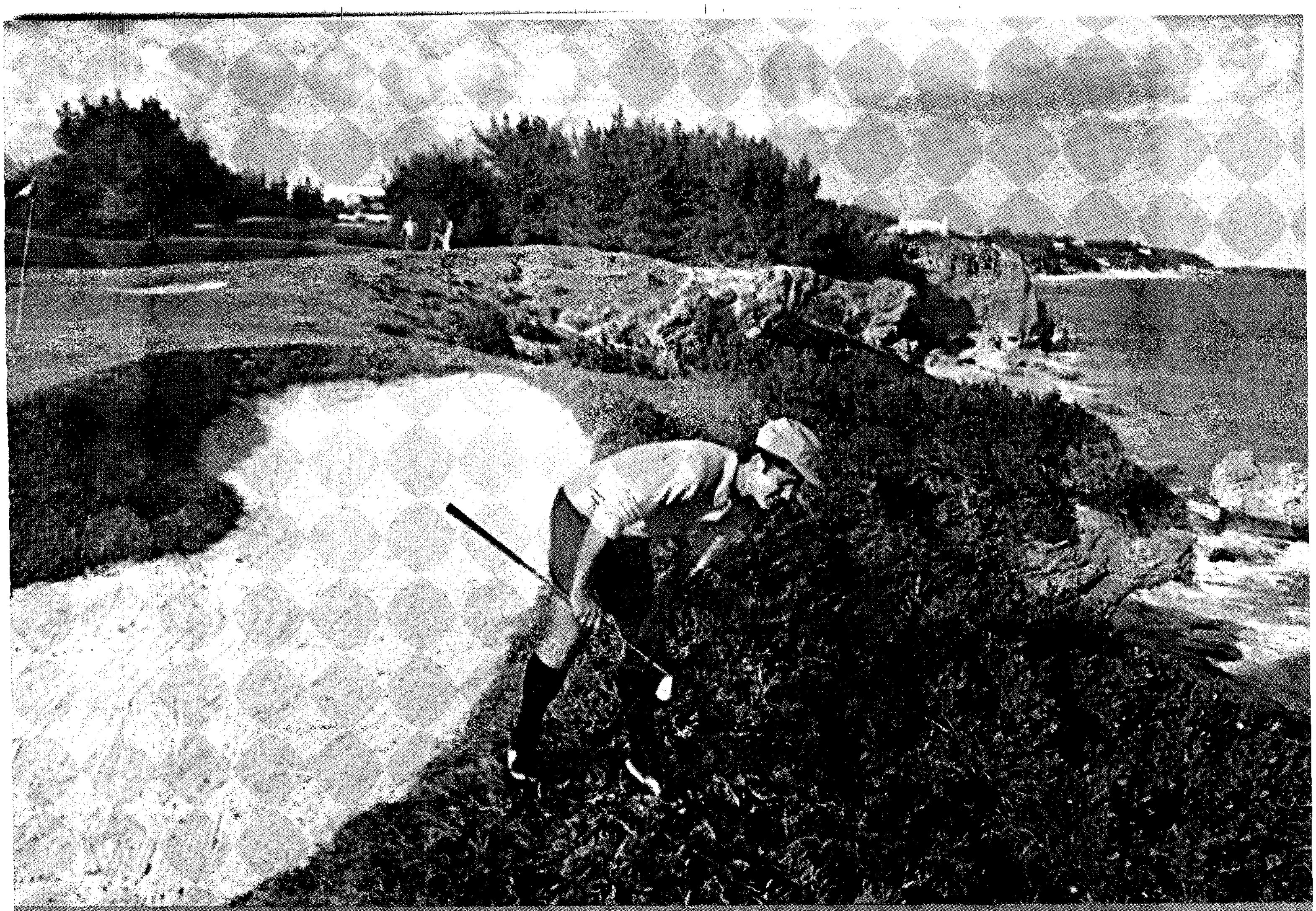
however, was the effect that the announcement had on Tanganyika's Army.

ON Monday, January 20th, thirteen days after Nyerere made his announcement, the commander of the Tanganyika Rifles, a Briton named Patrick Sholto Douglas, was awakened at his home, near Colito Barracks, some ten miles north of Dar es Salaam, by the sound of bugles and sirens. It was 1:50 A.M. Dashing into the street in his pajamas, he saw a dozen of his officers rushing down the hill to the camp. At the foot of the hill, he later learned, they were arrested by enlisted men armed with rifles and Sten guns, and were locked up in the guardroom of the barracks. Half of Brigadier Douglas's command—the eight-hundred-man 1st Battalion—had mutinied. Having collected his wife and six-year-old daughter and pulled on his uniform, Douglas ran out the back door of his house, made his way through the bush for a mile and a half, borrowed a car from a friend, and drove into Dar es Salaam. The city was quiet. Leaving his wife and daughter with the Australian High Commissioner, Douglas drove to the home of an Army staff officer in Oyster Bay, just north of the capital. There he tried desperately to reach Nyerere and Vice-President Kawawa by telephone, but couldn't get through. Then he called Oscar Kambona, the External Affairs and Defense Minister, and asked that three DC-3s be sent to the Army barracks at Tabora, four hundred miles to the northwest, to bring back elements of the 2nd Battalion, which, as far as he knew, was still loyal to the government. Kambona agreed, but moments later Douglas learned that mutineers had already blocked the road to Dar es Salaam Airport, preventing the pilots from reaching the planes. Fearing that the post office had also been seized and that the mutineers might be able to trace his telephone calls, Douglas ran from house to house in Oyster Bay. As he dashed into one house, a group of soldiers roared past in a Land-Rover, shooting wildly at the front door. Douglas quickly exchanged his uniform for a checked shirt and a pair of khaki pants, ducked out the back door, jumped hedges and walls, ran straight through the house of the German Ambassador, and finally reached the residence of the British Acting High Commissioner, where he remained in hiding for five days.

President Nyerere also narrowly escaped the mutineers. Douglas had tele-



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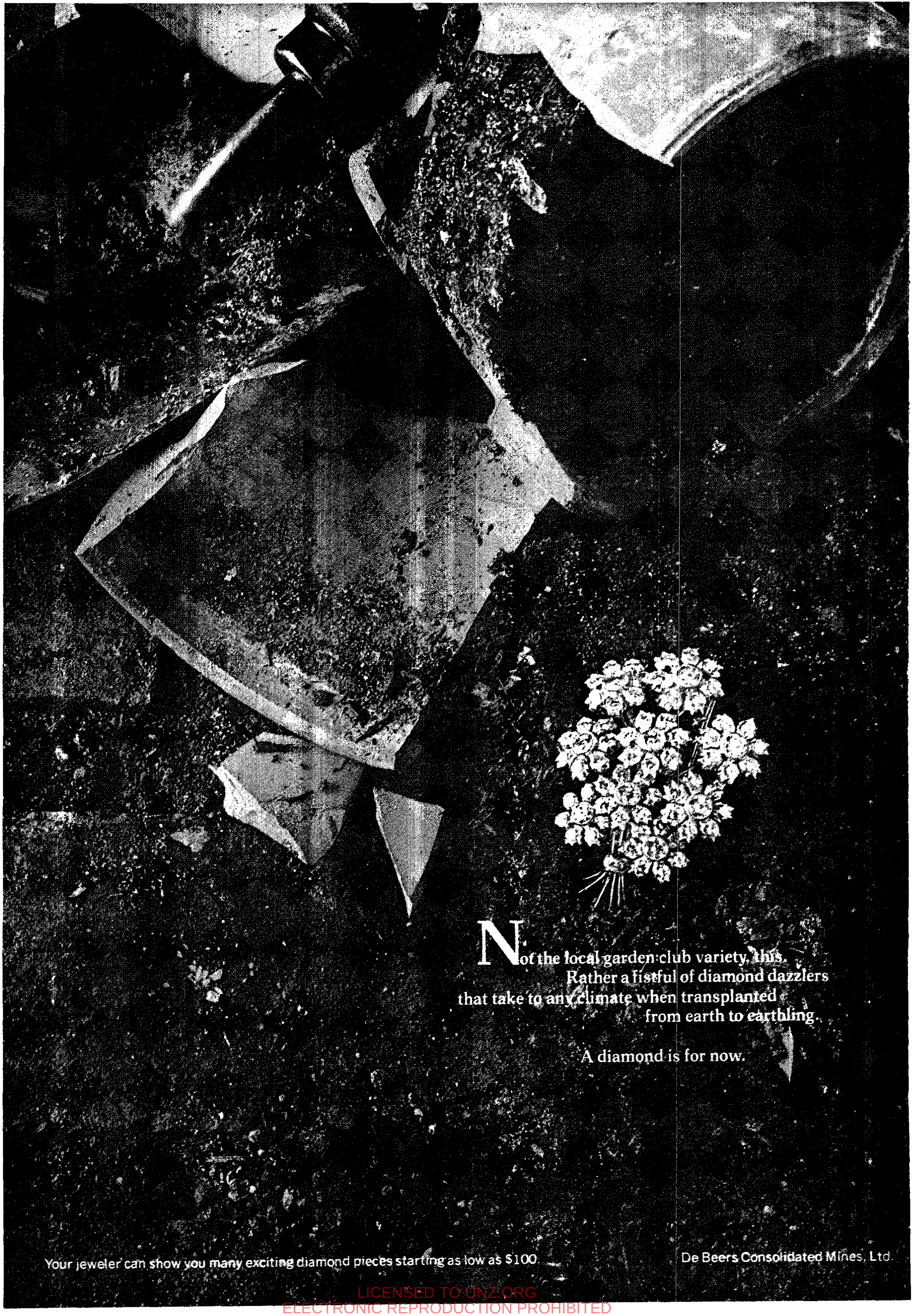

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phoned the news of the mutiny to the police inspector-general, who walked to Vice-President Kawawa's house, on the State House grounds, and awakened him, and the two ran on to State House together. "We had a lot of trouble persuading the President to leave," Kawawa has recalled. "He wanted to stay and argue with the mutineers. He wanted to ask them, 'What is the problem?' " Another friend of Nyerere's has said, "The argument was over preventing him from going out to talk to the mutineers. His wife, Maria, was on her knees to him. His security men helped Bhoke Munanka [a State House aide] get him into the basement, with Maria pleading. And one of his security men then walked slowly down the State House drive to stall the mutineers at the gate. 'It's not the President you want, it's your minister,' he told them. 'Why don't you go see Mr. Kambona?' " While this argument was taking place, Nyerere and his wife and Kawawa were leaving the State House grounds by another exit.

The President's younger brother, Joseph, was awakened at his home near Dar es Salaam by a neighbor, who warned him, "Don't go to town. There has been an Army revolt." Joseph drove to State House anyway, and there soldiers stopped him, saying, "You can't go in there. State House has been taken over." Joseph replied, "O.K., you can take over State House, but you can't take over my mother," and drove on through the gate. Inside, he found his mother, unharmed. As he started to leave, one of the soldiers recognized him as the President's brother and the TANU member who had once recommended that soldiers should be asked to work in the fields to help the nation. This soldier said, "That's the fellow who says we should go to Kilombero"—a huge sugar estate. So the mutineers arrested him and took him to Colito Barracks.

For most of the next two days, Nyerere remained in hiding in Dar es Salaam. Just where he stayed has never been revealed, and has remained one of the more tantalizing minor mysteries of the country's political history. There have been endless rumors—that he took refuge in a mission, a church, or an embassy; in a hut, on the beach, or on a ship in the harbor; or that he went as far as Arusha, or even Nairobi. "No, it was not a ship," Kawawa later told a foreign journalist. "I don't think it is appropriate for me to tell you where. We went to a place where we felt safe and could get information from time

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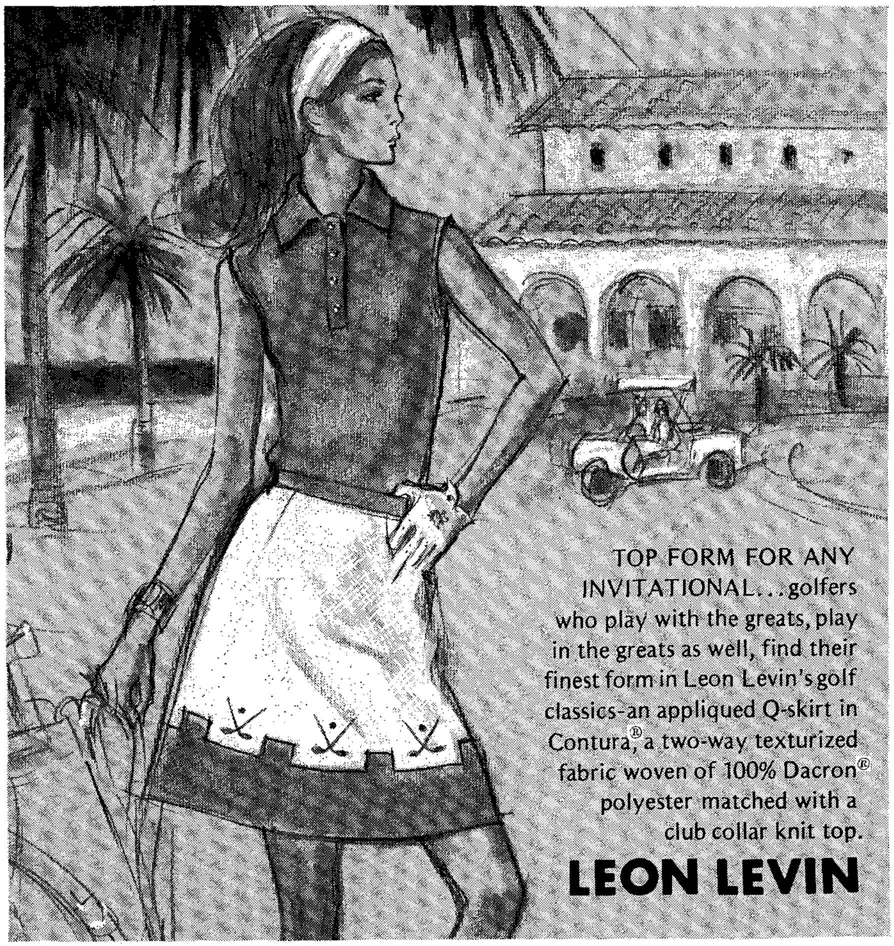

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to time." Nyerere was criticized for failing to keep in close touch with his people, and he himself said later, "I think I made a big mistake." If this statement was meant to imply that he would behave differently in the event of another mutiny or a coup d'état, the lesson he learned was probably a fallacious one; his quick disappearance that morning may have been responsible for the preservation of his government and perhaps of his life as well.

The mutiny was led by a small group of soldiers, mostly noncommissioned officers, whose primary aim was to get rid of the British officers who had continued to run the Army since independence. The Europeans didn't understand their grievances, the soldiers said. One soldier testified later that he had joined the group—which called itself the Army Night Freedom Fighters—because an officer had recently ordered the slaughter of some chickens the men were keeping; the officer had complained that the henhouse wasn't clean enough. The soldiers also demanded an increase in basic pay from a hundred and five shillings a month to two hundred and sixty shillings; even a houseboy was paid a hundred and fifty, they said. At a meeting held late at night on January 19th, a Sunday, the Freedom Fighters decided to proceed with their plan immediately.

Having seized Colito Barracks by shortly after 2 A.M., the mutineers—no more than forty men at first—broke up into several groups and drove into Dar es Salaam. One group, led by a sergeant named Hingo Ilogi, forced its way past the guards at State House and tried, unsuccessfully, to find the President. Ilogi's men then drove to Kambona's house and took the Minister back to State House. There, at the gatehouse, Ilogi told Kambona, "We have locked up our officers. We do not blame you ministers, because you are civilians. You do not know a soldier's difficulties. If you will come with us to hear the men's complaints, the officers will be released." Kambona agreed to go with them to Colito. As a precaution, however, he drove behind the Army Land-Rover in the police commissioner's car. When they arrived at Colito, Ilogi told Kambona that the soldiers wanted the Army Africanized completely. Kambona replied that such a plan was already being considered but that he had to settle certain problems in the Defense Ministry first. He asked them to choose representatives to discuss the soldiers' grievances in Dar es Salaam. At this, several men shouted, "Shoot him!" and Ilogi said to Kambona,

Goodnight

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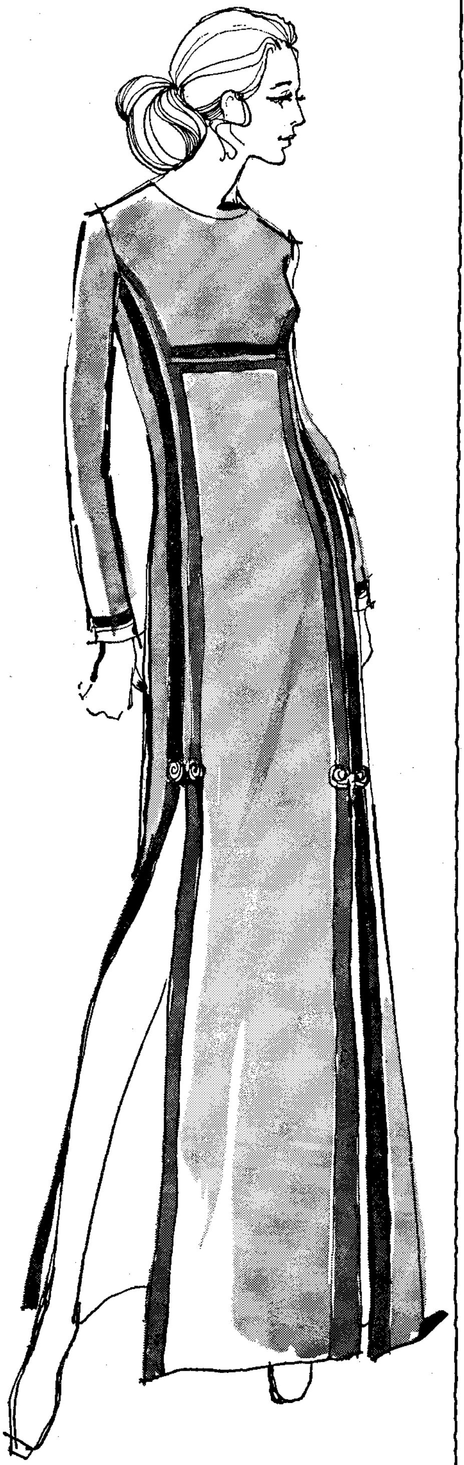

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"No. We want everything today."

Seeing that the mutineers were determined to remove the British officers in the Army immediately, Kambona asked them who they thought the new commander of the Tanganyika Rifles should be. "I remembered from the Congo that the worst thing is to have an army without officers," Kambona has said. Somebody shouted, "Nyirenda!" This was Alexander Nyirenda, a young officer who was best known in Tanganyika as the mountain climber who had planted the *uhuru* flag on the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro on December 8, 1961—the eve of Tanganyika's independence. The suggestion was quickly shouted down. "Nyirenda is a European," one man said, perhaps referring to Nyirenda's having been educated at Sandhurst. Then another young African officer, Second Lieutenant Elisha Kavana, was nominated, and was accepted by all. "When they urged Kavana to take over, I told him he must do it," Kambona has said. "They forced Douglas's brigadier's cap onto Kavana's head. I was surprised at how bitter they were."

Kambona refused to sign an agreement on the new appointments until he had had a chance to consult the President, so he and Ilogi's group drove back to State House. Soldiers lined the State House drive, but none had entered the building itself. Some wanted to go in with Kambona, but Ilogi restrained them. Nyerere had left State House at least two hours earlier, but Kambona, after remaining inside for a few minutes talking with the President's aide-de-camp and also with the President's mother, emerged to tell the mutineers that Nyerere had agreed to their demands. "Liar!" someone shouted. "The President is not inside!" But the group seemed satisfied, and returned once more to Colito Barracks, with Kambona again following in the police commissioner's car. Kambona and the mutineers continued their discussions at Colito, and Kambona agreed that the British officers should be removed and their immediate transportation to Nairobi arranged for. At one point, some of the men said later, he assured the frightened British wives that their husbands were safe and that he personally would look out for them. Before noon, Kambona had succeeded in getting all or most of the mutineers to return to their barracks. Later, he called some of the soldiers back to Dar es Salaam to restore order after looting and rioting broke out. In Magomeni Township, in Dar es Salaam, an Arab shot two soldiers and two African civilians, one of whom had been looting the Arab's shop. Angry soldiers fired mortars into the Arab's house, setting it afire, then killed him and his small daughter as they ran from the flames. Five other members of the family were burned to death inside. According to the official count, seventeen soldiers and civilians were killed in the rioting.

Earlier in the day on Monday, Job Lusinde, the Home Affairs Minister, had asked the Kenya government for assistance in putting down the mutiny, but the request was soon withdrawn by Kambona, who said no help was needed. In a broadcast to the nation that day, Kambona announced, "This is your Minister of External Affairs and Defense.

There has been some misunderstanding between the Africans and the British officers in the Tanganyika Rifles. At my intervention, the soldiers have now returned to Colito Barracks." Curiously, he failed to mention Nyerere at all—perhaps because he simply didn't know where Nyerere was. A subsequent statement given to reporters by Nyerere's press secretary—a Briton named George Rockey—that Nyerere was "safe, well, and in command" was thus not altogether reassuring. Throughout East Africa during the next twenty-four hours, there were rumors that Kambona was seizing power; even later, some of Kambona's enemies asserted that he had been working with the mutineers but had become alarmed by the depth of their anger and by the fact that Nyerere had escaped, and had dissociated himself from the mutiny. If he had had the soldiers' support and had chosen to lead a coup that day, however, there would have been very little to prevent him from doing so. Kambona interpreted the rumors simply as evidence that he was disliked and misunderstood by many Europeans. "The British looked to Mr. Nyerere as the moderate leader," he said later. "They felt that my image had been boosted by the events of that day, and they were angry." Kambona soon realized that, even with the removal of the British officers, the crisis was not over. "At first, the soldiers seemed very happy that the British officers had been removed," he has said. "They cheered me." A day or two later, however, at the funeral of the two soldiers who were killed by the Arab, Kambona noticed that Hingo Ilogi was acting strangely. "He wouldn't talk to me, or even look me in the eye. I suspected further trouble, and put on security men to track him."

On Tuesday, the government

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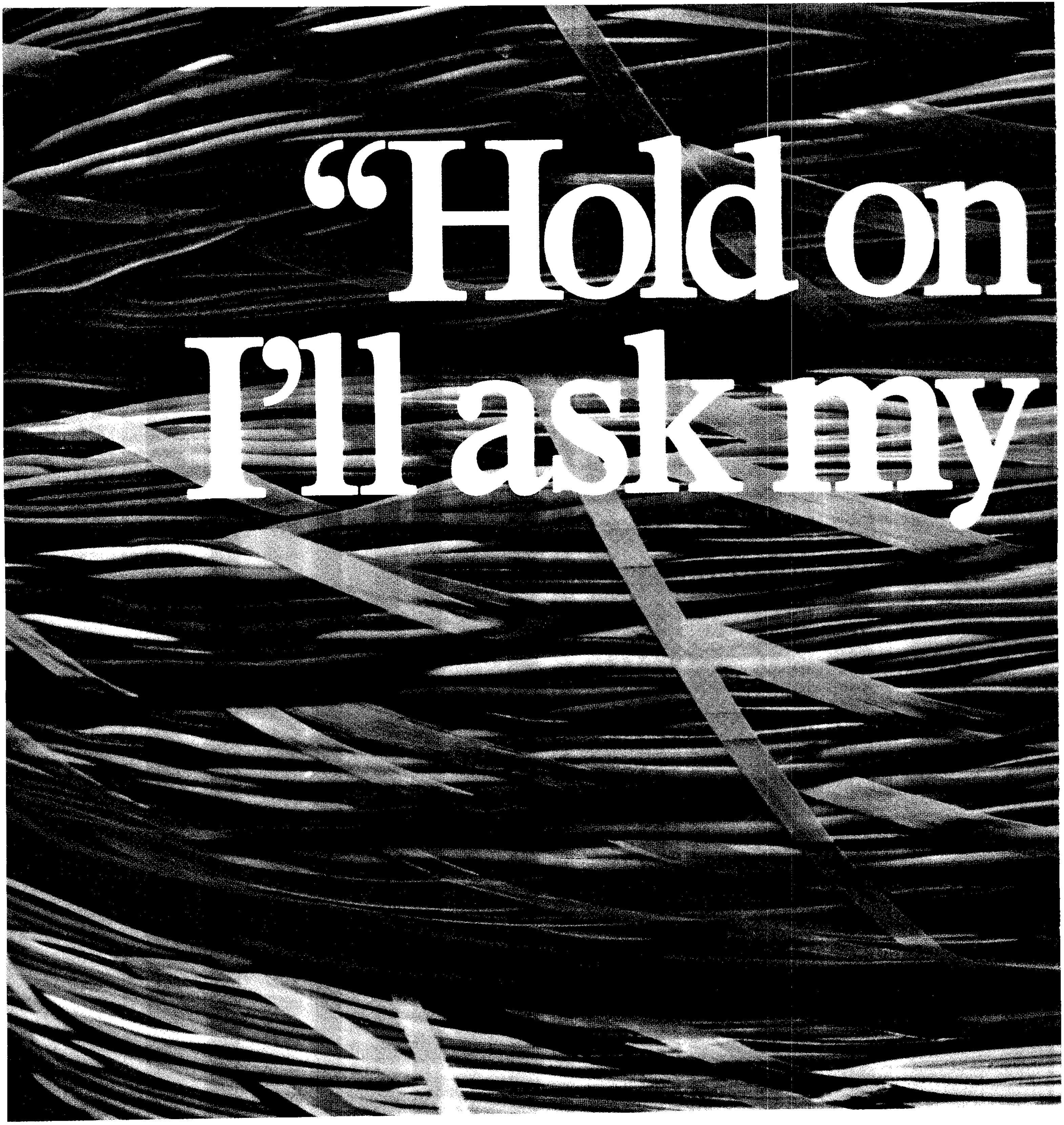

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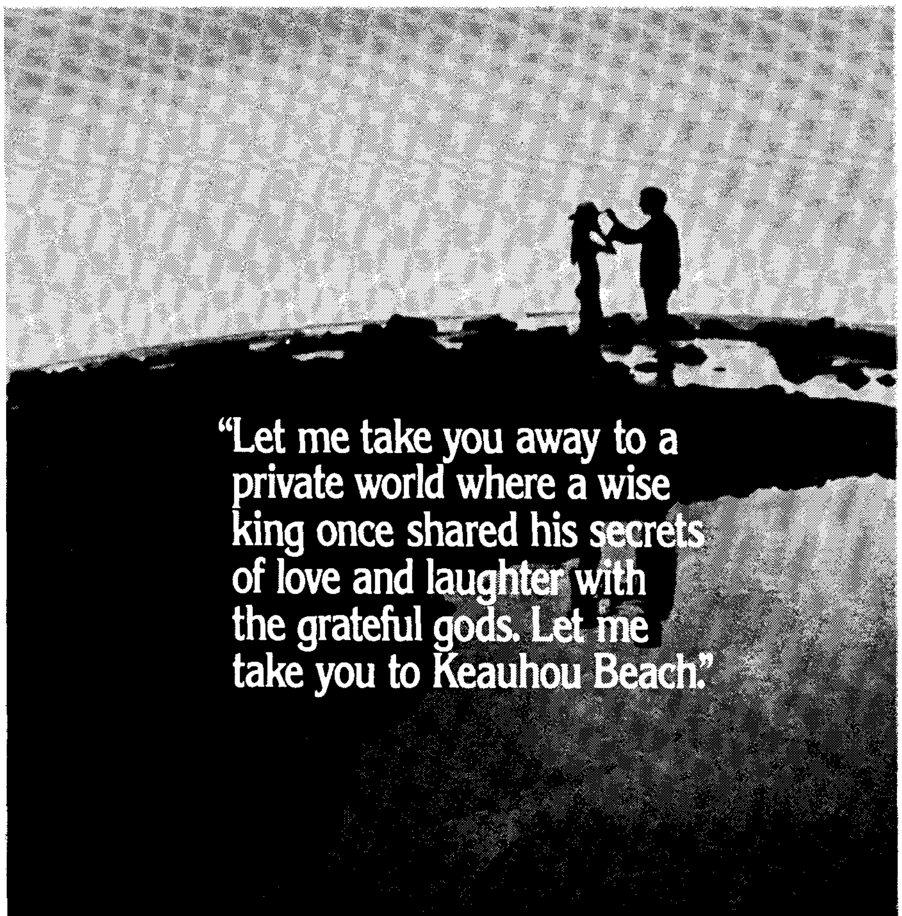
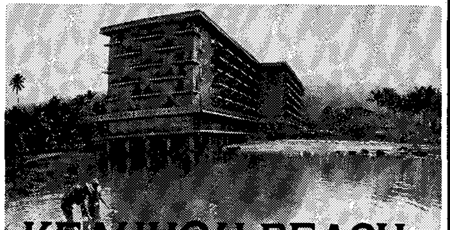
learned that the 2nd Battalion of the Tanganyika Rifles, stationed at Tabora, had mutinied shortly after receiving news of the mutiny of the 1st Battalion at Colito Barracks. In the midst of the Tabora rebellion, a cable arrived from Kambona announcing that he was naming a new battalion commander, Captain Mirisho S. H. Sarakikya—like Alexander Nyirenda, a Sandhurst-trained officer and a leading mountain climber. Sarakikya, whom the mutineers were holding under arrest, along with other officers, when the cable arrived, asked the mutineers' permission to read the cable. Then he told them to read it aloud. After one of them had done so, Sarakikya ordered them to stand at attention, unfix their bayonets, and unload, and they obeyed him. That night, he arranged for the evacuation of ten British officers and noncoms.

Sometime Tuesday morning, Nyerere, still in hiding, tape-recorded a three-minute speech, and it was broadcast by the Tanganyika Broadcasting Corporation that evening. After urging his countrymen to remain calm, Nyerere said, "Yesterday, there was some trouble in Dar es Salaam. Some people went about spreading rumors that I was no longer here and that there was no government. Such rumors make a little trouble seem much bigger than it really is." Didactically, he added that rumor-mongering was "not a sign of being grown up," and commented, "My hope is that we shall never see such a disgraceful day repeated in Tanganyika."

As of Wednesday morning, the British government was preparing to send two thousand troops to East Africa to bolster their dwindling force in Kenya; the British frigate Rhyl was standing by off Dar es Salaam, and the British carrier Centaur was sailing from Aden with six hundred marines aboard. But that morning Nyerere suddenly reappeared in the capital. Riding in a motor procession, he toured every section of Dar es Salaam. At TANU headquarters, a crowd sang the party song, "Tanu Yajenge Nchi" ("Let TANU build the country"). At every stop, he said, "What happened is a disgrace, but it is over, and there's nothing to be afraid of." People peered uncertainly from their houses; some waved timidly. At one stop, six people scurried away at the first sight of his procession, and Nyerere walked after them, saying, "Why are you running away? There's no reason to be afraid."

On Thursday, Nyerere held a press conference at State House and spoke about the effects of the mutiny. "It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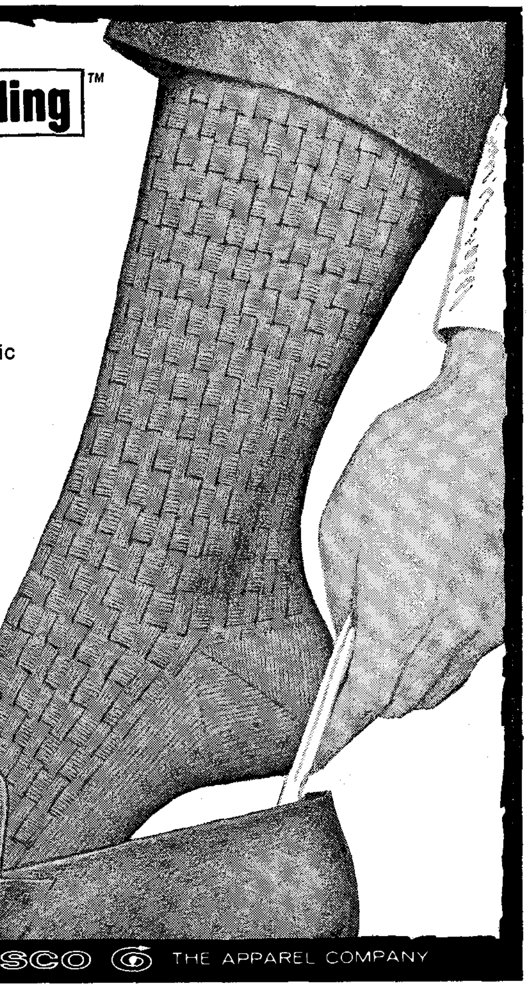

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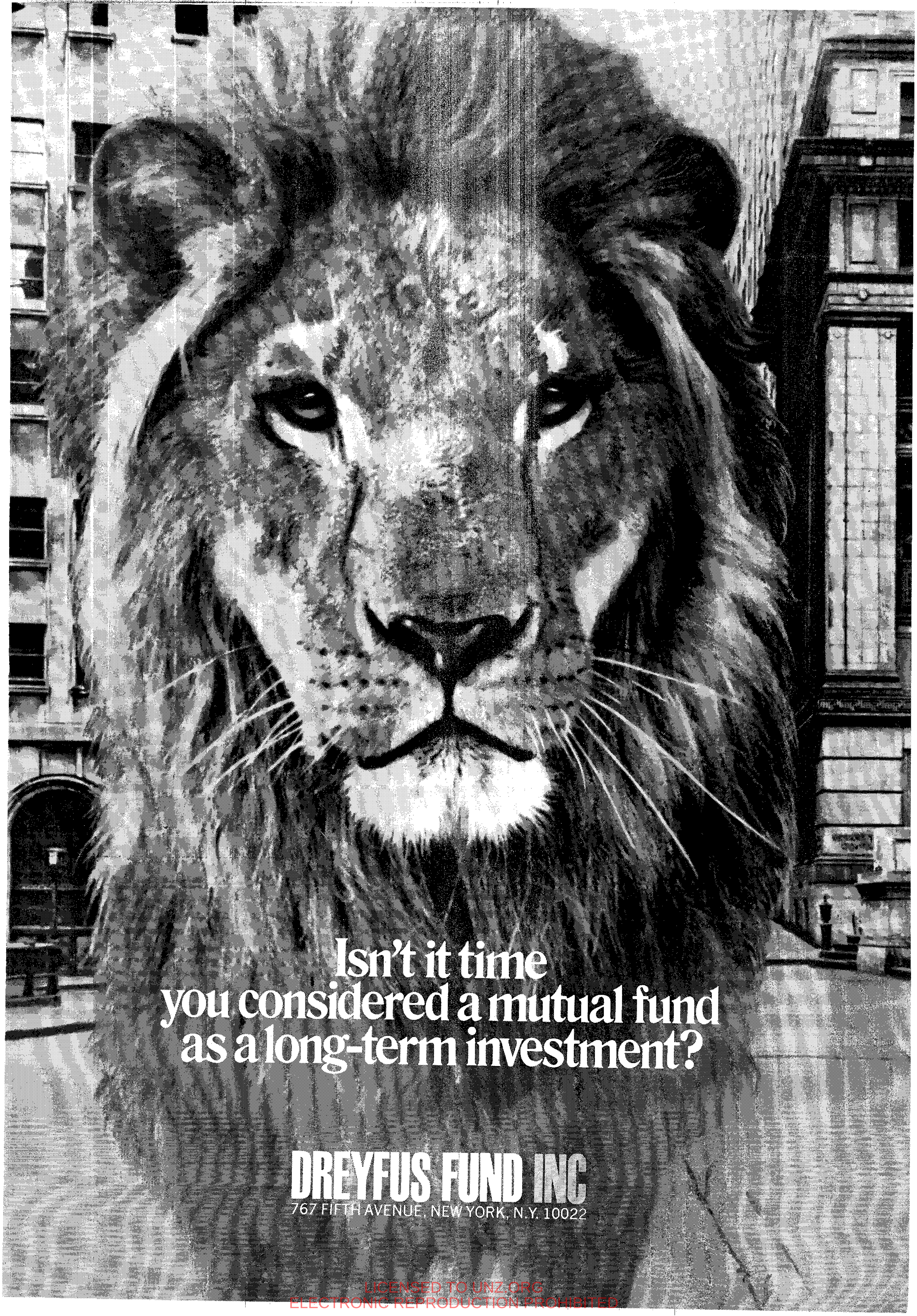
would be foolish to pretend that these events are unimportant or that they have not damaged Tanganyika's reputation overseas," he said. He also took the blame for failing to keep the public better informed. In reply to questions, he said that the soldiers' demands for higher pay were being discussed, and that he did not expect to call in British troops. Then he was asked if he intended to punish any of the soldiers who had taken part in the revolt. He smiled thinly, paused, and replied, "Thank you very much, gentlemen," closing the press conference. The pause underscored the predicament he faced at that moment. His government had accepted a lawless solution; in effect, it had capitulated to a mutinous army and was powerless to punish it. The soldiers had simply returned to their barracks. "There is nothing the government can do to prevent them from seizing Dar es Salaam again tonight if they want to," a Western diplomat said that day. During this period, as one of Nyerere's friends has said, "The President was pretending that the problem would heal itself; he expected the soldiers to be as shocked by the seventeen deaths as he was." On Thursday, he issued a directive to the men of the 1st Battalion to put on their dress uniforms. "I wanted to see if they would respond to an order," he said later. They refused.

By Friday, negotiations between the government and the Army over the mutineers' demands were breaking down, and the soldiers were again becoming rebellious. When they first rebelled, they had lacked a political leader, and even a political motive, but now there were reports that trade-union leaders had been meeting with the soldiers at Colito Barracks and that the unions were planning a general strike for the weekend in alliance with the mutineers. There were also reports of a plot at the town of Morogoro, the headquarters of the plantation workers' union. In neighboring Uganda and Kenya, where the Tanganyika mutiny had inspired similar but less serious army rebellions almost simultaneously, A. Milton Obote, Uganda's Prime Minister, and Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's Prime Minister, had requested British military assistance at the first sign of trouble. Nyerere was extremely reluctant to take similar action, but sometime Friday afternoon he apparently became convinced of the existence of a conspiracy against the government. At five-thirty, he called the British Acting High Commissioner, F. Steven Miles, to State House and requested military assistance. The request was immediately wired to London. Kambona then went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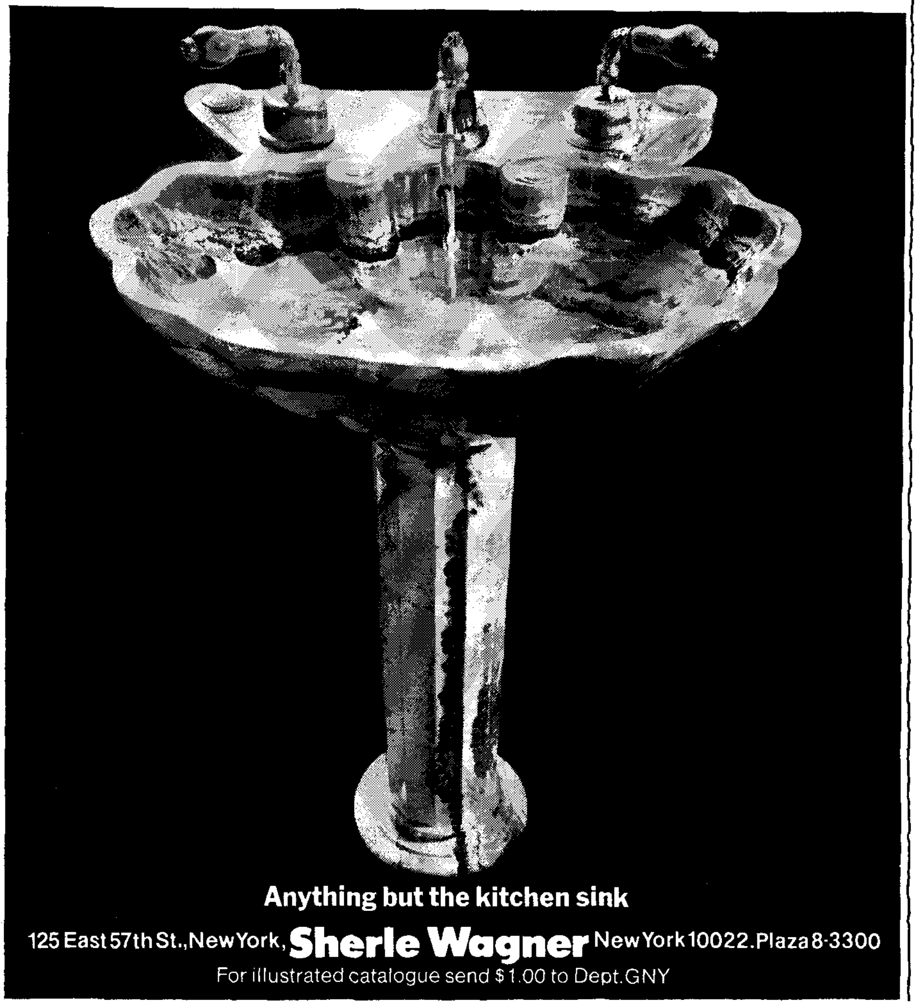

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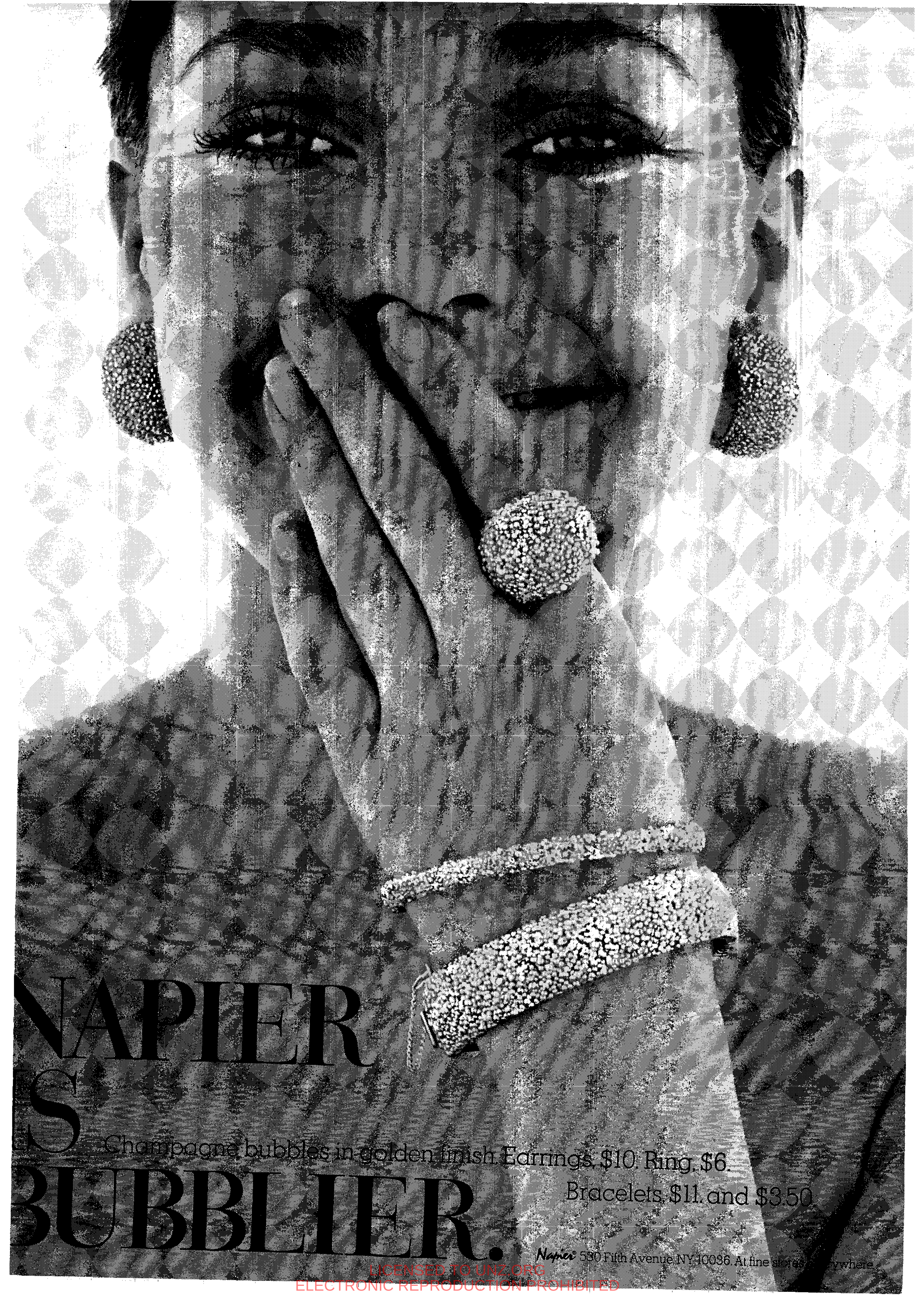
to the High Commissioner's house, where Brigadier Douglas, of the Tanganyika Rifles, had been in hiding all week, and asked for Douglas's help. That night, Douglas and another officer took a launch from an isolated beach to the Centaur, which had arrived from Aden and was lying offshore. At 2 A.M. Saturday, when Douglas boarded the carrier, he learned that the British government had approved the Tanganyikan request.

At six-twenty Saturday morning, eight helicopters lifted sixty Royal Marine Commandos from the Centaur and landed them on an athletic field just south of Colito Barracks. At six-thirty, the carrier and the destroyer Cambrian, which had also been standing by offshore, began firing air bursts to frighten the Tanganyikan soldiers on land. Douglas led the British Commandos to within fifty yards of the barracks, then told the mutineers over a loudspeaker that he had resumed command and ordered them to come out with their arms in the air and sit down in the road. He was giving them ten minutes to reply, he said, and he began a countdown, in Swahili. At the end of the ten minutes, nothing had happened, and the Commandos fired at the barracks guardroom with a rocket launcher, breaking windows and tearing away part of the roof. The Tanganyikans began to surrender immediately; a hundred and fifty of them appeared within ten minutes, and another hundred and fifty in the next hour. "By seven-thirty, it was all over, although we spent the morning rounding up stray men who had fled into the bush," Douglas said later. Earlier that morning, a frightened Tanganyikan soldier had appeared at the Dar es Salaam office of the East African External Telecommunications Company. He wanted to send a message to U Thant, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, he said, as follows: "TANGANYIKA RIFLES CAPTURED BY UNKNOWN TROOPS HELP QUICKLY SEND U.N. TROOPS." The message was to be dispatched at the "priority" rate, and was signed "Lieutenant Colonel Ilogi, Commanding Officer."

In the British attack on Colito Barracks, three Tanganyikan soldiers had been killed and five wounded; there were no British casualties. The vulnerability of the young African states could hardly have been illustrated more dramatically: the Tanganyikan mutiny had been started by no more than forty men and put down by sixty British marines.

British troops in Uganda and Kenya had acted simultaneously that morn-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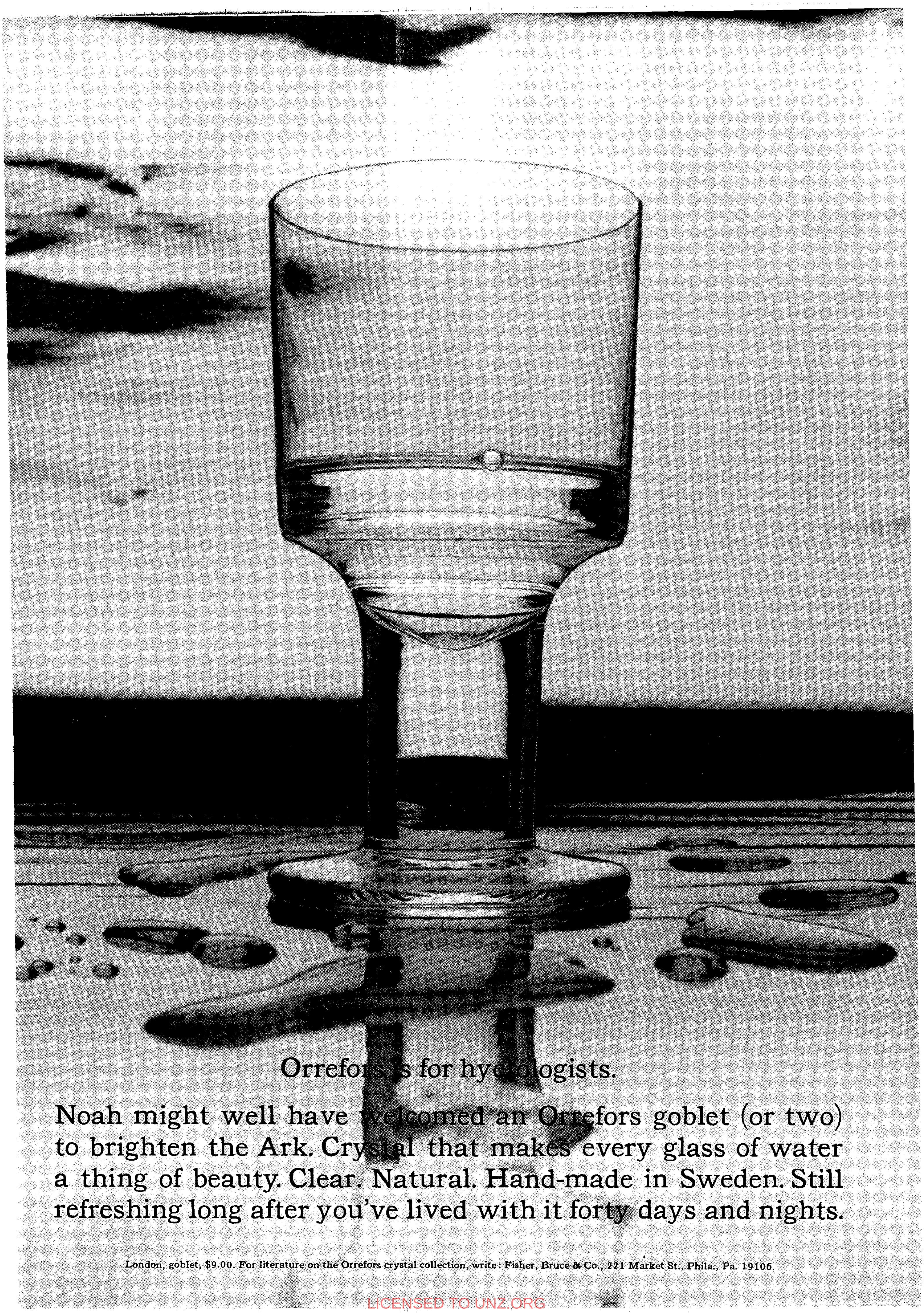
ing. In Uganda, they drove before dawn from Entebbe Airport to Jinja Barracks, where they overpowered the guards and took the mutineers captive. At Lanet Camp, in Kenya, where troops of the 11th Battalion of the Kenya Rifles had seized arms Friday night, the British Royal Horse Artillery, arriving at dawn, captured the armory and disarmed the soldiers. As of Saturday morning, British troops were protecting three East African governments from their own armies.

In a broadcast on Saturday afternoon, Nyerere denounced the ringleaders who had tried to "intimidate our nation at the point of a gun," and explained to his people why he had been forced to call in the British to punish an Army that had "tasted the poison of disloyalty and disobedience." A friend of Nyerere's, recalling that he had once remarked, "The British have been through the furnace; we have never been through it," asked him after the mutiny, "Is this the furnace?" Nyerere replied, "Yes. A little of it." He had always been fond of saying that in the long struggle for independence not a single life had been lost; in the week of the mutiny, at least twenty of his countrymen were killed. Now he declared in his broadcast, "The whole week has been one of most grievous shame for our nation. It will take months, even years, to erase from the mind of the world what it has heard about these events this week."

In the days that followed, Nyerere disbanded the 1st Battalion and dismissed hundreds of soldiers from the 2nd. Suspecting others of involvement in the conspiracy, he also discharged about ten per cent of his five thousand policemen; ordered the questioning of more than four hundred persons, some of whom were trade unionists who had been in touch with the mutineers at Colito Barracks; and arrested five hundred and fifty people under the Preventive Detention Act, most of whom were quickly released. He disbanded the Tanganyika Federation of Labor and in its place established the National Union of Tanganyika Workers, with his Labor Minister as general secretary. He appointed as the new Army commander Captain Sarakikya—the man whom Kambona had chosen to head the 2nd Battalion during the crisis—and promoted him to brigadier. He increased the soldiers' wages almost exactly as much as the mutineers had demanded—from about fifteen dollars a month to about thirty-five. He sent a letter thanking the British government for its support. And he called an emergency meeting of the



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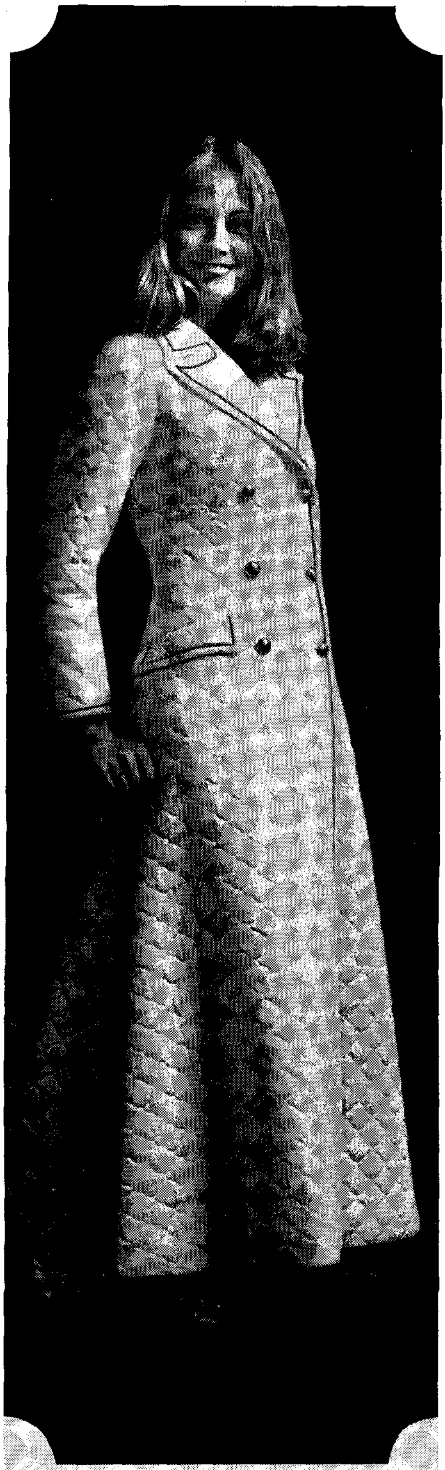
African Foreign and Defense Ministers to discuss "the grave danger to the whole continent" posed by army revolts. The meeting endorsed a proposal by Nyerere that Tanganyika's security should be maintained by soldiers from other African states—rather than British forces—until Tanganyika's own new Army had been trained. In early April, the British troops were withdrawn and were replaced by the 3rd Battalion of the Nigerian Army, under Lieutenant Colonel James Pam, who was to die two years later in a coup in his own country. Sergeant Hingo Ilogi was sentenced to fifteen years in prison; thirteen other soldiers received five- and ten-year sentences.

Not long after the revolt had been put down, Nyerere remarked to a foreign visitor, "This is a very proud country. Our country feels very much let down. It's a double shame—shame at being let down by our own men, and shame at having to call in the British. It's clear to me—the British should be here as short a time as possible." The mutiny, he said, had caused him to ponder what kind of army his country should have. "The King's African Rifles never taught the men to become soldiers of Kenya, Tanganyika, or Uganda," he said, referring to the local army units of the colonial period. "They were just battalions with British officers. So what did we do when we took over? We changed the uniforms a bit, we commissioned a few Africans, but at the top they were still solidly British. There were no African field-grade officers. We had inherited an impossible situation. You could never consider it an army of the people. When I suggested, 'Here are these able-bodied men—why can't they help in building bridges?,' the officers answered, 'These are soldiers.' I said that British soldiers built bridges in wartime. They replied, 'Wartime is different.' An army, I think, must accept the political ethic of a country. Our Army didn't know what our political ethic was. The British allow political dissent within their Army, but that's part of their ethic. If we had an opposition here, the damned fellows would be overthrowing the government the next morning. Here the opposition would be subversive. Where is the future opposition leader I can call in, as Lord Home can talk to Wilson? Whom I can call in and talk to, saying, 'Look, brother, here is the security situation as I know it'? There is no such thing here. *I* don't need to be convinced of the need for an opposition. The West should talk to the opposition, not to me. It should tell them, 'If you want to be the opposition, don't be subversive, don't be disloyal.' One of the soldiers said during the mutiny, 'How can we overthrow the damned government? It's too popular.' Can you imagine that?" He repeated the question, obviously pleased with it. "What we need is the kind of criticism that pushes a good government. I got a letter recently implying that I hadn't kept a promise I made in 1958. This is the kind of opposition you like. Our goal is an Army that understands the problem of building a nation, not an Army isolated from the people. Some of my friends have said I should not build a political army, but to me a political army is simply one that accepts the political ethic of its country."

Four years later, looking back on the mutiny, Nyerere said, with growing confidence, "The recovery is complete—and early. The mutiny was a strike of the Army people, and it went out of control. It shocked the country. But every cloud has a silver lining, as the British say. It enabled us to build an Army almost from scratch. Many institutions we have inherited, but the Army is something we have built ourselves."

WITH events in his own country more or less under control, Nyerere was free to devote more of his attention to the situation on Zanzibar, twenty-four miles away, where revolution had erupted on January 12th, eight days before the mutiny in Tanganyika. Nyerere's friends recall that he had long been worried over the proximity of an unsettled region like Zanzibar, where for centuries an Arab minority *had dominated the African majority*. "If I could tow that island out into the middle of the Indian Ocean, I'd do it," he had said a few years earlier. At a dinner party in Dar es Salaam a year or two before independence, he had remarked that in the years to come Zanzibar would be one of Tanganyika's biggest problems. "An alien monarchy, with the sons dabbling in politics—it's very vulnerable to outside influences," he said. "I fear it will be a big headache for us." If Nyerere's friends were skeptical of this prediction, it was perhaps because Zanzibar Town in those years seemed like nothing so much as a magnificent old theatre set, a relic whose grand but evil history had passed it by. Besides, the British protectorate of Zanzibar was also tiny compared to the neighboring East African territories, consisting as it did of two principal islands, Zanzibar



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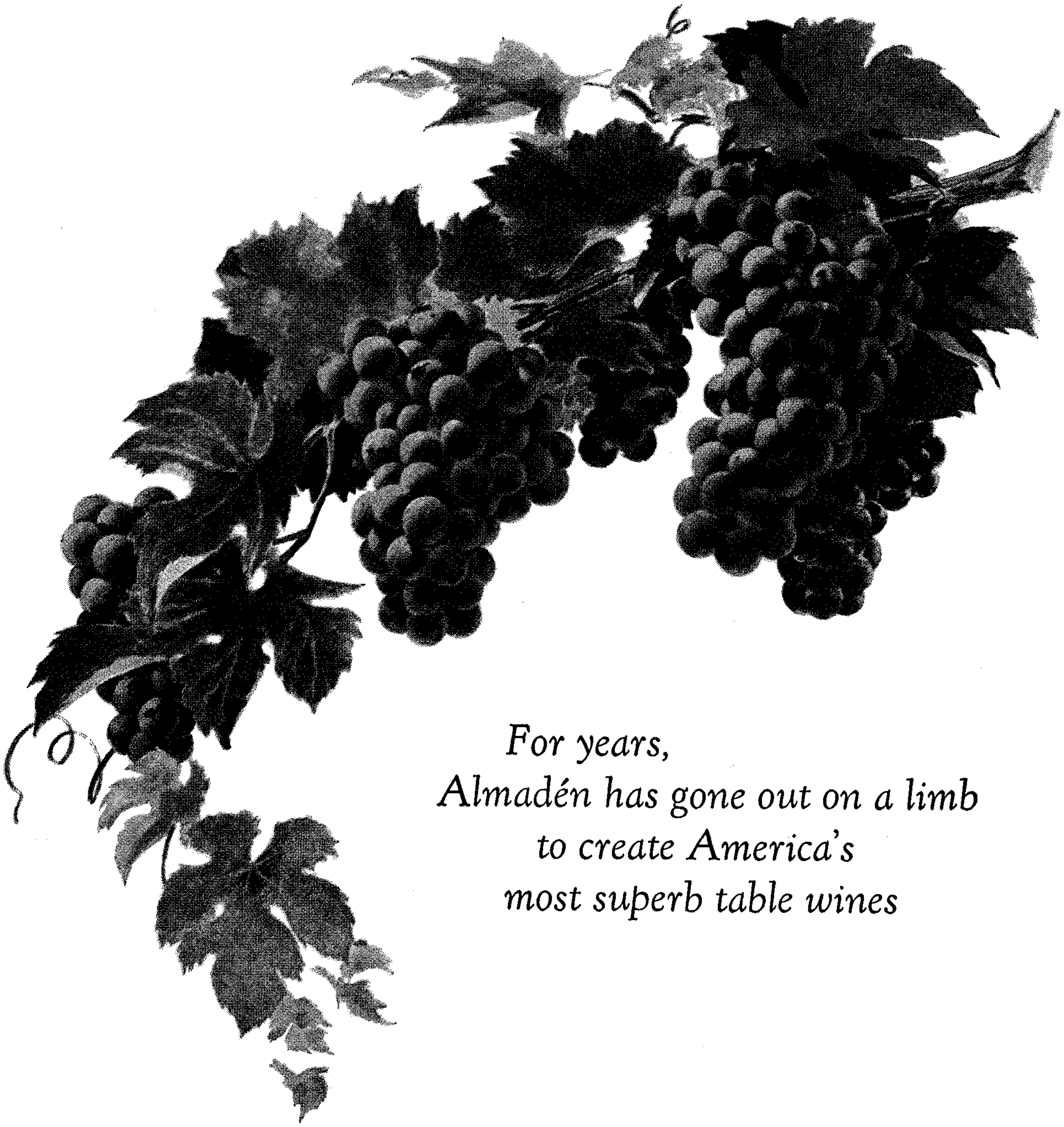

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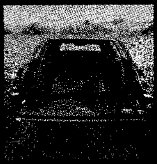

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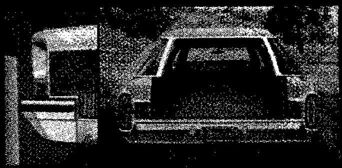

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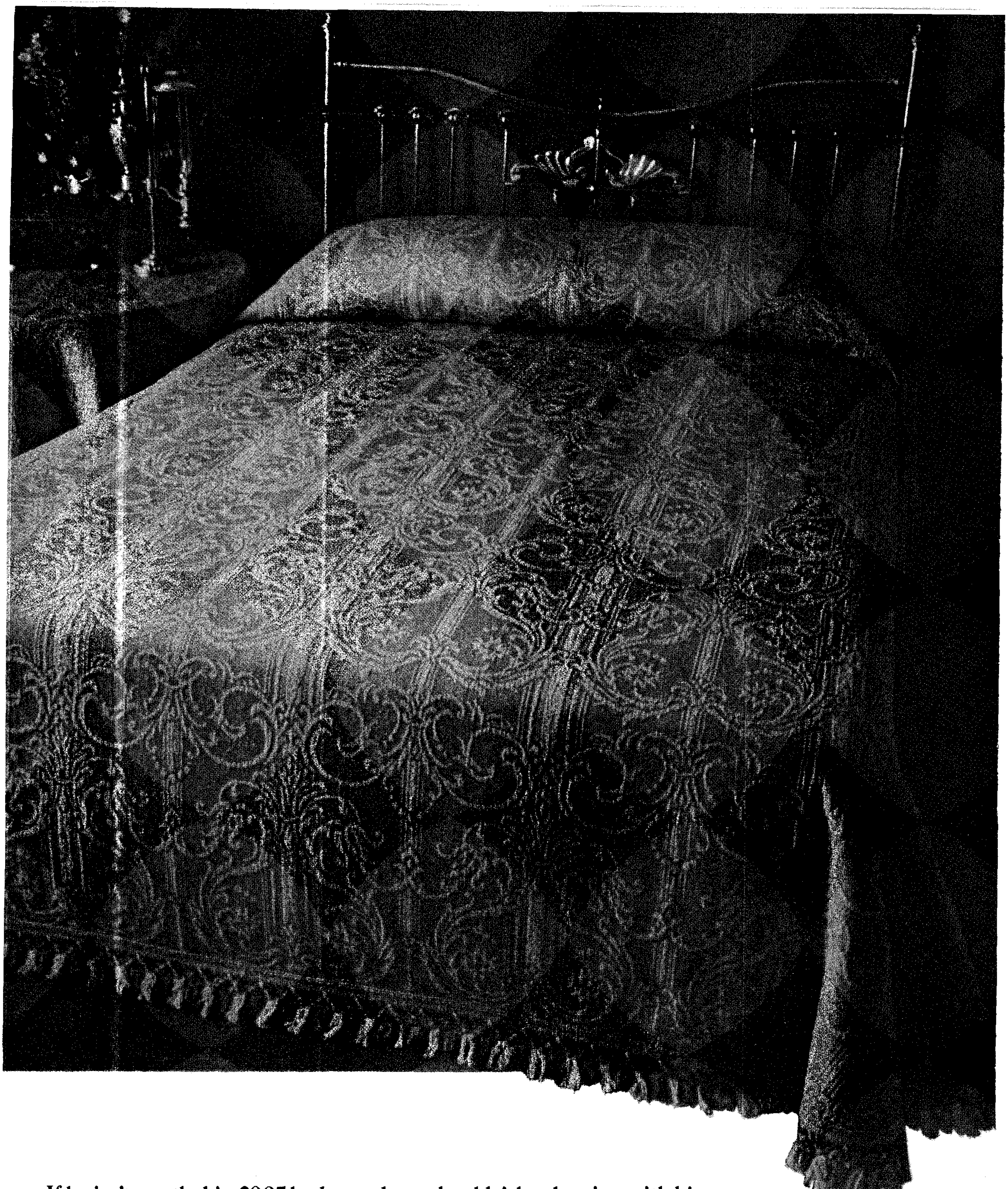

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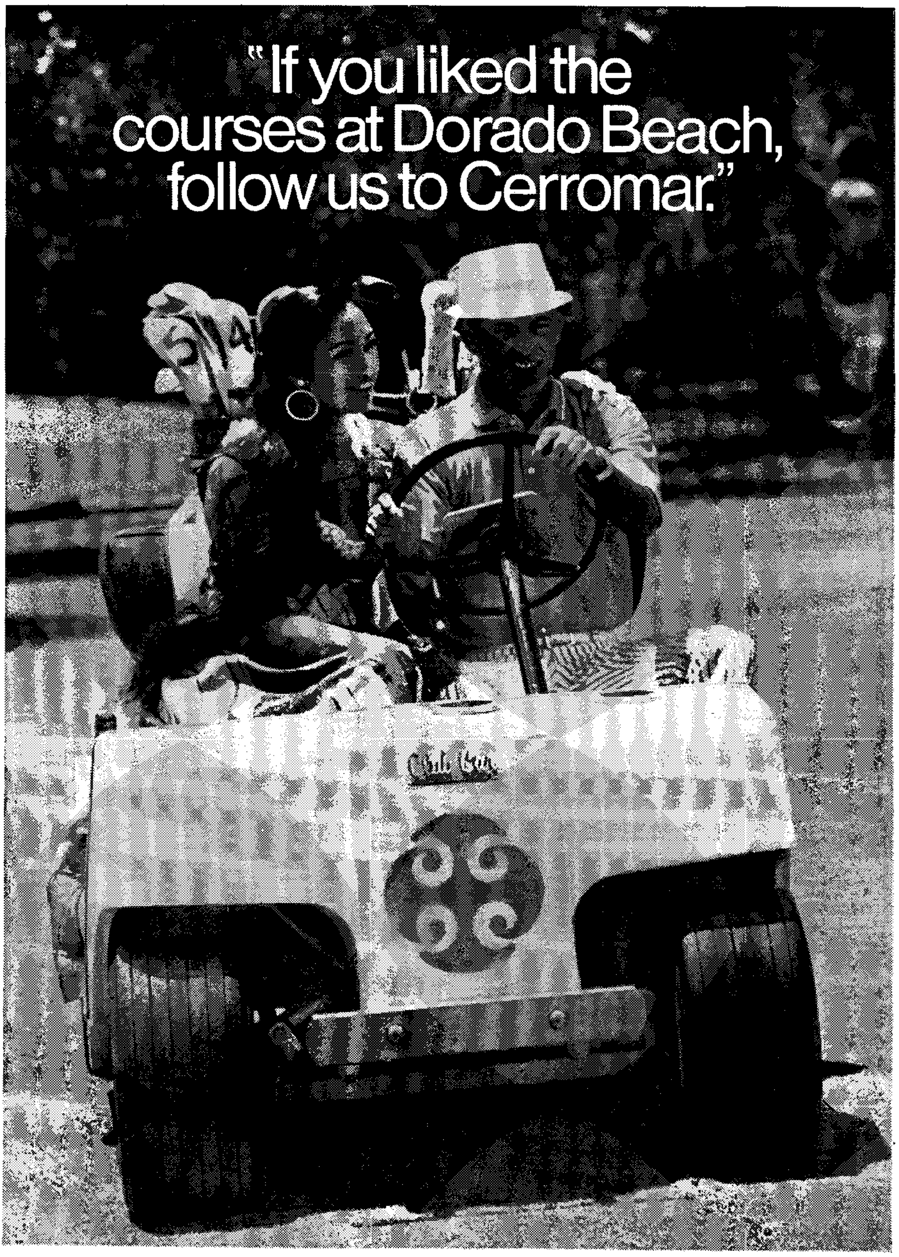
and Pemba, with a total population of three hundred and nineteen thousand and an area of one thousand forty-four square miles. But Zanzibar had always seemed more menacing to the mainlanders than its dimensions warranted. In an earlier time, the island's Arabs used to say, "When the pipes are played on Zanzibar, all Africa east of the Lakes must dance." It was a proud boast and an accurate one, for Zanzibar was the base from which the Arab slavers and traders set off by dhow for Bagamoyo, on the mainland coast, to push on by caravan toward the Great Lakes of Central Africa. Zanzibar was the center and the symbol of the Arab tyranny in East Africa, and the marketplace and shipping point for the mainland's exports—rhino horns, ivory, and slaves. It was Zanzibar, too, from which the great European explorers—Burton, Speke, Livingstone, Stanley—set off on their expeditions to the interior.

The Arabs and the Persians visited Zanzibar from ancient times; the Portuguese took it in 1503; and the Arabs of Oman seized it in the seventeenth century. In 1818, the Arabs introduced to Zanzibar the cloves that were to become the island's major export crop, and in 1832 the ruler of Oman, Seyyid Said bin Sultan, moved his capital to Zanzibar, bringing with him the sultanate's red flag, which survived as the flag of Zanzibar until the 1964 revolution. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the Germans explored and annexed some sixty thousand miles of what had been regarded as the Sultan's mainland territories—the future Tanganyika—and in 1890, faced with the prospect of having an aggressive European power as a neighbor across the channel, the Sultan of Zanzibar willingly submitted to the protection of the British crown.

By 1963, the year of Zanzibar's independence, there were few visible traces of the heritage of slavery except for an Anglican cathedral that stands on the site of the slave market as a memorial to the victims of slavery. By that time, Zanzibar had become a tranquil but marvellously vivid place, pungent with the aroma of cloves and other spices, a land of coral beaches and lustrous palms and the decaying remnants of lost reigns. Old Arab guides took visitors to see the Beit-el-Ajaib, the ornate House of Wonders; to the house where David Livingstone spent several weeks making ready for his last expedition; to the Jubilee Gardens beside the ocean wall. It was a world asleep, or so it seemed—a place where British civil servants in tropical shorts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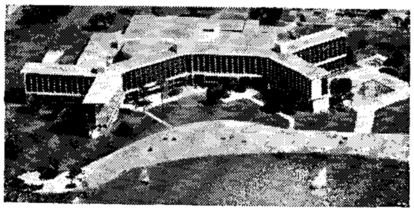

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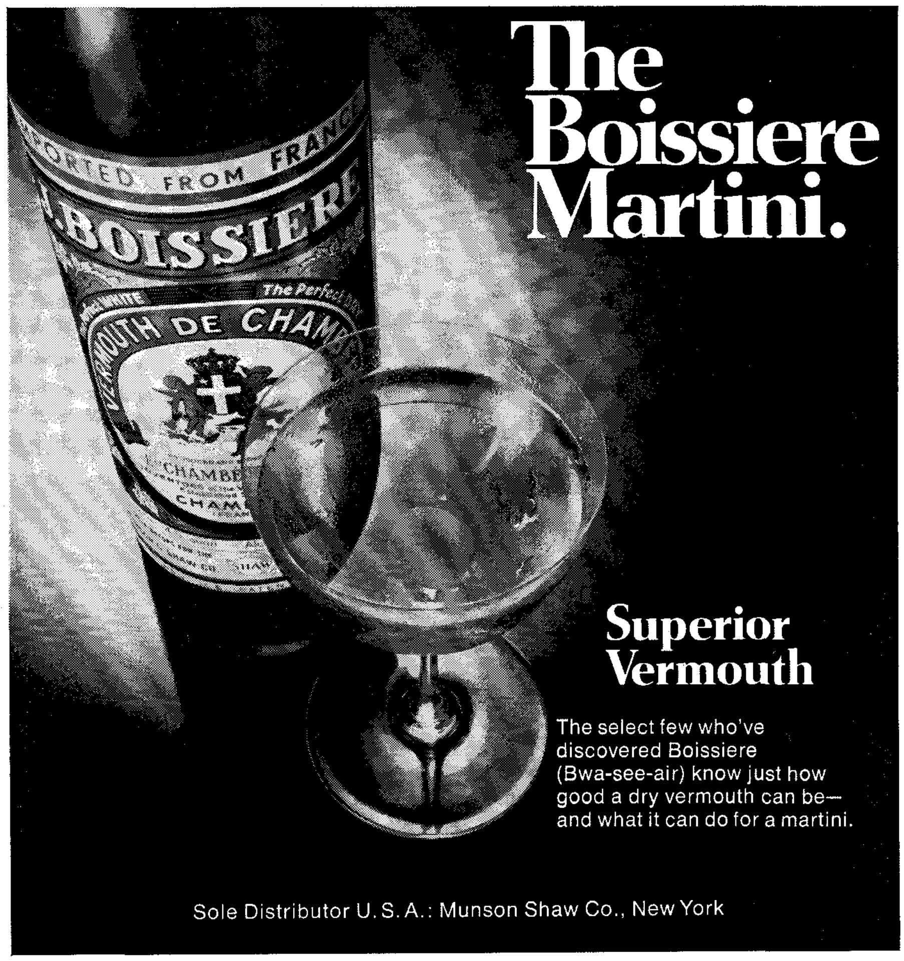

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worked until midday and spent the long afternoons at sailing and other sports and their evenings at the English Club. But even then there were a few forebodings. At election time in June, 1961, for example, black Africans on the island had rioted, and sixty-eight persons were killed. Of these, sixty-four were Arabs.

It was no easy task for a newcomer to Zanzibar to distinguish between the Arabs and the other citizens. Of the islands' population of three hundred and nineteen thousand, twenty thousand were Asians—Indians, Pakistanis, and Goans; six hundred and fifty were Europeans, mostly British, with occasional Germans, Italians, or Greeks; fifty thousand were classified as Arabs; and the rest were classified as black Africans. Of the Arabs, a few were more or less pure-blooded and looked like characters out of the "Arabian Nights." Most of the Zanzibar Arabs, however, were as black as the Zanzibar Africans. At the time, a British resident explained the situation by saying, "The way the local people sort it out, those who belong to the Arab Association—or *used* to—are classified as Arabs."

There were three political parties in Zanzibar. The oldest was the Zanzibar Nationalist Party, which had been formed in 1956. Much of the Party's membership was African, but its leadership was entirely Arab, and practically every Arab on the island belonged to it. The Party was loyal to the Sultan and flew his red flag as its own. Its leader, Ali Muhsin, a former civil servant, rejected any notion of association with the East African mainland, repeatedly declaring that "Zanzibar shall not become a district of Tanganyika"—a statement that had a strong appeal to many Zanzibaris, and particularly to the Arabs, who were fearful of mainland domination. The Nationalist Party's hierarchy included most of the educated men of Zanzibar; primarily for this reason, the British favored the Party over its rivals.

One member of the Nationalist Party's hierarchy was a clever young leftist named Abdulrahman Mohamed Babu, the general secretary of the Party and the organizer of its youth wing. Partly because he had visited China and the Soviet Union, and partly because he edited a small mimeographed newspaper, *Zanews*, that was sponsored by the New China News Agency, Babu came to be regarded as one of East Africa's few certifiable Communists. The rioting that broke out at election time in 1961 frightened the Arab-led Nationalists, and prompted them to send several dozen members

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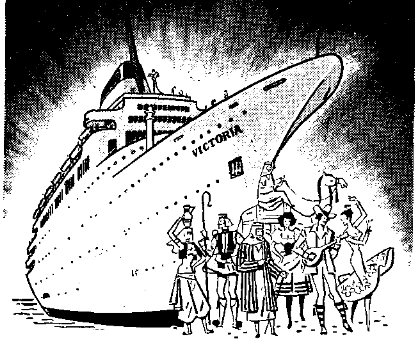

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of Babu's youth wing to Cuba for military training, so that they would be able to defend themselves in the event of further trouble. In 1963, Babu quarrelled with Muhsin over how many parliamentary seats the Party would allot Babu's youth-wing leadership in the elections that year, and the dispute led Babu to resign, taking his youth wing with him, and to establish the Umma (the word means "the masses") Party. By this time, a number of Babu's followers had returned from Cuba, and signs reading "*Zanzibar sí, yanqui no*" were beginning to appear mysteriously on such places as the walls of the American Consulate. The improbable appearance of Communist political agitation in traditionally soporific Zanzibar led one Western diplomat to observe, "It's as if part of Fantasyland had slipped its moorings. The leftist front here amounts to only a handful of people."

The second major political organization in Zanzibar was the Afro-Shirazi Party, which was founded in 1957. It was the island's black-African nationalist party, and it had links with mainland parties, including TANU. Its president was Abeid Karume, a big, burly, uneducated former dockworker and boatmen's-union official, whose forebears had come to Zanzibar from Nyasaland. The A.S.P. was clearly the most popular party in Zanzibar. In the 1961 elections, the Party received forty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the vote, the Nationalist Party thirty-five per cent. But—because of the apportionment of Legislative Council districts, which were weighted in favor of urban districts, where the Nationalists were strong—each of the two parties won ten seats in the Council. The remaining three seats were taken by the Zanzibar and Pemba People's Party, which received thirteen and seven-tenths per cent of the vote. The head of the Z.P.P.P., Mohamed Shamte, broke the tie in 1961 by supporting the Nationalists, thereby permitting them to form a government. Shamte demanded and received a handsome reward for his coöperation: he became Chief Minister—the most important man in the Cabinet. The Afro-Shirazis were angry over the outcome of the elections; they felt that victory had been snatched from them by the Arabs and the Sultan with the connivance of the British. As a constitutional monarch, the Sultan, Seyyid Sir Abdulla bin Khalifa, was supposed to be above politics, but his son Jamshid, a young man who was best known for a love of sports cars and speedboat racing, had openly favored the Nationalists. "At the moment, the

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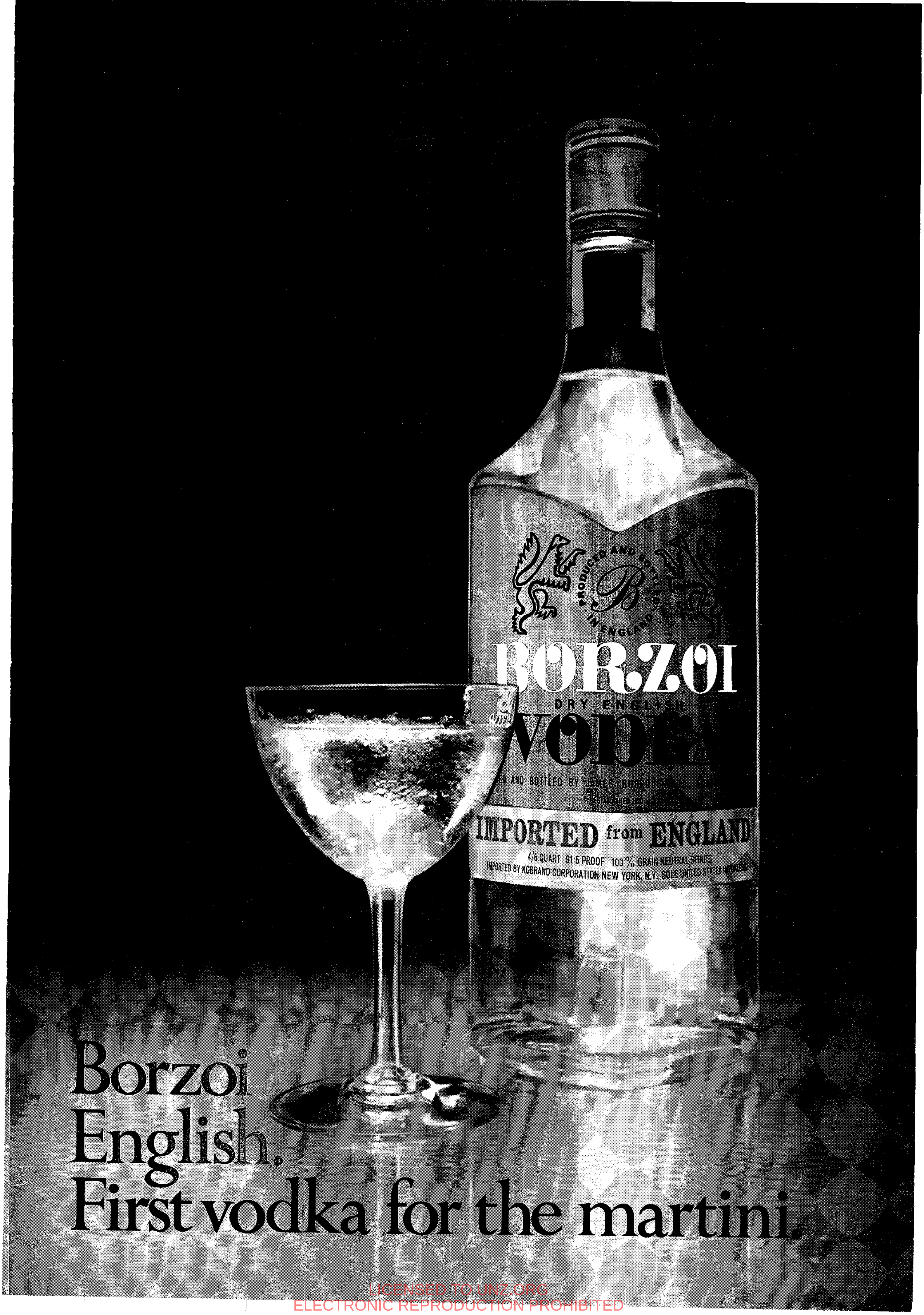
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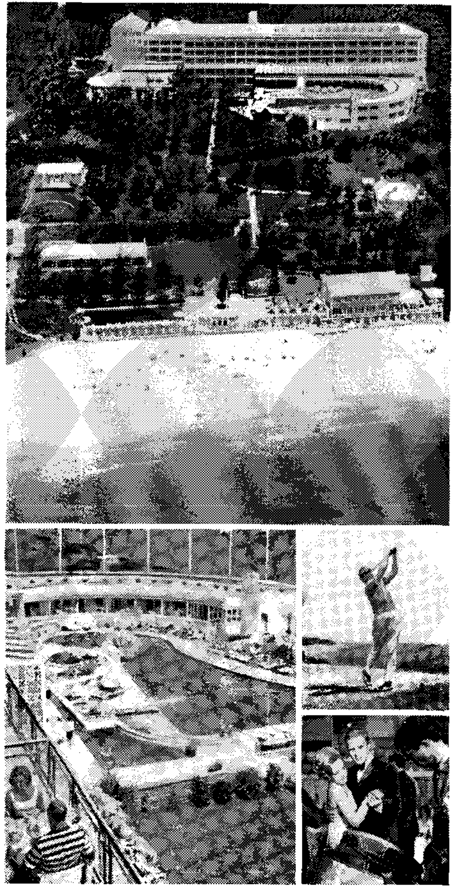

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Sultan is not serving a very useful purpose, and if he were he might not remain," a British diplomat commented in July, 1963. Less than a month later, the Sultan died, and his son succeeded him. Jamshid's sultanate lasted barely six months.

For two years, the Afro-Shirazis had been urging the British authorities to reapportion the protectorate to assure that the most popular party would lead Zanzibar to independence. They were supported in this effort by Julius Nyerere, who remarked, two years later, "This was the whole point: the Afro-Shirazi Party was a popular movement. I kept saying to the British that I was afraid about Zanzibar: I was afraid that, in their very British way, they would feel they were fulfilling their function if they handed Zanzibar over to the Sultan. I said, 'Yes, of course we are prepared to deal with a Nationalist Party government—but the Zanzibar people will not accept it.' "

The British authorities did in fact reapportion the constituencies for elections in July, 1963, and the Afro-Shirazis were confident of victory. But the elections, monitored by several hundred British marines, merely produced a repetition of the 1961 stalemate. The Afro-Shirazis polled fifty-four per cent of the popular vote but took only thirteen seats. Together, the Nationalists and the People's Party won eighteen seats, and Mohamed Shamte became Prime Minister. The independence celebration, on the night of December 9, 1963, was attended by dignitaries from seventy countries, including the Duke of Edinburgh and the Aga Khan, but none of the East African heads of state chose to attend. Many Africans on Zanzibar called the occasion Uhuru wa Waarabu—Arab Independence Day.

Prime Minister Shamte's government was jittery from the beginning. Early in January of 1964, it banned Babu's Umma Party and appeared to be on the verge of arresting Babu, but he escaped to Dar es Salaam. The Afro-Shirazi leaders were convinced that the government would arrest them as soon as it had dealt with the Umma leadership. "We had all speculated about how long it would take for trouble to break out," a Briton who was still a civil servant on Zanzibar at the time has said. "I guessed it would come in the second quarter of 1964. We had long pressed the ministers to make an agreement with the British for defense. In the event of trouble, the East African mainland countries would obviously

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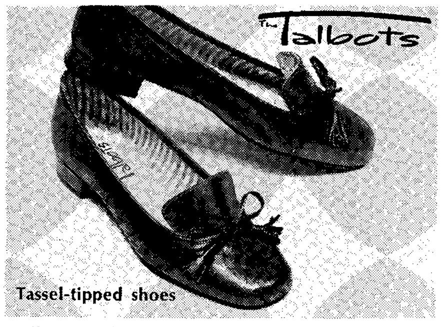

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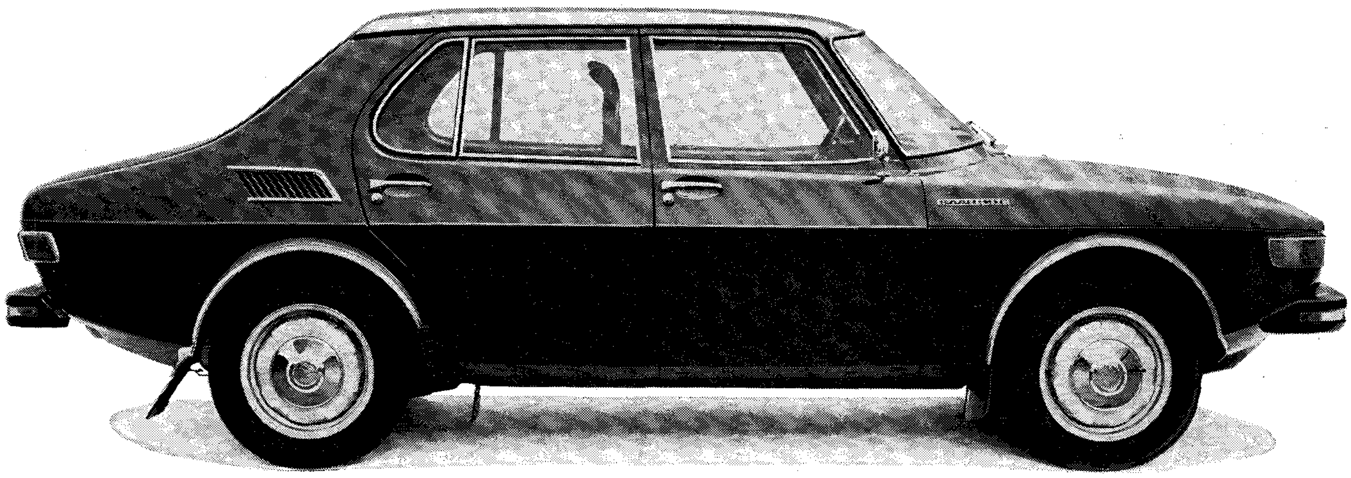

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have been the best source of help, but the Zanzibar government couldn't get that support."

The trouble that many people had been predicting broke out on the night of Saturday, January 11, 1964. It was the weekend before the beginning of Ramadan, the Muslim month of fasting in commemoration of the first revelation of the Koran. The Afro-Shirazis were holding a dance at a community center, and the narrow streets of Zanzibar Town were crowded with people. Sometime after midnight, bands of men attacked and overwhelmed first the guards at the Ziwani police armory, on the outskirts of town, and then the guards at the Mtoni mobile-force armory, four miles away, seizing hundreds of machine guns and automatic rifles. By 5 A.M., both Ziwani and Mtoni had fallen. By six, the only real resistance was coming from the Malindi police station, near the harbor of Zanzibar Town. On the country's thirty-fourth day of independence, the government of Zanzibar had fallen.

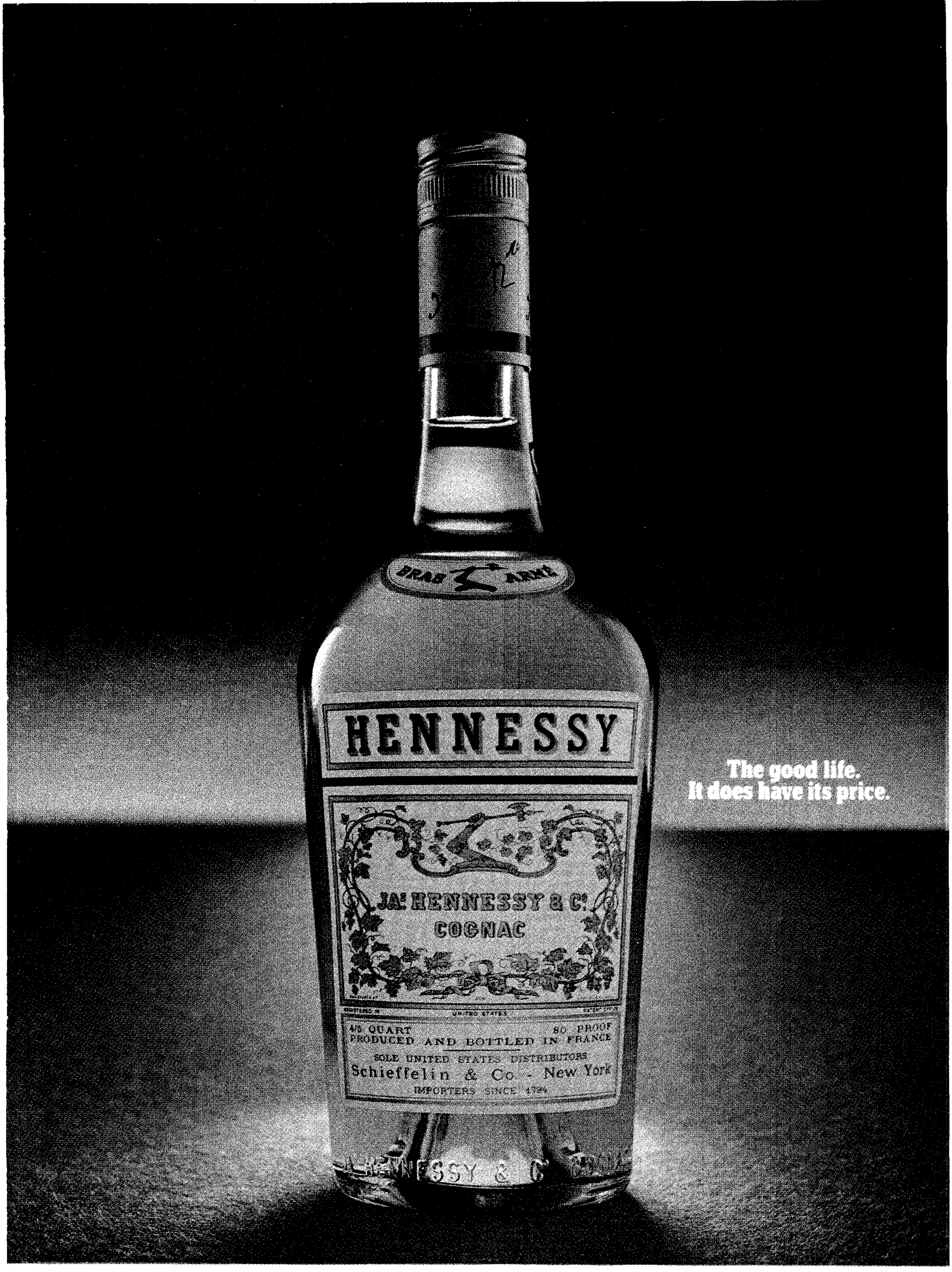
"I didn't sleep that night," Sultan Jamshid has said. "At about nine, they called me and said that all was lost and I should go to the boat in ten minutes." Local residents, including a group of Europeans, brought three or four launches almost to the shore to pick up Jamshid and his party, which consisted of thirty relatives and aides. The Sultan's party was taken to the steamer Salana and was later transferred to the Sultan's yacht, Seyyid Khalifa, in the Zanzibar Channel. For several days thereafter, the revolutionaries feared that the Sultan would land on Pemba, to the north, and try to organize a resistance, or at least wait there while he attempted to get military support from Britain or the mainland. But Jamshid, a placid young man who seemed to have little taste for leading armies, has said that such a plan was never considered. "We didn't know our friends in Pemba were in control," he said later.

Nobody knew exactly who the rebels were. By Sunday afternoon, one embassy in Zanzibar was calling the coup an Afro-Shirazi takeover; another reported that "the Afro-Shirazis are providing the bodies and Umma the brainpower." On Sunday evening, a man who identified himself on Radio Zanzibar as "the Field Marshal" announced in Swahili that the Afro-Shirazi Party and the three-month-old Umma Party would form a new government. He said that Zanzibar had been declared a republic, and that the President would be Karume, the Afro-Shirazi leader. The next day, the Field Marshal introduced himself to radio listeners as John Okello—a name previously unknown in Zanzibar politics. He announced that the Sultan had been banished for life and that his palace and property had been confiscated, and declared, "His foot may never touch our soil again."

On Sunday, an American destroyer, the U.S.S. Manley, which was in East Africa on a good-will visit, had been dispatched from Mombasa, Kenya, to pick up the employees of an American satellite-tracking station on Zanzibar, and on Tuesday morning the Manley reached Dar es Salaam with ninety-nine evacuees, including fifty-three Americans. Two Dutch students who arrived on the Manley told reporters they were convinced that one of the rebel leaders on Zanzibar, who wore a green cap and claimed to be a Persian, was in fact a Cuban. Throughout the week, a number of persons arrived in Tanganyika with similar reports, giving rise to the rumor that Zanzibar had become, overnight, "the Cuba of East Africa." But who was in charge? Karume had been away from the island at least once since the shooting began, Babu had been in Dar es Salaam the entire time, and nobody had ever heard of Okello. Every night, the Field Marshal ranted wildly over Radio Zanzibar. "I shall take severe measures," he declared on one occasion. "Eighty-eight times as severe. There will be no divorce. Anyone who gets a divorce will be given sixty-five strokes. The Sultan was a devil. Imperialists and capitalists are devils. Do you reject these devils?" Another night, he shouted, "It is I, the Field Marshal, who speaks! You will see how we hang people and burn them like chickens! Others will be cut into pieces and spread on the streets!"

On Monday, Karume appealed to his countrymen for peace. On Tuesday, Okello said that four former ministers would be hanged. On Wednesday, Karume contradicted him. On Thursday, Karume flew to Dar es Salaam to urge Nyerere to recognize the new regime—his own—and to provide some mainland policemen to help restore order. A day or two later, the first of three hundred Tanganyikan field policemen arrived in Zanzibar. On Thursday night, Karume accused the American chargé d'affaires, Frederick Picard, of "interfering in our affairs and evacuating your people without telling us," and ordered him to leave the island.

Despite the confusing situation on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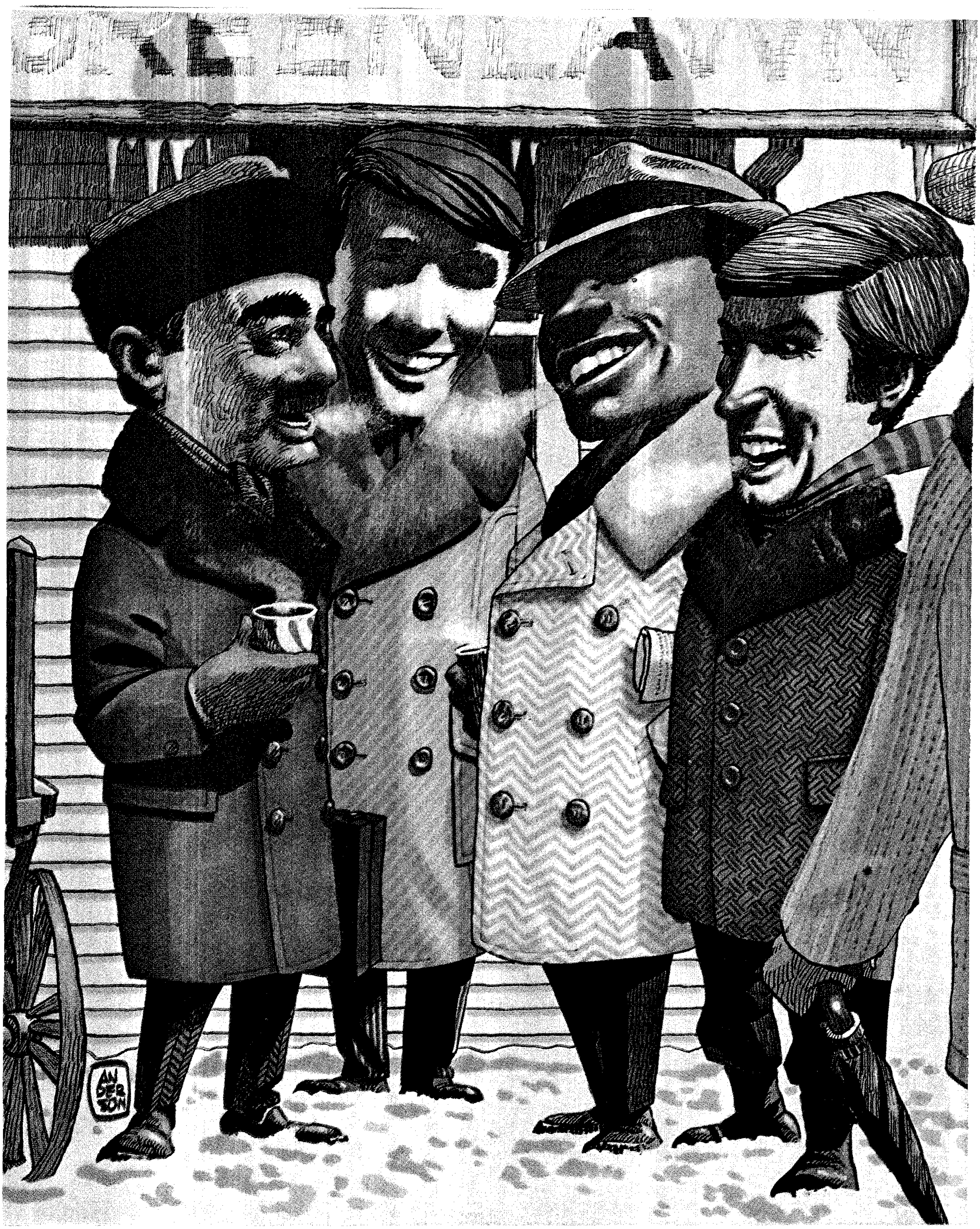

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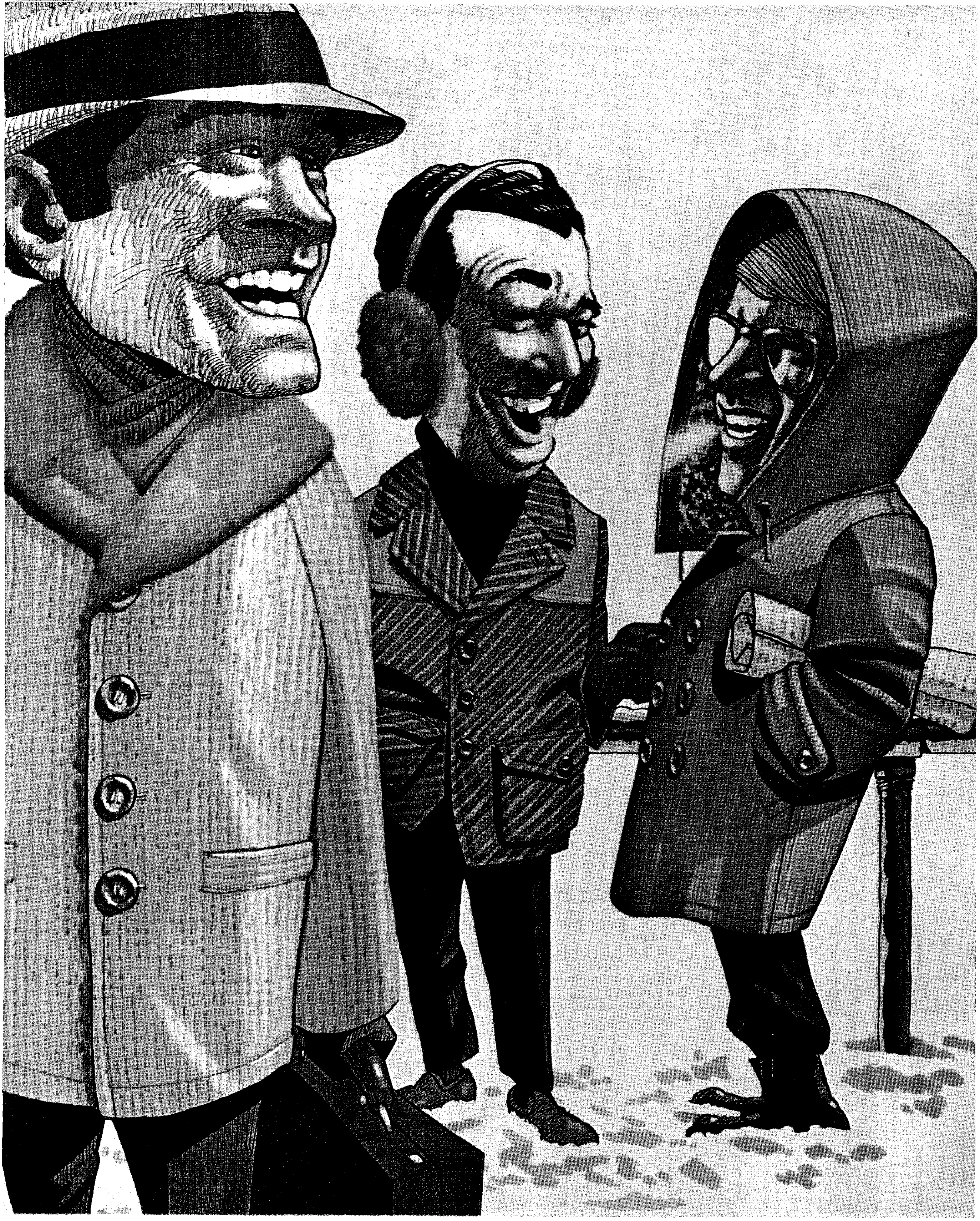

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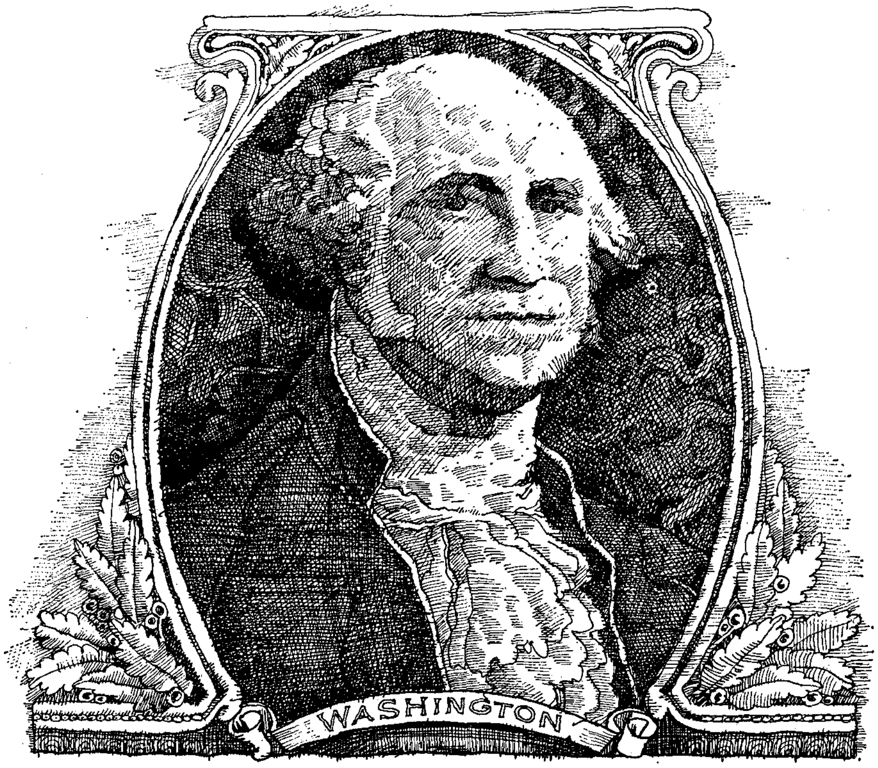
Zanzibar, the Kenya government had recognized the revolutionary regime on Monday afternoon—scarcely thirty-six hours after the fighting began. The previous day, Oscar Kambona, Nyerere's Minister of External Affairs and Defense, had flown from Dar es Salaam to Nairobi and then to Kampala, the capital of Uganda; he telephoned Nyerere from Nairobi to advise him that Kenya and Uganda were granting recognition immediately, and urged Nyerere to do the same. Nyerere said no. He couldn't be sure that Karume and the Afro-Shirazis were in control, he said, and he didn't like the violence. Kambona also told Nyerere that Kenya had decided to refuse permission for the Sultan to land his yacht at Mombasa, and that he had told the Zanzibaris that Tanganyika would also deny him entry. Again Nyerere disagreed. Later in the week, he allowed Jamshid and his party to land in Dar es Salaam and to remain until arrangements could be made for them to fly to London.

Even today, almost eight years later, it is impossible to reconstruct the events of the Zanzibar revolution with certainty, because most of the principal characters still have important reasons for obscuring part of what happened. Who planned the revolution? The matter is still in doubt. The official Zanzibari version is that the coup was the work of the Afro-Shirazi Party, under the guidance of Karume; but this version takes little notice of Okello, because he was not a member of the Party leadership. Okello, on the other hand, claimed that he trained a small army in secret, gained the support of some members of the Afro-Shirazi Youth League in the final weeks of preparation, and led the attack himself. Some observers in East Africa have speculated that an Afro-Shirazi coup—probably supported by Babu's Umma Party—was scheduled to take place sometime later that year and that Okello's band of privateers set off the revolution prematurely. Most accounts seem to agree that several members of the Afro-Shirazi Youth League were involved, and that this group—which called itself the Committee of Thirteen—assembled a band of several hundred fighting men armed only with sticks, bows and arrows, and broad-bladed knives known as pangas. Many of the recruits were Africans of Kenyan and Tanganyikan origin who had recently been discharged from the police force by the Shamte government.

But where did Okello come from? He was a twenty-seven-year-old Ugan-



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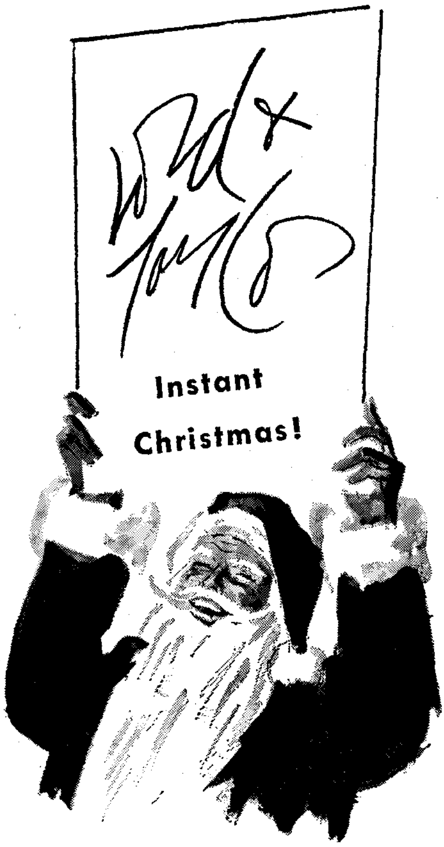

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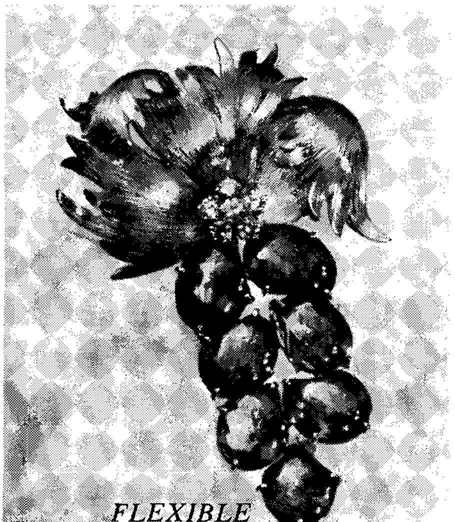
dan, a member of the Lango tribe, who had wandered to the coast, had lived for a time in Kenya and on Pemba, and had moved to Zanzibar at least four months earlier. There he worked as a house painter and a stonecutter, and ran a small coral quarry on the east coast of the island. He was not well known. The Afro-Shirazi leaders later claimed that he had been recruited to the guerrilla army a few days before the revolution, either because he was known to have worked with explosives in Kenya and might be useful in blowing up the ammunition storage area at Mtoni in case the attack failed or because he might serve as a sort of scarecrow: they hoped that his mainland accent, not to mention his terrifying rhetoric, would frighten the island's Arabs into surrendering, because it would make them think that the mainland countries were behind the revolution. Babu, who was in Dar es Salaam at the time of the coup, has said, "Okello's purpose was to enhance the prestige of the revolution. Once he got hold of the mike, he couldn't leave it." A European who was in Zanzibar at the time has said, however, "They did make use of Okello to frighten Arabs, I think. The Arabs thought him a superhuman devil. They're superstitious people, and he scared them more than airplanes could have. But I'm skeptical—I can't imagine anybody in the Afro-Shirazi leadership devising such a scheme. Babu could have, but he wasn't there." Okello's own explanation is that, on the night of the attack, he led a group of men into the Ziwani compound, and then all but thirty or forty fell back afraid. Okello, believing himself called by God, thereupon rushed forward, seized the rifle of a sentry, and killed him with its bayonet, thereby giving the rebels "the first modern weapon in our revolution." It is impossible to prove—or disprove—Okello's record as a battlefield hero. But it is also difficult to believe that his position of power after the revolution was based solely on his radio performances. Sometime just before or just after January 12th, the Committee of Thirteen was enlarged to fourteen to include Okello. When the Zanzibar *Gazette* of January 25th published the names of the thirty members of the Revolutionary Council, it listed first the members of the government and then the members of the Committee of Fourteen, starting with Field Marshal Okello.

IN the uneasy weeks following the Zanzibar revolution, the three hundred Tanganyikan field policemen remained on the island. Their stated pur-



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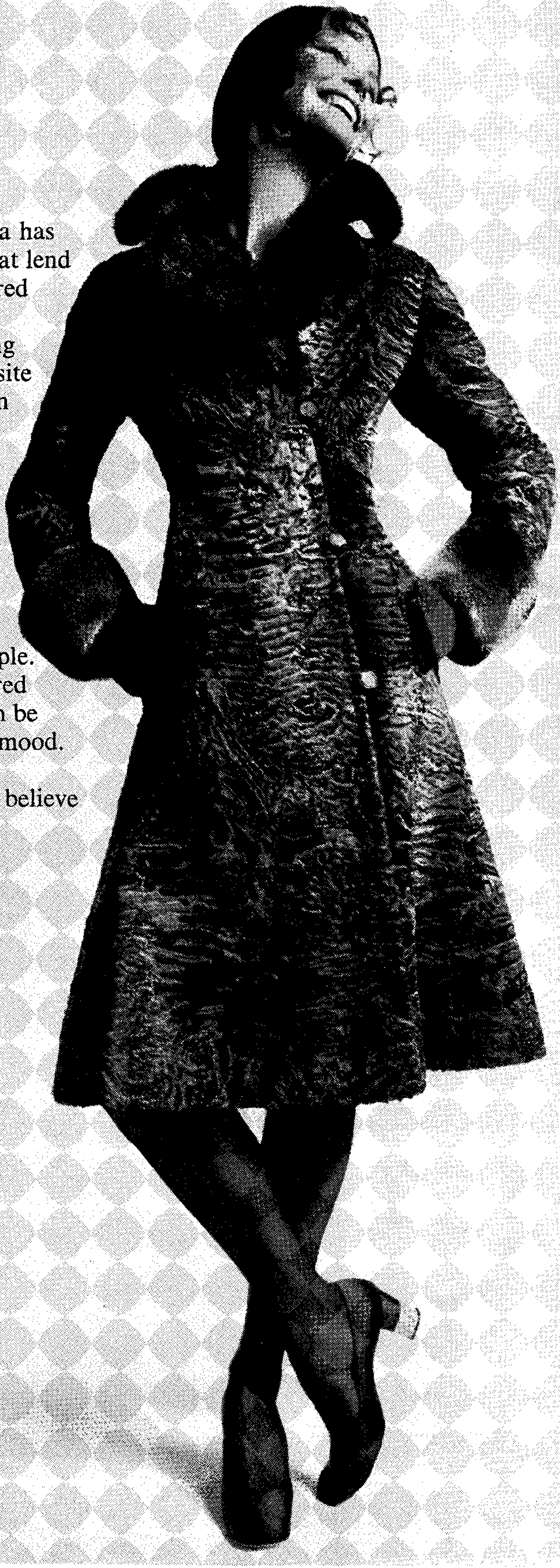

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pose was to help the Zanzibaris restore order and guard against an Arab counter-coup, but a more important effect of their presence was to bolster Karume's regime against other revolutionary elements. A fortnight after the revolution, the new President announced that Zanzibar had become a one-party state; the one legal party was, of course, the Afro-Shirazi, so Babu immediately went on the air to say that his Umma Party was joining the A.S.P. Almost from the beginning, the new government had been seizing Arab plantation holdings and distributing them to African peasants. It also nationalized the island's English Club and other "racial" organizations. During this unsettled period, when hundreds of revolutionaries carried weapons in the streets, and killings continued intermittently in the remote districts, the British community of some five hundred dwindled to less than fifty. At least seven hundred Arabs and five hundred Indians also fled the island.

On February 20th, Field Marshal Okello flew to Nairobi, where he held a press conference at which he denounced foreign "devils" and said he was willing to start revolutions in southern Africa wherever colonialists were still in power. Then, after making a short visit to Uganda to see his family, he flew to Dar es Salaam, where, strangely, he began to deny that he was John Okello; his name was Gideon Baker, he said. After four or five days, he returned to Zanzibar, and was greeted at the airport by Karume and the rest of the Revolutionary Council, armed as usual. Then Karume bundled Okello into a Tanganyikan government plane, saying that Julius Nyerere had something to say to them in Dar es Salaam. Okello never returned to Zanzibar. He later said that Nyerere had told him that Karume—who had gone back to the island immediately—wanted him "to go to my home in Uganda and rest for six months, after which time the question of my returning to Zanzibar would be reconsidered." On April 7th, Okello wrote a letter to Karume from Uganda. He received in reply a cable from the principal immigration officer, which said, "YOU ARE INFORMED THAT YOU ARE AN UNWANTED PERSON IN ZANZIBAR."

THE speed with which the new Zanzibar government accepted technicians and aid from China, East Germany, and the Soviet Union dismayed many East Africans who had welcomed the overthrow of the Arab regime. Having recognized the Karume government as quickly as possible

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after the revolution, the Soviet Union sent a freighter loaded with trucks, small arms, mortars, and anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns to Zanzibar. In late March, Babu announced that Zanzibar had accepted one hundred and seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds in aid from China, and added, "That's only the beginning."

The Zanzibaris were annoyed at Britain, the United States, and many other Western countries for withholding recognition of the new regime. The West German government sent a Foreign Ministry official to Zanzibar in early February, and he returned to Bonn convinced that the Zanzibaris had agreed to establish relations with West Germany rather than East Germany. Shortly afterward, however, the Zanzibaris admitted an East German chargé d'affaires to the island, and Hassan Moyo, Zanzibar's Acting External Affairs Minister, dismissed a West German protest as "presumptuous."

On February 19th, President Karume impatiently ordered the British High Commissioner and the acting American chargé d'affaires to leave Zanzibar within twenty-four hours, because their countries had not recognized his regime. Recognition followed immediately, and the order was rescinded. For a while, Karume seemed mollified, but in early April he asked the United States to remove its satellite-tracking station permanently, "in the interests of the security and defense of Zanzibar." He was incensed by a statement that William Attwood, the United States Ambassador to Kenya, had made in New York a few days earlier to the effect that China and East Germany were attempting to turn Zanzibar into "a kind of non-African state." The statement was perhaps valid, but its timing was unfortunate. On the same day that Karume ordered the tracking station removed, he accepted the credentials of a new Chinese Ambassador, Meng Ying, saying that Zanzibar looked to China "not as a friend but as a real brother."

Zanzibar's friendliness toward Communist countries caused many observers to ask whether the Communist powers might have been directly involved in the planning of the revolution. The prevailing view is that although the Communist powers were not involved in the planning, they attempted immediately thereafter—and with considerable success—to exploit the revolution for their own purposes.

In Tanganyika, Nyerere was deeply angered by the West's failure to understand what had happened on Zanzibar. He was particularly furious because the

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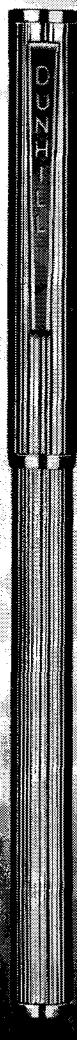

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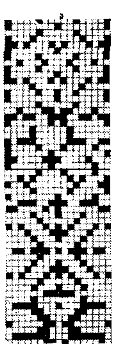

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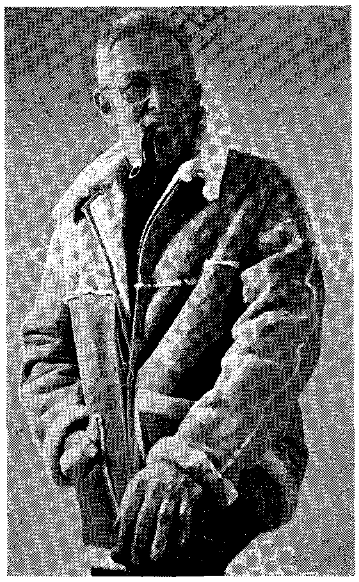

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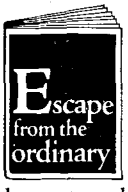

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British, having turned the island nation over to an Arab minority government, seemed unable to grasp why the African majority had seized power. Later, he would dismiss as irrelevant such questions as whether the Afro-Shirazi Party was the sole instigator of the coup and what role Okello played in the planning; the point, he said, was that a black majority, twice denied the right to govern by an electoral process inherited from the colonial power, had taken it by revolutionary means. “What happened was what the whole world should have known,” he said two years later. “But the West declared it a Communist takeover. Absurd! We had been talking about this danger of revolution for years. These fellows with bows and arrows and pangas took over, but the Western countries said, ‘It's Communist.’ Well, the Communists jumped in. The Zanzibaris had no experience in government. They were ordinary people. Ordinary people! And the Western powers *pulled out!* The Americans were the first to pull out. Why? *It was the Nationalist Party that had* asked them to remove their tracking station. The Afro-Shirazis never had. These people had had no experience. Go out and look at them! They had no external support whatever, and they had fear that the British might put the Sultan back. And the Russians, the Chinese, and the East Germans were recognizing them. As they say, ‘When you are sinking, you try to cling even to a reed.’ What did they know or care about the Cold War? They thought there were good people who were helping them and bad people who were not. That's all they knew.”

ON April 22nd, Nyerere flew to Zanzibar for the first time since the revolution, to pay what his aides described as a one-hour “courtesy visit” to Karume. The following day, it was announced at State House in Dar es Salaam that Nyerere and Karume had in fact signed “articles of union”—that the Republic of Tanganyika and the People's Republic of Zanzibar had agreed to unite. The news came as such a surprise that nobody knew quite how to interpret it. “Observers regard union in one of two ways,” an editorial in the *East African Standard*, of Nairobi, declared. “Either as strengthening Zanzibar's revolutionary regime against extreme elements and containing them offshore, or as an entry of extreme influence to the mainland.” Nyerere insisted in an address to his National Assembly on April 25th that the move was inspired by the desire for African unity and had nothing to do with Cold War politics. “There is no other reason,” he said. “Unity on our continent does not have to come via Moscow or Washington.”

Under the interim constitution of the new country, which, it was said, would be called the United Republic of Tanganyika and Zanzibar, Nyerere was designated President, Karume First Vice-President, and Rashidi Kawawa Second Vice-President. Karume was also named President of Zanzibar, but this title was later changed to Head of Government. Inevitably, to Nyerere's anger and political embarrassment, the union was widely interpreted as a triumph for the West. There has been endless speculation about the events that led to the merger; certainly Nyerere was concerned about the exploitation of Zanzibar by the Communist powers and about the military buildup on the island. Friends have recalled that he once said, in high fury, “China on the island, and the Americans saying I'm fighting *Communism and it's Vietnam in Africa*—and I damned well won't have that.” Nyerere has always maintained, however, that the simplest explanation for the merger was the accurate one. TANU and the Afro-Shirazi Party had always worked closely together and had talked about unity, Nyerere has said, and one day in March that year, when Karume visited him in Dar es Salaam, Nyerere said to him, “Look. I have made it clear to Prime Minister Kenyatta and to Prime Minister Obote that when they are ready for East African federation we are ready. I am now saying to you, ‘When you are ready for federation we are ready.’ ” Nyerere's account goes on, “Karume replied, ‘What do you mean, when we are ready? We are ready now!’ ” Nyerere continued, “This was in March. Union would have been in March. But in March we were holding a series of talks with the other East African countries, and there was just a possibility that we might all have federation. So Zanzibar and Tanganyika waited.” On that day in March, Nyerere says, Karume told him, “Call the press—tell them we are ready now.” And Nyerere said to him, “It must take time.” Nyerere's explanation concludes, “I think genuinely these are simple leaders of the people. They mean what they say, these true leaders of the people. We had all been saying we wanted to unite, and here was one leader saying, ‘We've always said we wanted it when we gained our independ-

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1946. First airline to fly the great circle route to Tokyo.

1963. First airline to operate pure-jet freighters.

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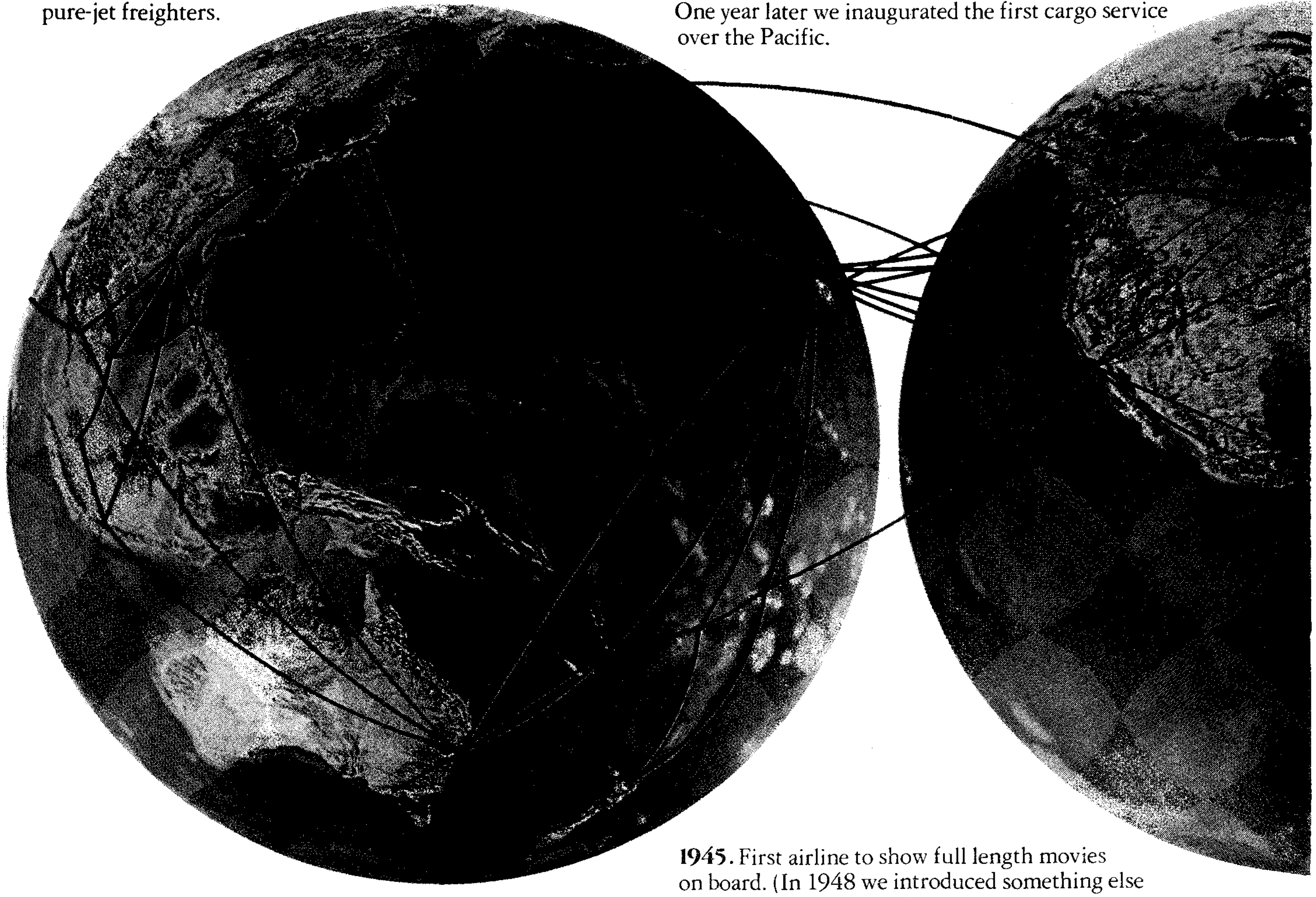

1945. First airline to show full length movies on board. (In 1948 we introduced something else you now take for granted: menu selection.)

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1959-61. First airline to provide round-the-world jet service; first airline to offer worldwide marketing service for shippers and importers.

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done all this, but they didn't.

1952-53. First airline to serve Europe with aircraft specifically built for tourist-class service and first airline to introduce a pay-later plan.

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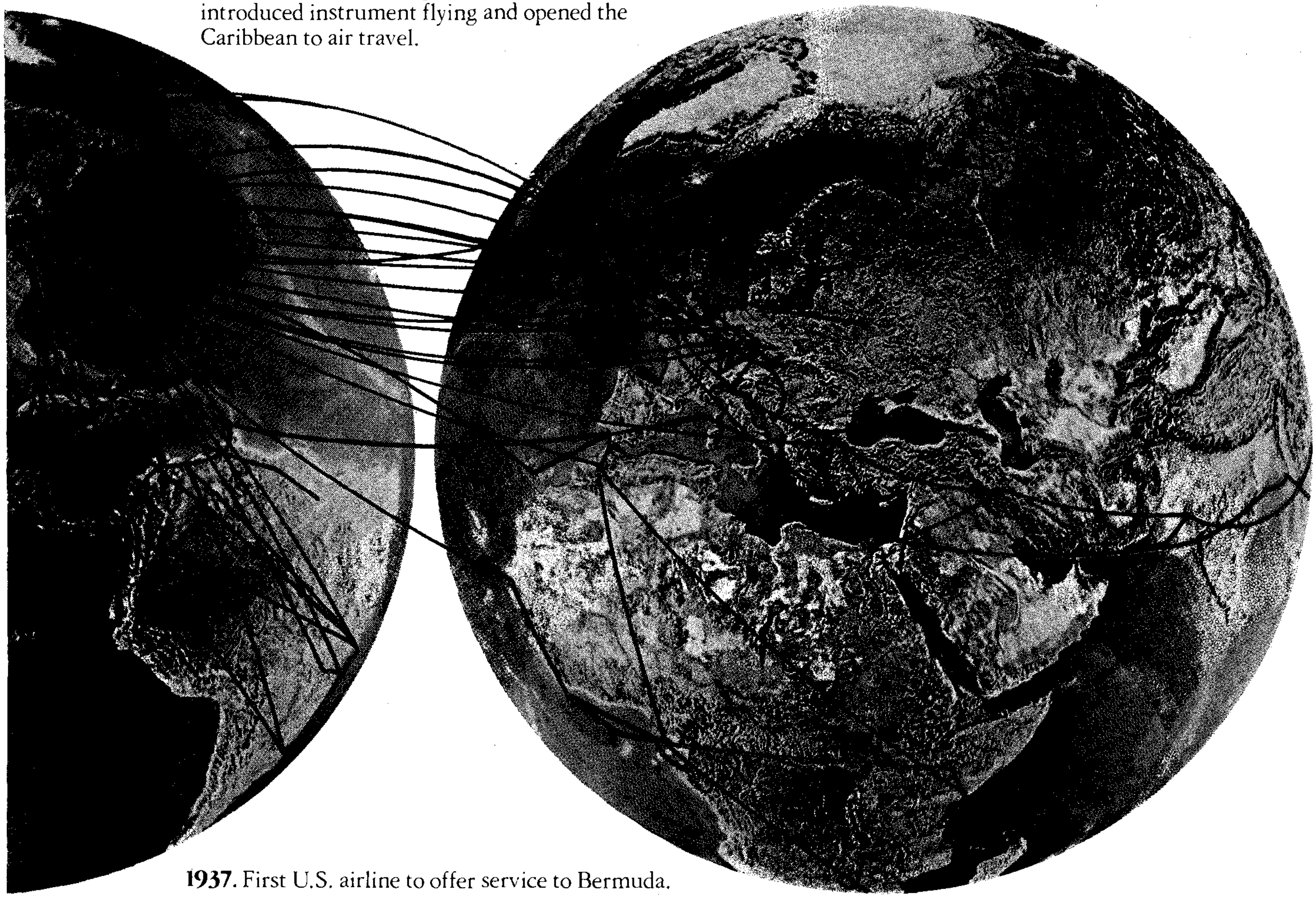

1937. First U.S. airline to offer service to Bermuda.

1962. First airline to make 100,000 transatlantic flights; first airline to establish a global electronic reservations system.

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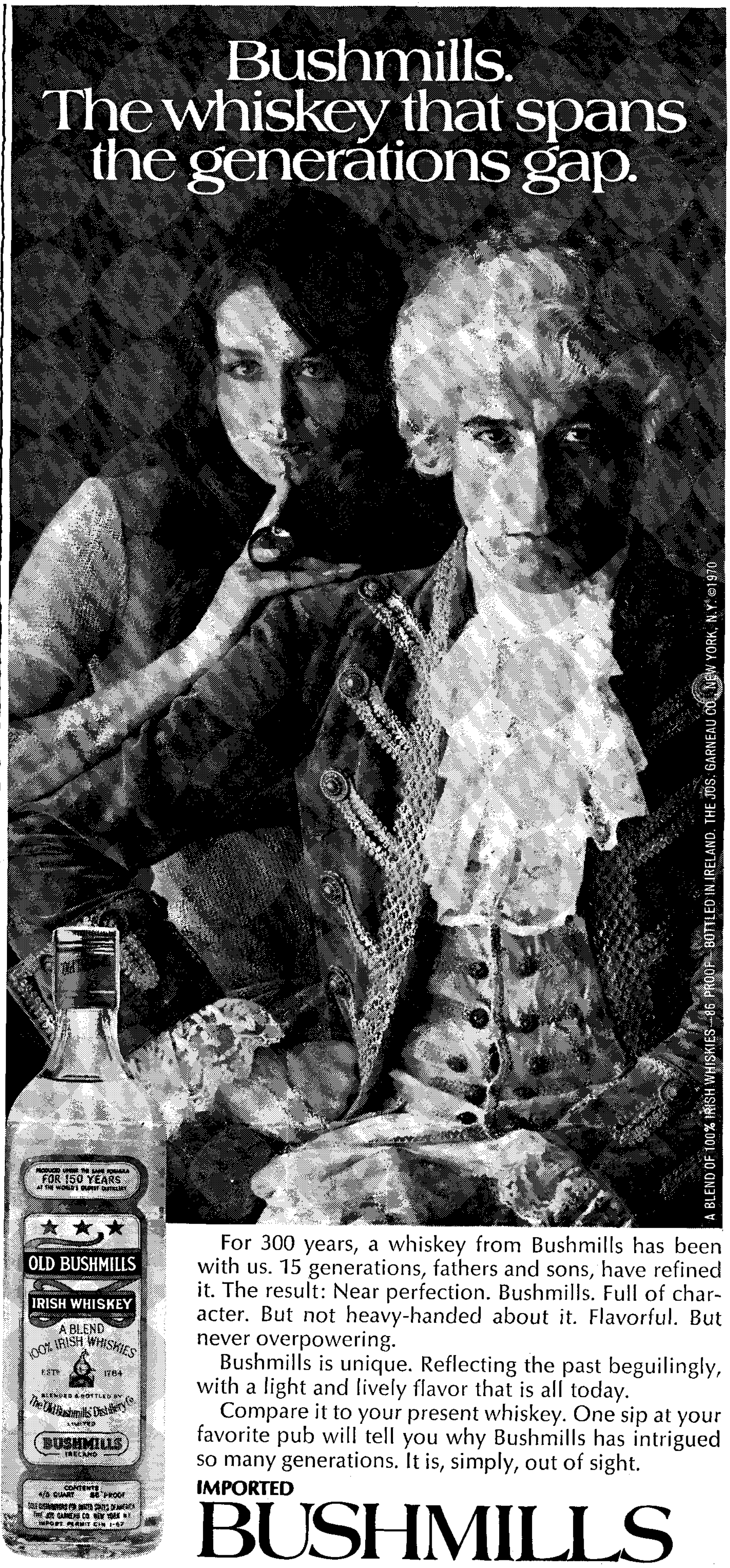
ence, and now we have it, so let's go ahead.' " The two Presidents exchanged instruments of ratification on April 27th.

In August, the government invited suggestions for a new name for the United Republic—one "which gives a sense of unitedness and should be easy to pronounce." The prize for the name adopted would be ten pounds—twenty-eight dollars. Two months later, Nyerere announced the winning name—the United Republic of Tanzania. The contest attracted fifteen hundred and thirty-four entries, from more than forty countries. The names most seriously considered, in addition to Tanzania, were Tanzan and Tangibar. Five days of uncertainty passed before the government made a brief further announcement: The correct pronunciation was "Tan-za-*nee*-a."

The mainland Tanzanians were distressed to find that Zanzibar changed very little following its union with Tanganyika. Karume, driving around the island in a black Austin Princess, was still referred to as "the President," and the United Republic was practically never mentioned. Special visas to Zanzibar were required for travellers from Dar es Salaam, as they had been since the revolution, and on a few occasions Tanganyikan government officials were refused entry to the island. The United Republic's problems were heightened, moreover, by the Zanzibaris' foreign friends, who were reluctant to sacrifice the diplomatic position they had achieved in the island nation. The government of the United Republic requested that all embassies on the island be reduced to consular status as of June 30th, but the East Germans failed to remove their embassy for almost a year. The Chinese continued to send military aid directly to Zanzibar, but they announced that they were extending a ten-million-pound interest-free loan to Tanganyika as well as a five-million-pound loan to Zanzibar.

Even today, more than seven years after the union, Zanzibar is only partly integrated with Tanganyika. The police force is unified, but there are, in effect, two armies—one on the mainland and one on Zanzibar. The Revolutionary Council on Zanzibar still rules by decree; there are no independent courts or legislators on the island; and visitors from the mainland still go through immigration formalities at Zanzibar Airport. TANU and the Afro-Shirazi Party have not yet merged. The Zanzibaris voted in Tanzania's Presidential elections of 1965 and 1970, in which Nyerere was reelected unopposed, but there have been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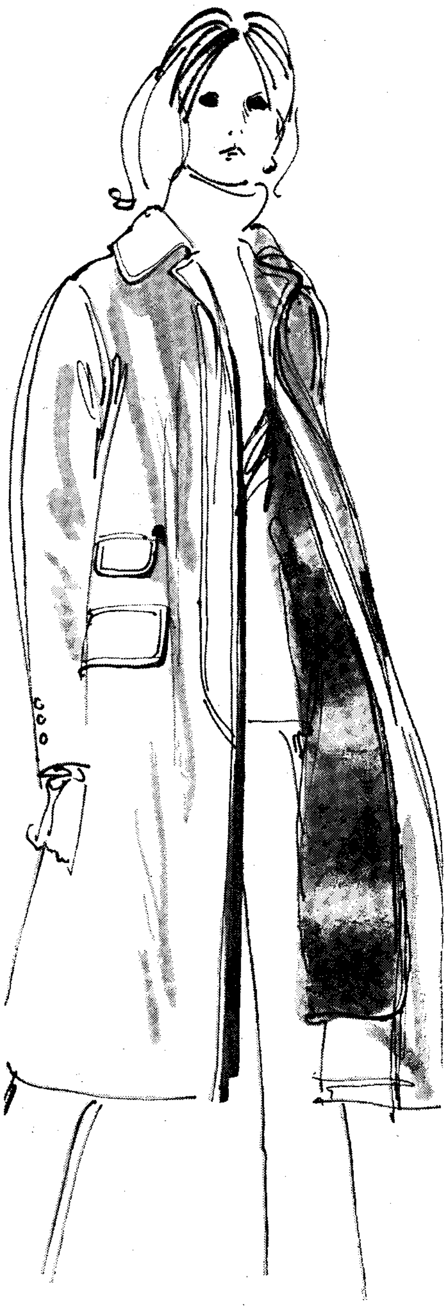

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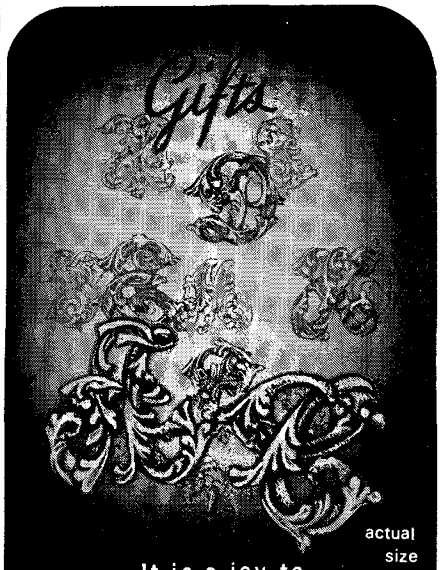
no parliamentary or local elections on the island since the revolution. In 1968, a reporter from the Tanzania *Standard* asked Karume about voting, and he said he didn't expect free elections in Zanzibar for fifty years. "Elections are a tool of the imperialists to sabotage the people," he said, in yet another reference to the pre-independence elections in which the Afro-Shirazis won the popular vote but failed to win a parliamentary majority.

From the beginning, Nyerere has handled the Zanzibaris with the utmost permissiveness. "The Zanzibaris are a proud people," he said in 1965. "No one has ever intended that they should become simply the Republic's eighteenth region." On the contrary, the Zanzibaris have been considerably better represented in the union government than their numbers warrant. Zanzibar's population is now some three hundred and fifty thousand, the total United Republic's thirteen million; in fact, Zanzibar is smaller than any one of the mainland's seventeen regions. Yet as of 1967, for example, forty-four of the hundred and eighty-three members of the Tanzanian Parliament were Zanzibaris, and so were seven of Nyerere's twenty-two Cabinet members. Nyerere has worked consistently to convince the Zanzibaris that they are benefitting from the union. His reasoning, presumably, is that, no matter how slow and painful it may be to achieve complete integration, it is better to have the Zanzibaris in the union than outside it.

Unwilling and perhaps unable to settle Zanzibar's problems by force, Nyerere seems to have developed a fatalistic attitude toward the union's ultimate chances of success. "I believe in African unity," he said late in 1969. "But the damned boundaries are not sacred. They were created by the imperialists. The people of Africa are more sacred than those boundaries. I have two bits of a union. If the Zanzibaris were not rejected by Tanganyika but simply felt the union was of no use to them, and broke away—if this was the genuine feeling of the Zanzibaris—I could not possibly kill Zanzibaris. If they came in freely, they can leave freely. We did not conquer Zanzibar. And if they remain, it must be of their own free choice. This is the only basis on which to build a nation. An empire you keep down by enlarging the Army. A nation you keep together by strengthening the internal will to unity."

—WILLIAM EDGETT SMITH

(*This is the second of three articles on Julius K. Nyerere.*)



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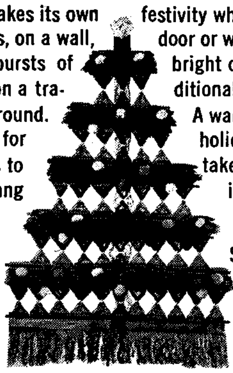

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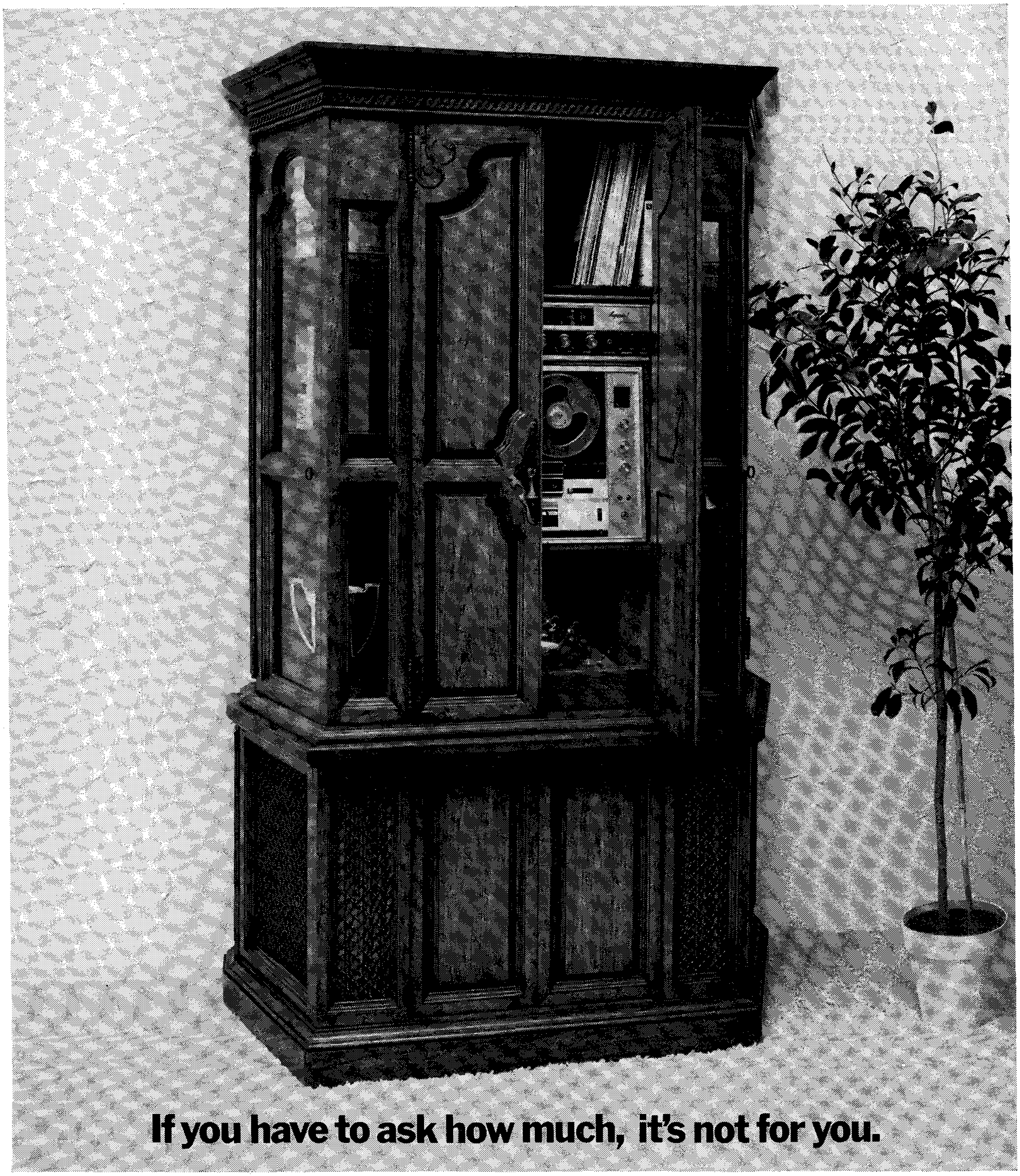

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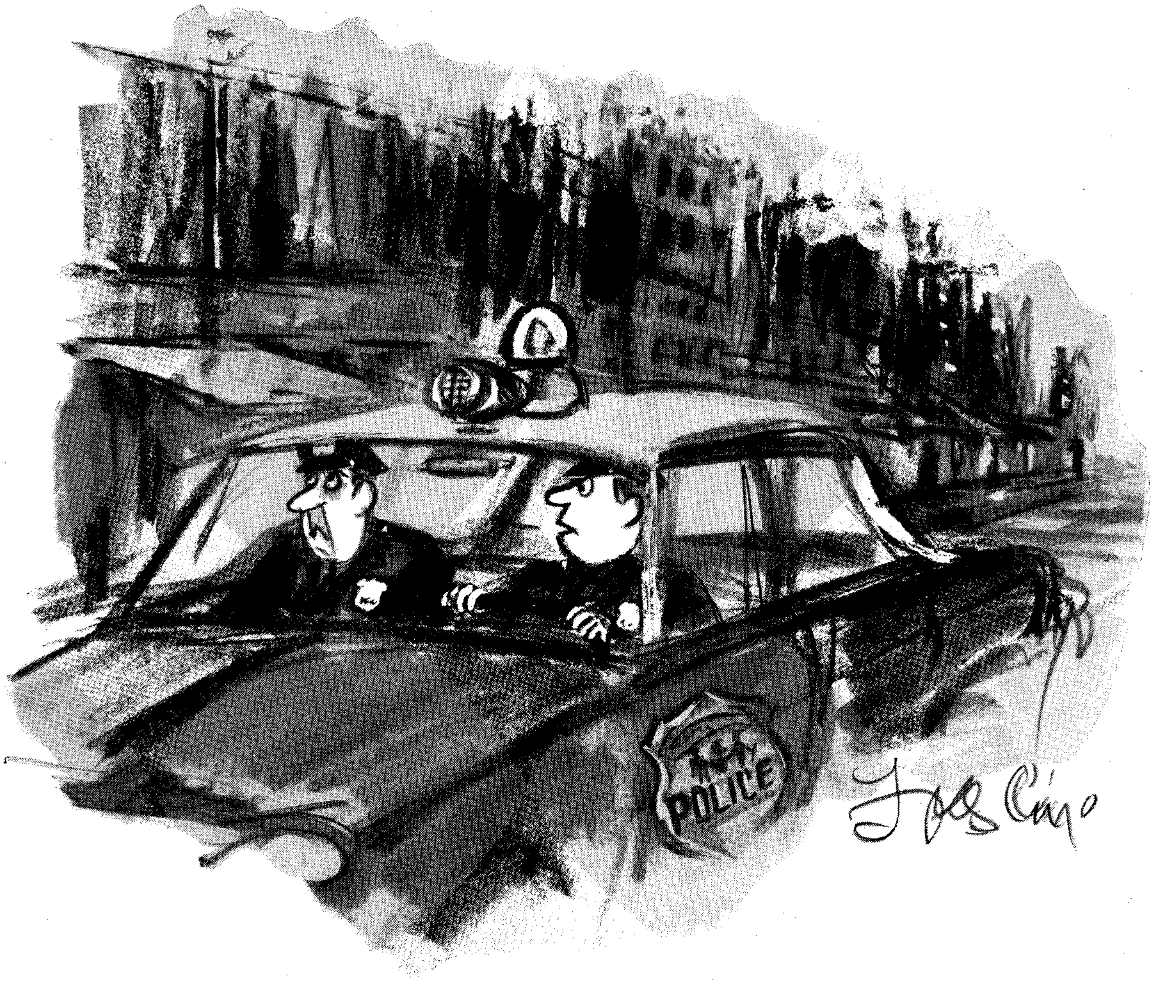
According to last week's *Variety*, "Jesus Christ Superstar" is expected to prove "the biggest all-media parlay in show biz history." Having begun in the record, or platter, medium, it quickly progressed to the concert medium, and has now reached the dramatic, or legit, medium, filling the stage of the Mark Hellinger with colossal optical effects and ear-drubbing hyper-miked sound. Some people call the present version a rock opera, and other people say that it is neither rock nor opera; as for me, I am content to report that I find the work much more attractive in an album than in a theatre. Its most charming attribute is, or was, modesty, and modesty is a word unlikely to come to mind when one contemplates the pseudo-barbaric, self-aggrandizing production by Tom O'Horgan, who is credited in the program with having "conceived for the stage and directed" "Jesus Christ Superstar." Mr. O'Horgan's gifts habitually manifest themselves on a scale more appropriate to the first six days of Creation than to the New Testament, and if "conceived" is a pretentious word it is also an accurate one; as a show, "Jesus Christ Superstar" bears a marked and disconcerting resemblance to Mr. O'Horgan's flamboyant production of "Lenny." The author of the lyrics is Tim Rice, and the composer of the music is Andrew Lloyd Webber; it isn't easy to think of the Gospels as being by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Tom, Tim, and Andy, but so it has worked out on this occasion.

The fact that Mr. Rice and Mr. Webber, who are English, gained a more immediate welcome here than at home is probably thanks to their having happened to strike the fashionable American note of amiable juvenile mindlessness. Americans invented baby food, and baby food for the intellect—a purée of alien corn—is what "Jesus Christ Superstar" assuredly is. The story, recounted in primer form and bristling with good guys and bad guys, depicts Christ as a sort of unisex Rover Boy, Mary Magdalene as the girl next door ("Try not to get worried," she tells Christ, which, under the circumstances, is fairly tactless of her), Herod as a rouged transvestite in sexy buskins, and Pilate as a man so infatuated with Christ that when he fails to save Him he rushes offstage in a hysterical tantrum. A sorry redaction, in short, of one of the greatest books we possess, but several of the songs are touching, and the performers are young, eager, and good-looking, and if only the production could have been kept as simple as Mr. Rice's rhymes—! Well, well, it was not to be, and admirers of the album need not follow the work into all the other media. (A movie version is scheduled to be shot in Jerusalem next summer. When Mary Magdalene urges Christ to get more sleep, it will be *real* olive trees He curls up under to go beddie-bye.)

Jeff Fenholt plays Christ, and Yvonne Elliman plays Mary Magdalene; they both have pleasing voices and are not called upon to act. Ben Vereen is an anguished Judas, and Barry Dennen, unaccountably made up to resemble Dante, sketches a fine portrait of poor, twitching Pilate, as Paul Ainsley does of Herod. All the lepers are first-rate. I pride myself on being a good judge of leper parts; they were what I always played in school, and if I have not saved my notices it is because I never got any.

—Brendan Gill



"Well, McKeown, if all you can think of is how many driven souls lie wakeful behind those blank windows, and what dreams corrode the hearts of those wrapped in sleep, then I think you should transfer to the day shift."

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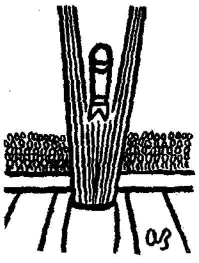

NIGHT life still goes on in Miami, and part of it is football. In the hearts of Navy camp followers, there was hope that Miami (the team, not the carnival), which had been stopped dead after dark the week before by Notre Dame, might not amount to much on Friday evening of last week, but a dutiful correspondent, scales in hand, reports that the Miami front line had been reconstructed to admit three new men who weighed an average of fifteen pounds more than their predecessors, and it was all over in a few minutes—five, in fact, for by then Miami was in the lead by 14–0, and it won, eased up, 31–16. There was no hope at all for Army, going against Air Force, a team loosely attached to an airfield and some flying machines: Air Force 20, Army 7—a creditable try by the losers. Seekers of unobtrusive consistency must turn instead to Army's hundred-and-fifty-pounders, who, as is their custom, won on Saturday morning, 34–16, against their Princeton equals. There are sly rumors that this Army assemblage occasionally loses a match, but this observer, riffling through his memories, cannot say that he has ever seen it happen.

Consistency of another sort has clamped itself upon the Cowboys, who last Monday night finally managed to outwit themselves and put away the Giants, 20–13. Tarkenton, quarterbacking a squad that is rather out of condition, got away with two hundred and eighty-nine yards' worth of passes against the Cowboys, who, while in the charge of Staubach—a bewitched and bothered leader if ever I saw one—fumbled the ball away four times and drew seventy yards' worth of penalties. It took me back to the September afternoon in Buffalo when the Cowboys, though they reorganized in time to overtake the Bills, 49–37, let their as yet unjelled opposition get away with four touchdown passes and three hundred and thirty-five yards in the air, meanwhile losing three of their own passes to the enemy, fumbling the ball away once, and drawing a hundred and twenty-nine yards' worth of penalties. But for as long as Calvin Hill survives those cataclysmic encounters with his

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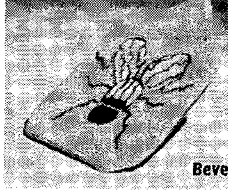

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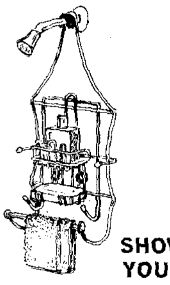

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tacklers, the Cowboys may be able to subsist simply on his exuberance. And as long as Tarkenton keeps in his present splendid state of health and mind, the Giants, though they cannot afford to await forever the return of Frederickson and Johnson, should subsist, too, if on a lesser scale of living—as long, that is, as they stay away from Earl Morrall, a one-time comrade, who pitched the Colts to a 31–7 count against the Giants on Sunday.

TO continue the discussion of passes that gang agley: There is a team afoot this fall that has rolled out sixty-four first downs against the enemy's forty-four, that has outrun the enemy six hundred and thirty yards to four hundred and sixty, and that has outpassed it six hundred and two yards to four hundred and thirty-five. It has lost three games in a row. The statistic that is missing is this: six of its passes went to the enemy, none of the enemy's passes went to it. A herdsman who tends his flock on the plains far above Cayuga's waters reports that two Harvard passes went into Cornell hands at most inopportune moments on Saturday—Cornell, 21–16—and that the sooner the depleted Eric Crone can get back into the Harvard backfield the better. Young Tom Parr, throwing for Colgate against Princeton the same afternoon (and he usually throws well), had grave difficulty in following the bouncing ball and in getting it to the right man, and Princeton, which has lately been admiringly watching the passes of its foemen sail overhead into the paws of other foemen, suddenly decided to collect some of these throws for itself. Jim Flynn, the third-string quarterback pressed into service when all else had failed, ran Princeton with such deliberation and aplomb (aided, be it said, by a picket line that allowed no tacklers to threaten him) that he and the dauntless Bjorklund and a cou-

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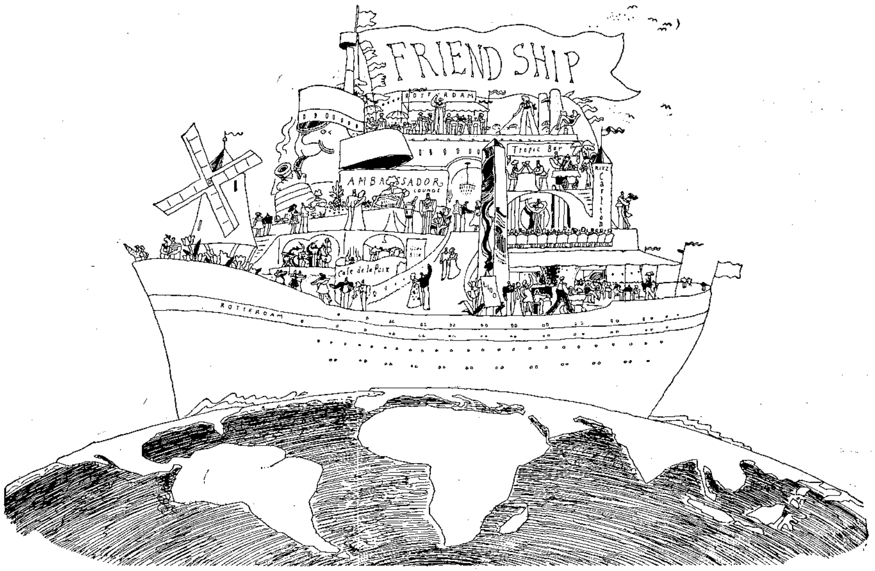

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ple of other rapid travellers had run up a lead of 28–0 before he sustained his first interception. Thereafter, other students finished off the game, and Colgate, 35–12. But replacing the regulars with lesser fry when the match appeared to be in the bag is what did in Yale on Saturday. On top by 14–7, with not even three minutes to go, it recast its backfield, which instantly lost the ball to Columbia (it was the sixth Yale fumble of the day), and Jackson, the Columbia quarterback, who ambles about the field between plays, studying the turf as if he were getting ready to sink a three-foot putt, got down to business as usual, flipping a pass (a moment or two later) to Irish, who made a one-hand catch as he fell in the end zone: Yale 14, Columbia 13. Columbia has had a bad time of it with tries after touchdown. On this try, Jackson handed the ball to Sefcik, and Yale, looking for a run (a definite specialty of Sefcik's), was completely caught out when Sefcik instead lofted the ball to Jones in the end zone: Columbia 15, Yale 14, and the first pass Sefcik had ever thrown. —J. W. L.

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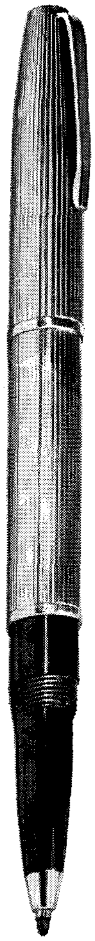

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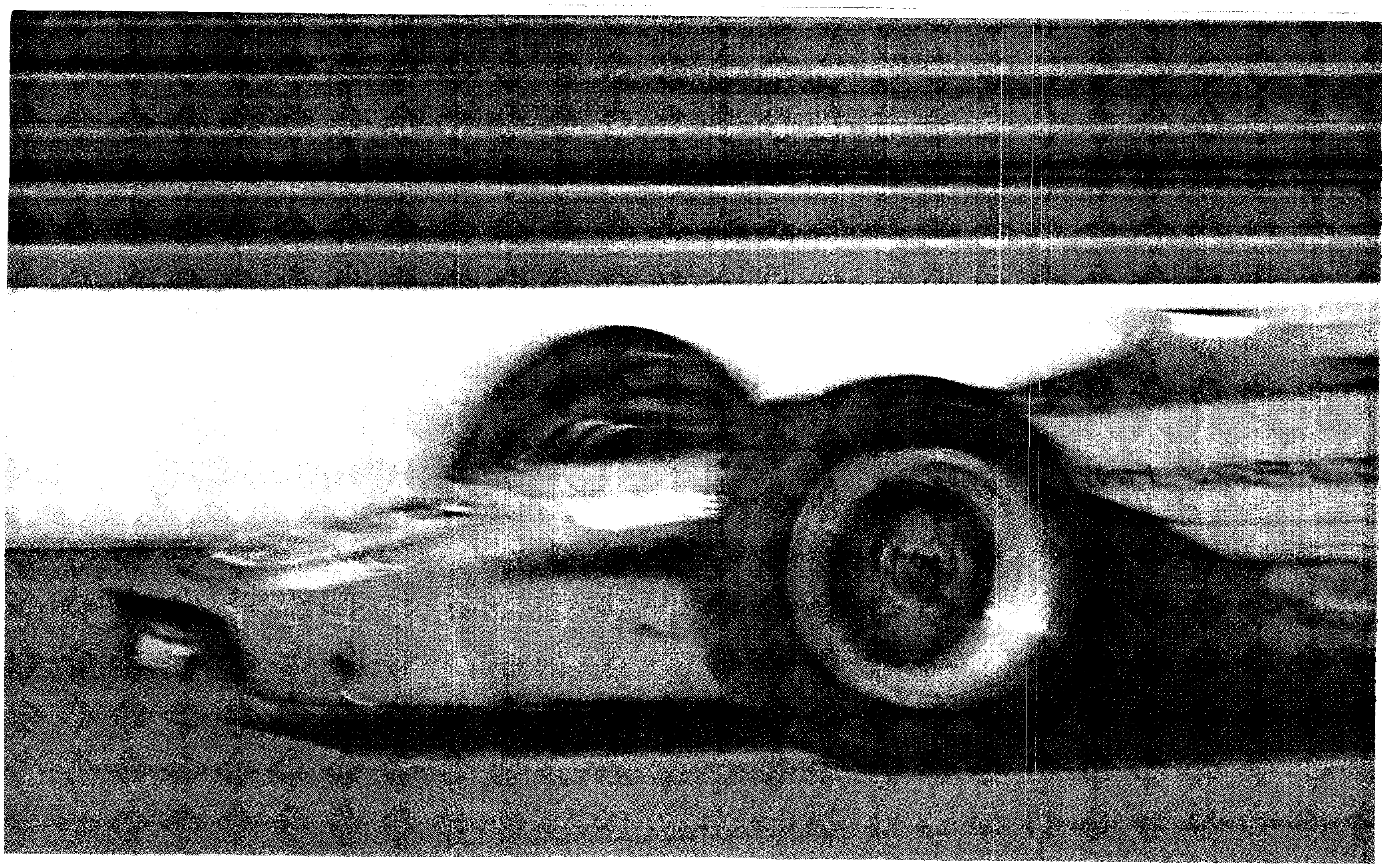

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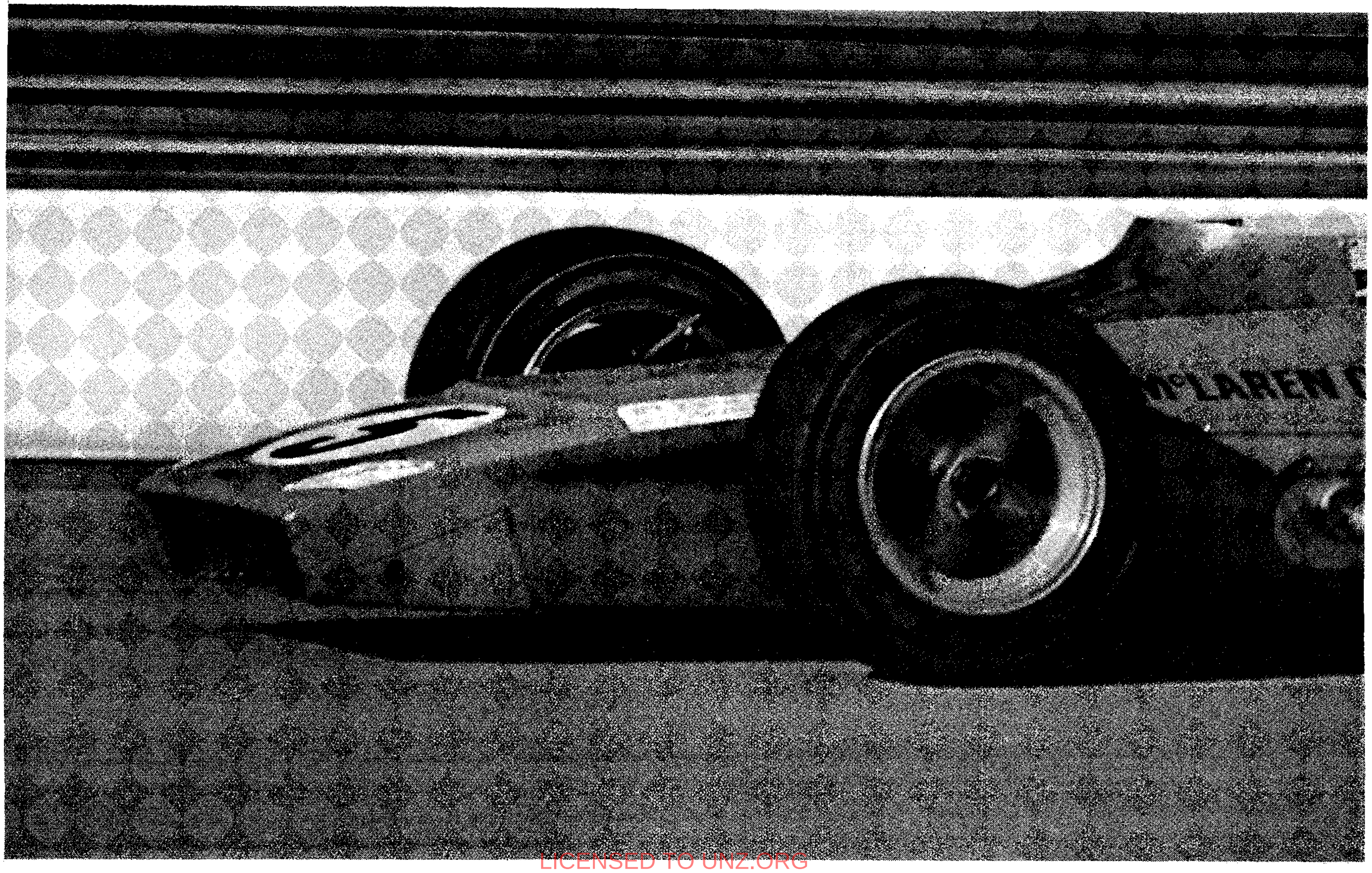

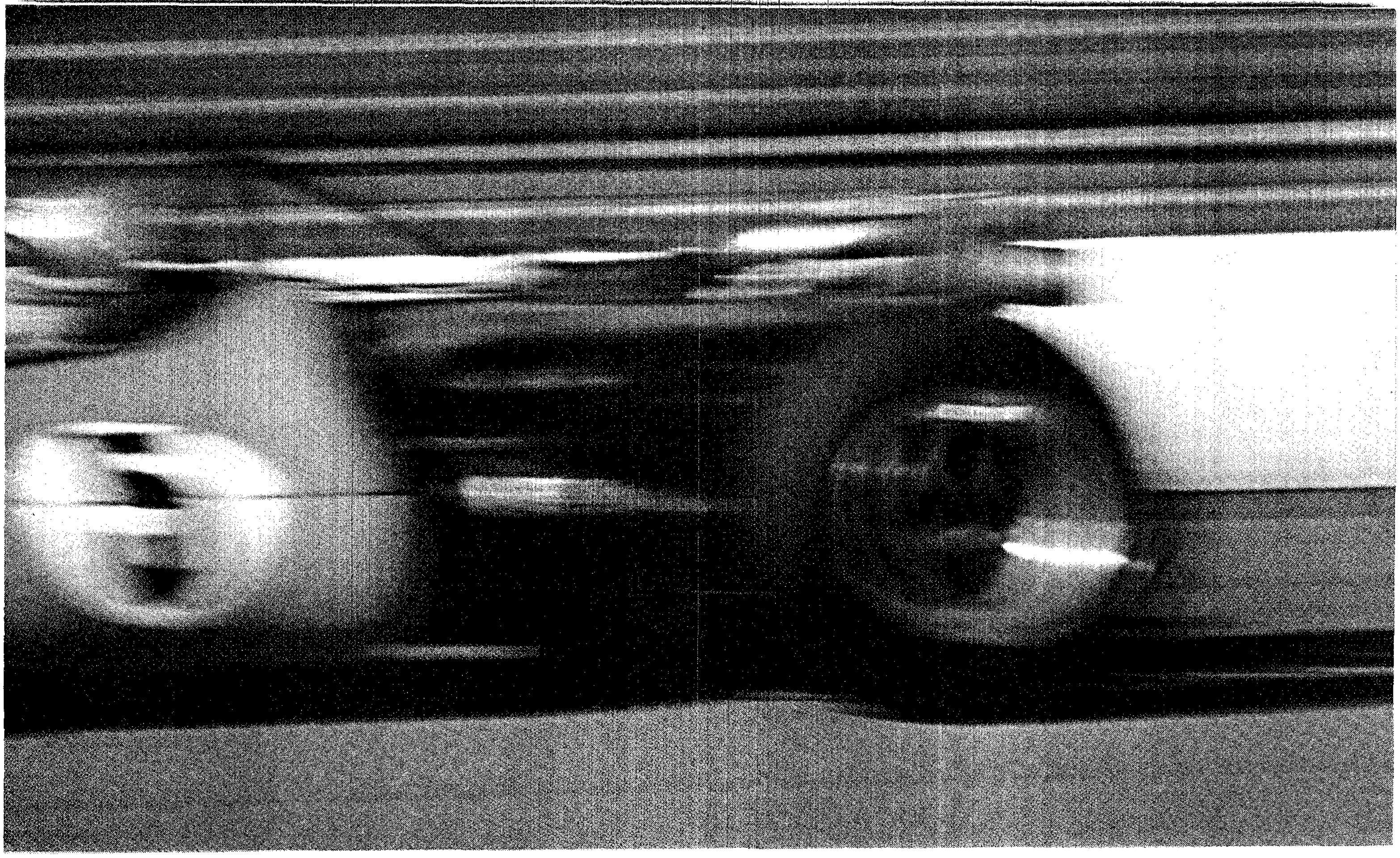

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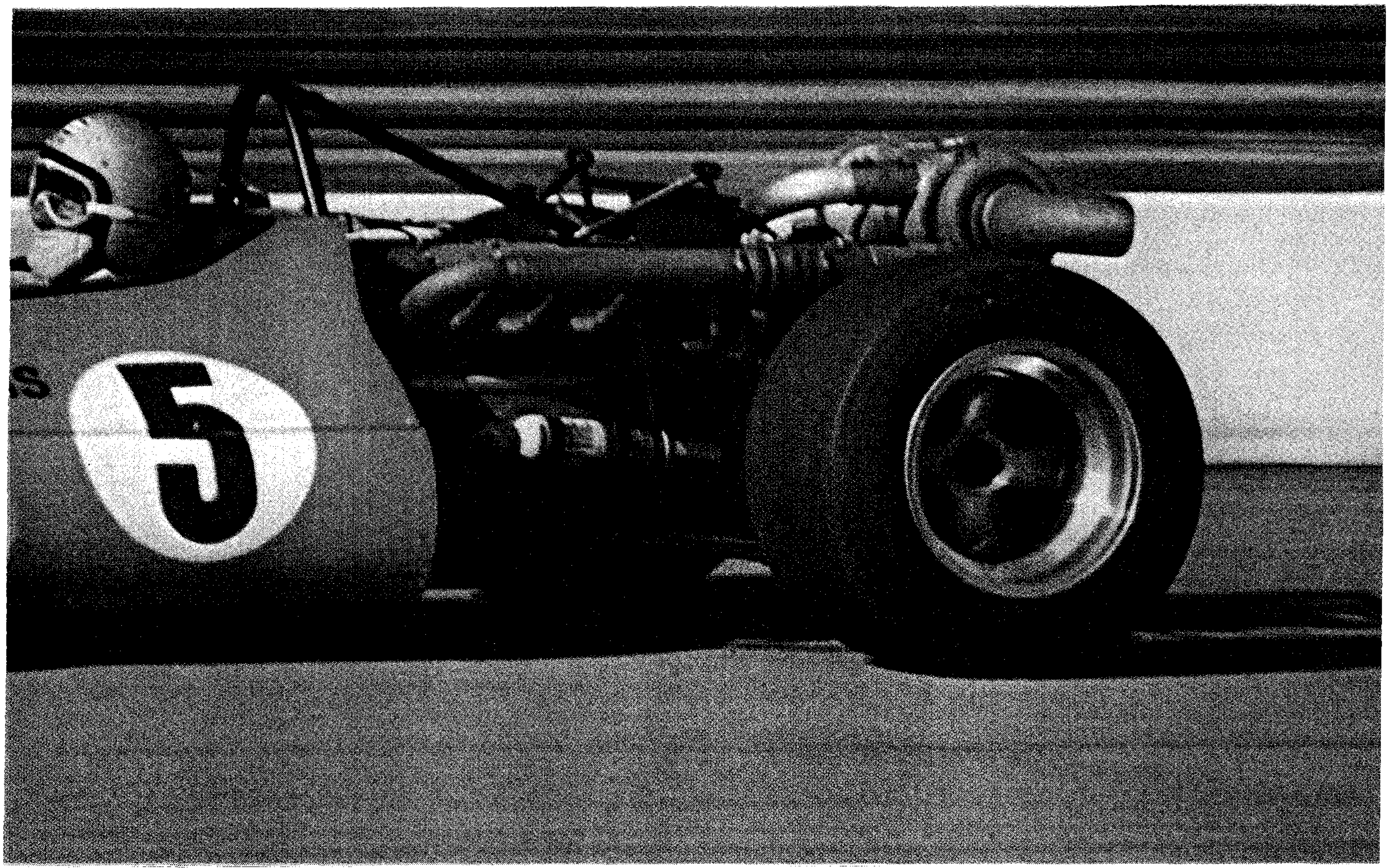

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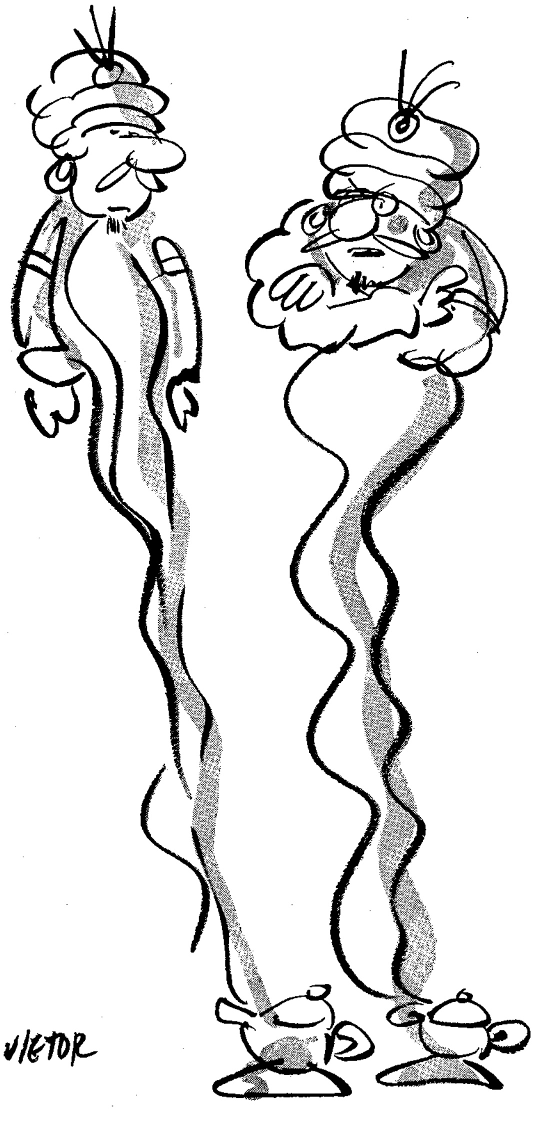
A REPORTER AT LARGE

STARTING OVER

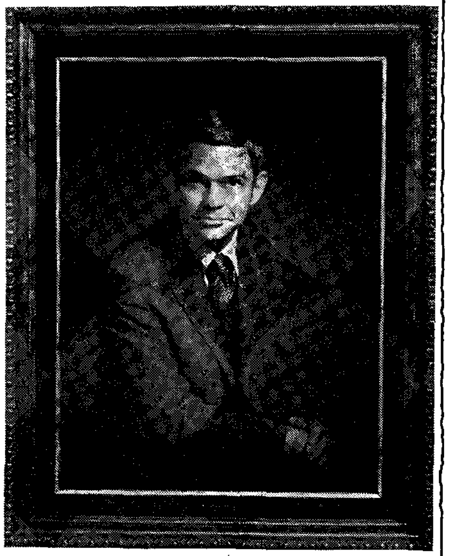
IF it is apposite to follow the common practice of comparing a session of international trade and currency negotiations to a poker game, then the annual meeting of the governors of the International Monetary Fund, which was held in Washington the last week of September, was a game that took place under notably awkward circumstances. The richest and most relied-upon player, the United States, had just committed two uncharacteristic and almost unforgivable gaucheries. One of them, the imposition of a flat ten-per-cent import surcharge on all dutiable foreign goods, was a clear violation of the rules of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which had been signed in 1947 by the leading non-Communist trading nations to promote freer international trade and which, over the subsequent twenty-three years, had generally been effective in achieving that objective. The United States' second action, the sudden move to temporarily stop redeeming dollars with gold, was an equally clear violation of the Articles of Agreement of the International Monetary Fund itself; beyond that, it created conditions that made it all but impossible for the I.M.F. to operate or for world trade to continue on its current scale. Both actions were violations of formal international treaties, duly ratified by the parliaments of the participating countries. In terms of the poker analogy, the United States was in the position of a player who, when he sees he is losing, first cheats and then tips over the table; to make matters worse, the offending player had then insolently described his actions as merely strategic moves designed to improve his position. To be sure, such egregious conduct was not unheard of at this particular table; for example, at the moment, Japan, even after a new liberalization of its trade practices, was adjudged by its fellow-players to be guilty of some forty violations of GATT, and Germany and the Netherlands had broken the I.M.F. rules only last May by ceasing to control the prices of their currencies in terms of the dollar. But the nature of the breaches by the United States and the extent of its influence made those breaches unique. Clearly, if the game was to continue at all—and the alternative might be a paralysis of international trade and a world depression that could result in starvation in many countries—new rules would have to be devised quickly, and under the most trying conditions.

The meeting, which the *Times* described optimistically as "likely to go down in history as the turning point toward the creation of a new world monetary system," took place at the huge Sheraton-Park Hotel, the corridors of which were crowded with the mighty of world finance, more than fifteen hundred strong. Among the official delegates for their countries were the United States Secretary of the Treasury, John B. Connally; France's Minister of Economy and Finance, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing; Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Anthony Barber; Germany's Minister for Economic Affairs and Finance, Karl Schiller; and Japan's Minister of Finance, Mikio Mizuta. Present as advisers, assistants, or guests were the heads of the central banks of all leading member nations—Arthur F. Burns for the United States, Sir Leslie O'Brien for Britain, Karl Klasen for West Germany, Tadashi Sasaki for Japan—and such eminent private bankers as Baron Lambert, of the Banque Lambert of Brussels; Jerome Istel, of the Banque Rothschild of Paris; and David Rockefeller, of the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York City. In their eagerness to help get the game going again, most delegates were already on hand by Saturday, September 25th, two days before the formal opening of the meeting, and that morning the I.M.F.'s managing director, Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, made some remarks to the press in which he set the key for the week ahead as one of tension and urgency. Pointing out that it had been a tradition of the Fund to remain silent when there was a crisis affecting a leading member nation, he proceeded to break that tradition. He reiterated a view he had expressed previously, to the effect that the United States ought to make a "contribution" to a solution of the current crisis in the form of a small devaluation of the dollar against gold (a move that the United States had firmly announced itself disinclined to make), and he implied that a continuance of the import surcharge and currency instability for any extended period might well result in a disastrous world trade war, in which the worst sufferers would be what he called "innocent victims and helpless bystanders"—the underdeveloped countries.



"Genies have wishes, too, you know."

THE old rules of the game and the steps leading to their collapse can be quickly summarized. When the monetary millennium comes, perhaps there will be one world currency universally honored and freely exchanged across national borders, but meanwhile there is gold, the only world currency that has enjoyed general confidence over a long period, even in times of crisis. To the question "Why should gold, rather than something else, be the basis of money?" perhaps the best answer is "Why shouldn't it be?" But the natural scarcity of gold and the capriciousness of its geographical distribution are weaknesses as well as strengths for a world-currency base, and the rigid gold



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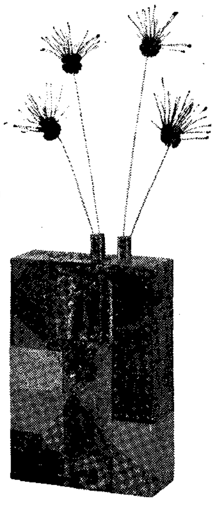
standard that was the rule among most of the leading trading nations until the Depression of the nineteen-thirties eventually came to be an insupportable burden. After a protracted period of chaos, caused by the Depression and war—and perhaps in part by the gold standard itself—it was replaced, at the United Nations Monetary and Financial Conference at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, in July, 1944, by a more flexible system, under which gold shared the task of being the world's money base with what was then by far the strongest national currency, the United States dollar. The Bretton Woods agreement, hammered out by an international panel of experts, headed by Harry Dexter White, of the United States, and John Maynard Keynes, of Britain, established the dollar as the *numéraire*, or measuring rod, against which the value of other currencies was set, and also as the principal currency in which the reserves, or national savings accounts, of other nations would be held. Long before 1944, Keynes had pronounced monetary gold to be a "barbarous relic," and now he had taken part in what was at least a lessening of its role. To keep exchange rates relatively stable under the new system, each nation undertook to intervene in the market—buying or selling its own currency—whenever this was necessary in order to hold that currency's dollar price within one per cent of its fixed relation to the dollar. In addition, the International Monetary Fund was established—originally with twenty-nine members, a number that has now swelled to a hundred and eighteen—to accept deposits from the member nations in amounts relative to their economic size and, as a means of further stabilizing the system, to lend funds from these resources to any member undergoing a crisis that might put it in temporary financial difficulties. The United States was offered the choice of intervening either with foreign currencies or with gold to maintain the value of the dollar; we chose gold, and thus the convertibility of the dollar, and of the dollar alone, at the established price of thirty-five dollars per ounce became the foundation of the system—the basic rule of the game.

It all worked beautifully for a time. Then; beginning in 1950, the United States took to running an annual deficit in its international accounts, as a result of foreign aid, the flocking of American tourists abroad, defense spending abroad and the maintenance of our troops there, overseas investments of American companies, the de-



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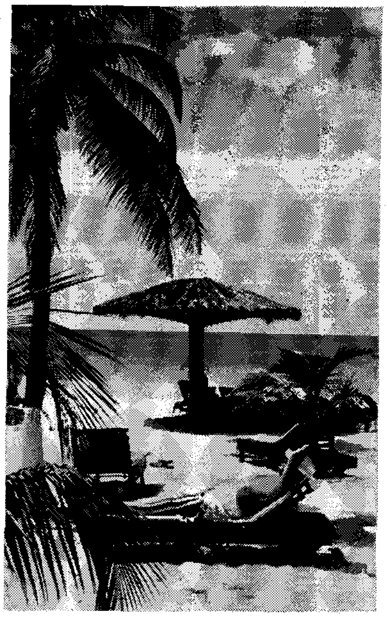

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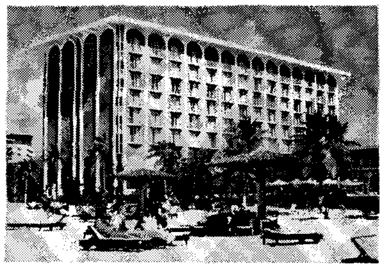

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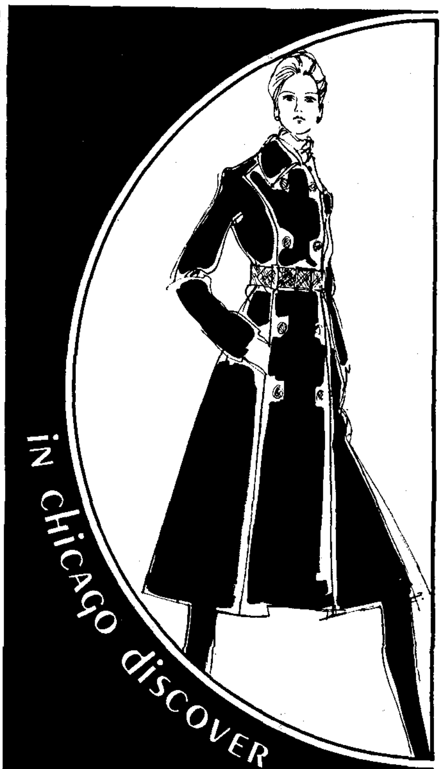
clining competitive position of American products in world markets, and, finally, the war in Vietnam. Year by year, the deficits grew, and in 1960, for the first time, dollars held abroad—in effect, I.O.U.s issued by the United States against our national reserves of gold, foreign currency, and borrowing power at the I.M.F.—exceeded those reserves. Each year thereafter, the disparity between what we owed and what we could pay increased, until by the beginning of 1971 the cumulative dollar gap amounted to about twenty-five billion dollars, or almost twice our total reserves. The reason this improvidence on the part of the United States was allowed to continue for so long was that it held temporary benefits for our creditors. International trade was expanding during the nineteen-sixties far faster than new gold was coming out of the ground, and the flood of dollars abroad was filling the lack. As long as the dollar continued to be trusted, the United States deficit was serving the useful purpose of supplying the world with the money it needed to conduct its expanding business. The fact that the United States was getting something for nothing was temporarily ignored. A bizarre situation—unprecedented in international finance, if not in poker—had developed in which the game's ever-increasing bets were being financed by the unredeemable chits of one well-dressed, self-assured player, who inspired confidence by his air of affluence but in actuality was known by all, if they stopped to think about it, to be bankrupt.

Of course, this could not go on indefinitely. By early 1971, the United States' stock of gold, which had once amounted to twenty-five billion dollars, was down to just over eleven billion. Our international-payments deficit had taken a further large jump and was by now running at the appalling rate of twenty billion dollars a year. In spite of cries of anguish from all over Europe, the United States government adopted an attitude that was described, unofficially but quite accurately, as "benign neglect." In May, a high rate of interest in West Germany brought about such a flood of dollars to Germany in exchange for Deutsche marks that the government there had little choice but to break I.M.F. rules by cutting the price of its currency free from the dollar and letting it float upward under market pressure. Benignity and neglect were abandoned together, belatedly and apocalyptically, on August 15th, when President Nixon announced his new economic program, for this in-



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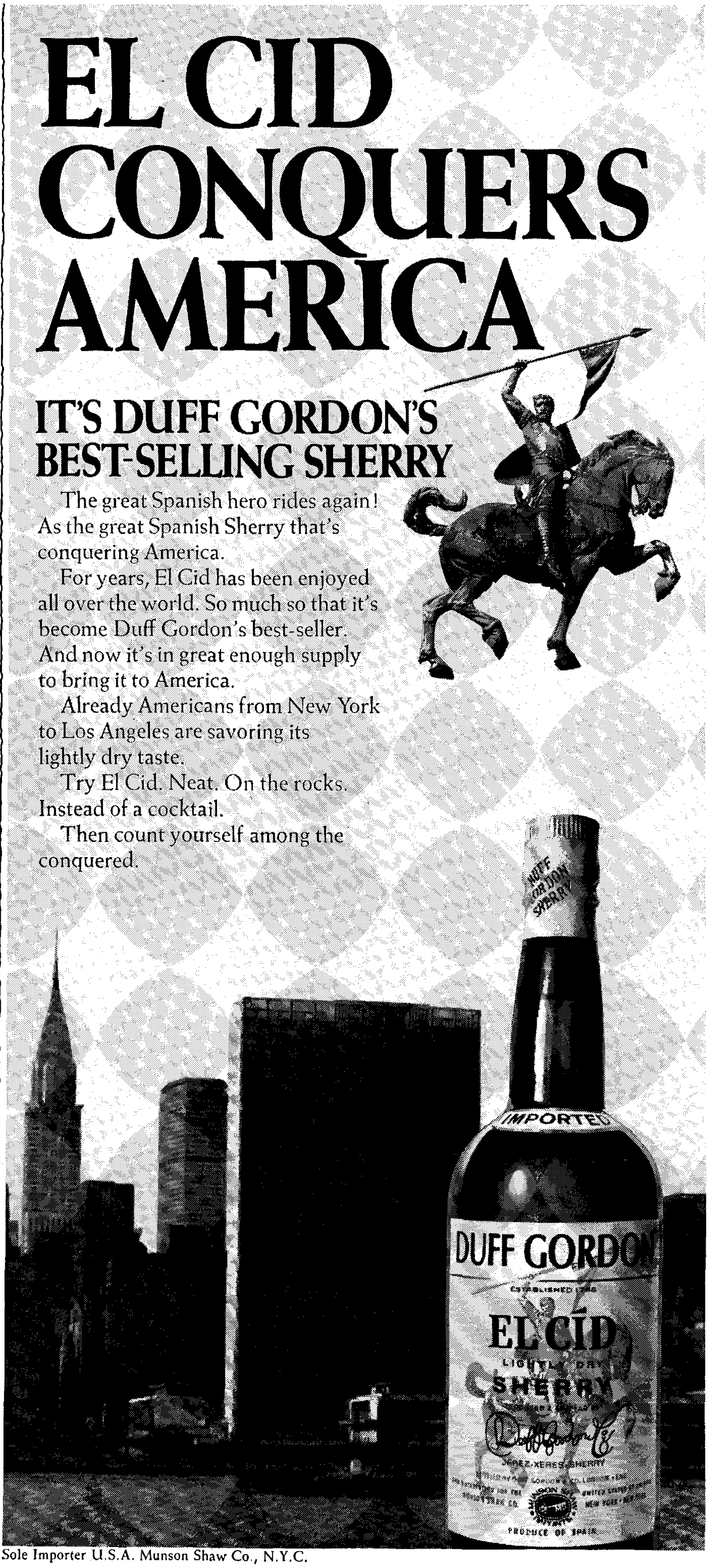
cluded, along with various measures to spur the national economy and contain domestic inflation, the import surcharge, which suddenly reversed the United States' long-standing commitment to freer world trade, and the gold embargo, which suddenly destroyed the Bretton Woods system.

FOR the first few days after the Nixon announcement, the world's monetary authorities seemed to be in an almost catatonic state of shock and dismay, but then they recovered some of their customary aplomb and were able to devote the weeks before the I.M.F. meeting to setting up the terms of the negotiating that lay ahead. The United States made no bones about describing the import surcharge as a bargaining counter, and made clear that as its price for removal of the surcharge it was demanding a substantial upward revaluation of most other currencies in relation to the dollar. (Such revaluation would tend to give the United States its desired trading advantage by making its goods cheaper abroad.) The other countries replied that the United States ought to devalue the dollar on its own, by raising the dollar price of gold, instead of trying to force *them* to bell the cat. Both upward revaluation and devaluation are politically unpopular in any country, the former because it brings disadvantage in foreign trade and the latter because it is thought to involve loss of national prestige; the Nixon Administration, in particular, seems to have a terror of the domestic political effects of devaluation. The terms of the contest, then, were: Since everyone agrees that the dollar has to be made worth less in terms of other currencies, who will take the unpopular action required? The I.M.F., nominally neutral in disputes among its members, lost little time in announcing where it stood in this one. Late in August and early in September, Mr. Schweitzer several times stated publicly that the United States ought to devalue the dollar in terms of gold by a modest amount (say, between five and ten per cent), whereupon the rest of the necessary realignment could be made by the other countries. But in mid-September, after a testy and unfruitful private meeting in London of what is called the Group of Ten—a sort of inner club of the I.M.F., consisting of the finance ministers of the United States, Britain, Japan, Canada, Sweden, West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and the Netherlands—Secretary Connally was quoted by a high French source as hav-



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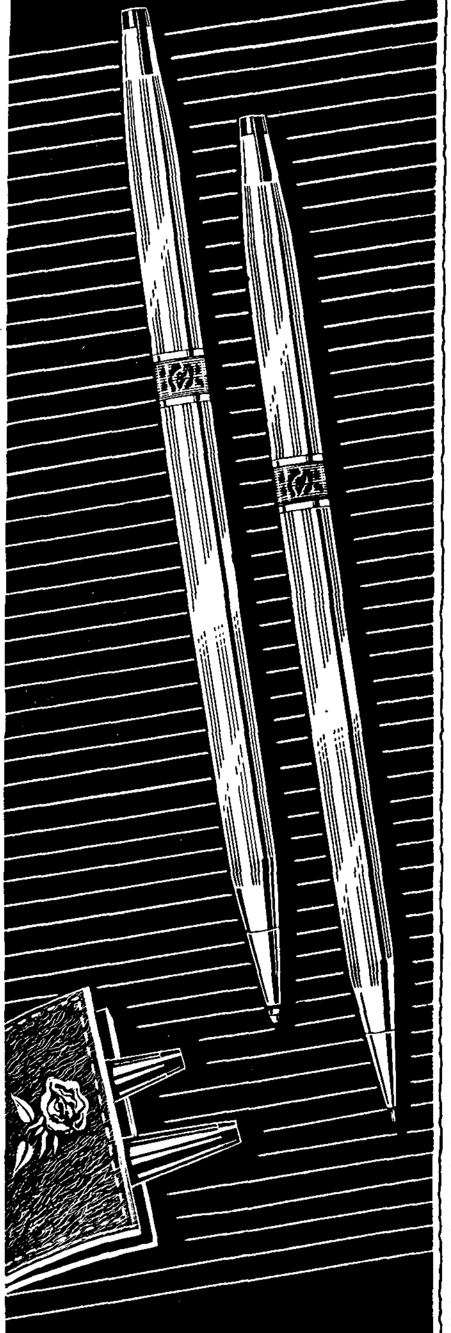
ing declared flatly, "I am authorized to say only I will not change our position one iota." A week later, President Georges Pompidou of France pointedly warned the European Economic Community against making "exorbitant concessions" to the United States at the approaching I.M.F. meeting.

While these harsh verbal thrusts were being traded, the foreign-exchange markets were in confusion. With the dollar cut loose from gold, other currencies were cut loose from the dollar, and in trading during late August and early September they moved, or "floated," upward against it, which was exactly what the United States wanted. But the governments of the countries with the upward-floating currencies did not want the floating to go so far as to impair their competitiveness in international dealings, so they restricted artificially the amount of their currencies' rise by intervening in the market to sell them in exchange for dollars and thus create what the United States anathematized as "a dirty float." Indeed, France, perhaps the most intransigent of the nations involved, prevented the franc from floating at all. By the time of the I.M.F. meeting, world currency rates had increased against the dollar on an average of a mere 4.3 per cent—far less than the ten or fifteen per cent that the United States hoped for. Thus, the impasse remained. Meanwhile, because of wildly fluctuating exchange rates, the central banking system and the I.M.F. were all but out of business; the I.M.F.'s resources of more than twenty-five billion dollars were frozen almost as effectively as if the combination to the vault had been lost, and so were almost forty billion dollars' worth of gold held as reserves by various nations, and some twenty billion more in currency ordinarily available in short-term reciprocal-loan agreements between central banks.

So just about everyone came to the Sheraton-Park angry or worried or seized by a sense of urgency, or all three. Here were the top economic authorities of the non-Communist world coming together to engage in discussions that were all but totally incomprehensible not just to the man in the street but to everyone but a tiny fraction of humanity, yet the matters being decided were of vital day-to-day concern to people of almost every station in many countries. No wonder the participants tended to give off whiffs of mystery and self-importance. Such meetings—where big things happening behind closed doors are reflected only

Creating a better impression



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dimly in public statements, which have the attenuated quality of the shadows in Plato's cave—are strongly subject to sudden changes in mood. On Saturday, the mood was all hostility and gloom. Early on Sunday morning, the French finance minister, M. Giscard d'Estaing, suggested to a reporter that something had happened overnight to soften the United States' attitude. Whether or not this was true is unknown; the United States swiftly denied it, yet the day's events seemed to confirm it. That morning, the Group of Ten met again, and this meeting, instead of ending in a shouting match, as the one in London had, produced agreement on an agenda for future work: over the subsequent weeks, the delegates would devote themselves to discussions of a realignment of currencies and removal of the United States import surcharge. It was not agreement on much of substance, but at least it was *agreement*. Then, on Sunday afternoon, it was Secretary Connally's turn to face the press. Generally seeming like a brash freshman among the mandarins of finance, the large Texan nevertheless spoke more moderately than before. He described the atmosphere of the Group of Ten meeting as "very friendly" and "very amiable," and "somewhat more relaxed" than the one in London had been, and he said that "we are talking in a low, quiet voice," though "the position of the United States has not changed at all." On one subject, however, he implied that he meant either more or less than he said. A reporter asked why, in closing its gold window to the world, and thus overthrowing the Bretton Woods system, the United States had kept ten billion dollars' worth of gold in its coffers, especially since Mr. Connally had insisted several times that gold was of only political and symbolic importance in the world monetary scheme and that the United States was determined to lessen the metal's role there. The Secretary replied, "Well, we still have some liabilities that have a call on it. We don't know quite who to give it to. . . . We would like to keep it, under the circumstances." While we had tipped over the table because we said that a whole new game was needed, it seemed that we had been mysteriously careful to salt away a large private supply—a quarter of the world's monetary gold—of the ostensibly discredited blue chips from the old game.

DURING the five days of formal speeches that followed, the representatives of the great monetary

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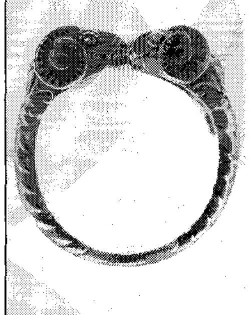

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powers kept returning to the noble sentiment that the time for recriminations against the United States was past, that what was done was done, and that the thing now was to get on with the job of rebuilding—and to get on with it quickly, since every week that passed with the import surcharge in effect and the system in chaos made the rebuilding more difficult and the chance for a world trade war greater. Mr. Schweitzer, a suave and studious-looking Frenchman of fifty-nine, with a background in the French Treasury and the wartime Resistance, made these points in his opening address, emphasizing above all the need for a collaborative approach to the common problem, rather than a competitive one, and his views were echoed in one degree or another by the delegates—or, in central-bank language, governors—for West Germany, Britain, and France, and even Japan and Canada, the two countries hardest hit by the import surcharge in terms of volume of exports. It was the governors for the small and underdeveloped countries who seemed to have the hardest time working themselves into a collaborative frame of mind. The governor for New Zealand, for one, pointed out that, much as the large trading countries might worry about unstable currencies, small ones like his had far more reason to be alarmed by the consequent disruption of world trade, since they had, relatively, so much more at stake; for example, exports account for ten per cent of Japan's gross national product and twenty-three per cent of New Zealand's. The governor for Israel, leaving the immediate subject far behind but drawing loud applause nevertheless, took a roundhouse swing at the great powers not as manipulators of money and trade but as physical and spiritual polluters. He said, "One-third of humanity—the developed world—has fallen prey to hedonistic tendencies, worshipping the idol of consumption and status symbols and enslaved to a multiplicity of modern gadgets, turning its back on human and spiritual values. . . . Overconsumption, with its attendant discharge of noxious wastes and its endless accumulation of disused materials, has become a primary source of pollution of water and air, soil and sea, ruining the beauty of the natural environment and perniciously affecting human life in the noisy, grimy megalopolis. . . ." This portmanteau complaint, relevant in spirit if not in letter, seemed to reflect the underdeveloped countries' frustration over their impotence in world monetary affairs. Im-

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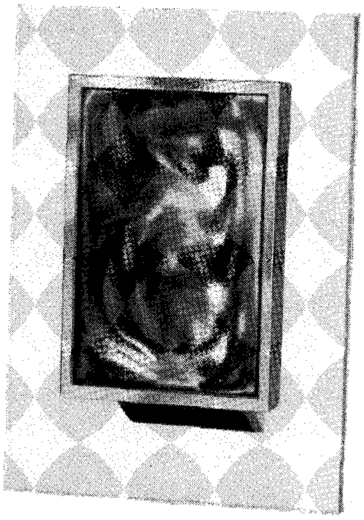

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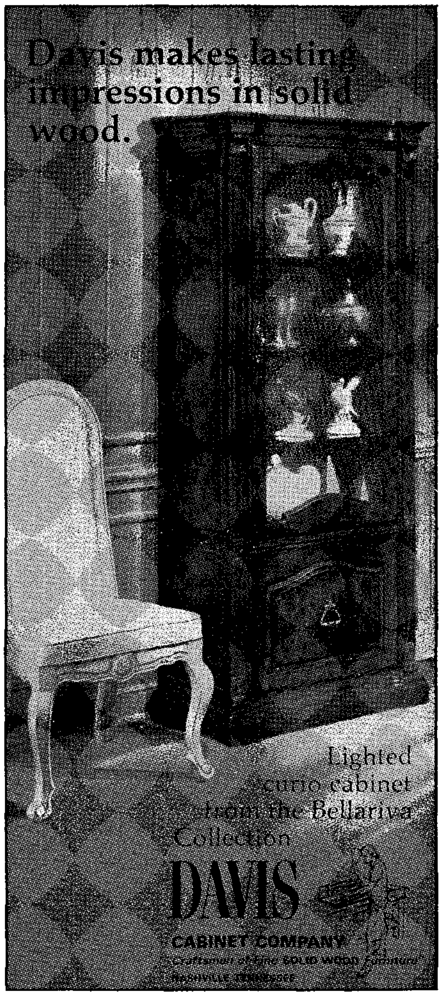
portant decisions in the I.M.F. are taken by weighted vote; it is economic muscle that counts, and in the end, despite the organization's democratic apparatus, the Group of Ten decides while the small countries watch. The governor for Algeria spoke of "the unjust situation of which our countries are victims," and the governor for Trinidad and Tobago spoke of "those of us who now sit on the sidelines and watch with concern the power play in force between the developed countries," while the governor for Tanzania—Amir Jamal, a jovial, witty fellow in corridor conversations—asked his fellow-governors ruefully, "Well, what is one supposed to be able to do here at all?" The big powers' answer to his question was implied in the conduct of Secretary Connally, who sat in his place at the head of the United States delegation during the speeches by representatives of the major nations but was absent during those coming from such nations as New Zealand, Israel, Algeria, Trinidad and Tobago, and Tanzania. A curious sidelight is that in spite of the presence at the meeting of a delegation representing South Vietnam, and in spite of the fact that the Vietnam war is a major cause of the dollar crisis that the meeting was about, the Vietnam war was not mentioned in a single speech.

All the while, however, the governors were biting the bullet and resolutely following Schweitzer's advice to get on with the building of a new international system before the monetary world should come apart entirely. Aside from temporary considerations, like the import surcharge and the matter of United States devaluation, the problem was clear: It was agreed that gold as a basis for money was obsolete and regressive, and that the dollar was a fallen sun, but no other national currency was reliable enough to be considered as a successor. What then? Diamonds? Some other durable metal (like tin, as Tan Siew Sin, the governor for tin-producing Malaysia, shyly suggested)? Rejecting such ideas as impractical, the governors for the great powers turned more and more, as the meeting progressed, to an existing facility of the I.M.F. called Special Drawing Rights, or S.D.R.s.

S.D.R.s had existed for less than two years, and, by an odd irony, had come into being in response to a problem that was essentially the opposite of the present one. In April, 1968, two weeks after the end of a dollar-gold crisis at whose height the United States had been losing gold at a rate of more than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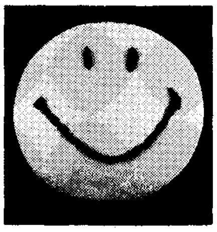

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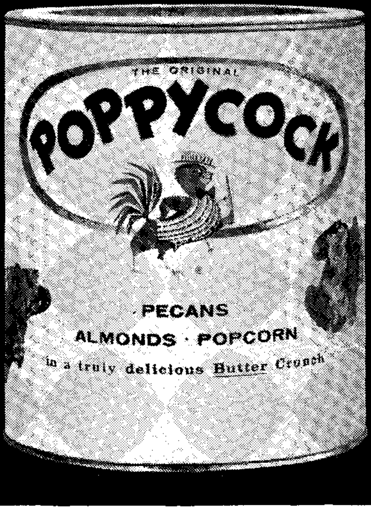

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a million dollars every four minutes, the Group of Ten, realizing that one source of the trouble was a shortage of money to finance trade, had decided to create a supplement to existing reserve assets which would be periodically allocated to members of the I.M.F. in amounts proportionate to their subscriptions to the Fund, and would, it was hoped, be used freely and trusted just as if it were gold. The notion was to create a trading unit worth one dollar—not even a piece of paper, like a banknote, but merely an entry in the I.M.F.'s books—that, through the alchemy of mutual confidence, would for all practical purposes *become* gold because the members agreed to consider it so. In the early discussions, it had been suggested that the new unit be called a "drawing unit reserve asset," so that it could be reduced to the comforting acronym DURA, but that proposal had been rejected, and the less imaginative term S.D.R. agreed upon, while the far from reassuring phrase "paper gold" became the common nickname for S.D.R.s. Whatever its nomenclatural handicap, the S.D.R. system was ratified by the I.M.F. member nations, and the first allocation of S.D.R.s was made on January 1, 1970. Over the following twenty months, about six billion three hundred million dollars in S.D.R.s was allocated to a hundred and nine I.M.F. members, and in no case were the units dishonored by being treated as anything less than pure gold.

In 1968, the problem had been lack of liquidity. Now it was just the reverse—the world was not merely liquid but awash with unwanted dollars. The governors nevertheless seized on this phantom currency that had been helpful in the old situation to deal with the new one. S.D.R.s were already "in place" and functioning. Why not make *them* the basis of the world's money? On Tuesday, September 28th, the second day of the formal meeting, Britain's governor, Mr. Barber, presented a detailed plan whereby the S.D.R.s, or somewhat modified S.D.R.s, would become not a mere supplement to other reserves but the key reserve, the main asset in which countries would hold their money, and, in addition, would replace the dollar as the *numéraire* for all national currencies; thus an adequate supply of world money could be created at will by the I.M.F.; thus liquidity would be assured without the danger of relying on one country's international deficit. A dollar would be just another white chip. Like most good ideas, it was both a daring

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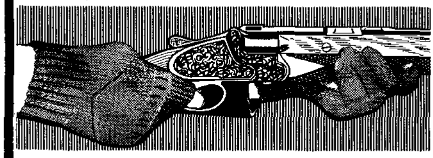

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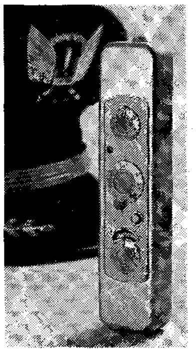

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and an obvious one. Later that day, it was seconded in general terms, though not in all particulars, by Italy, Japan, and Canada, and even by traditionally gold-loving France.

That evening, there was an air in the Sheraton-Park corridors of shared experience, of excitement at history-making creativity; at the heart of all the talk was the uninspiring expression "S.D.R.s." There was even talk, more or less serious, of valuing gold itself in terms of paper gold, instead of vice versa. But on Wednesday came a letdown. The governor for Australia pointed out in his speech that S.D.R.s, like any other reserve asset, could be discredited by overuse—a point that many of the participants had appeared to overlook in their euphoria of the previous evening. And several underdeveloped countries pointed out that in proposing S.D.R.s as the new main reserve asset the great powers were seeking, in effect, to introduce into the game new blue chips of which they, because of their larger I.M.F. subscriptions, would issue themselves far more than they would anyone else. The solution some of the underdeveloped countries proposed was that allocation of S.D.R.s be determined in the future in part by the amount of a nation's aid to poorer nations—a suggestion that was not picked up by any of the great powers.

Everyone waited to hear from the proprietor of the old *numéraire*, the United States, and on Thursday morning Mr. Connally made his reappearance. His address, the emphasis of which seemed to be largely on economic advantage-seeking rather than on system-building, put a damper on the meeting's spirit of hope and enthusiasm. The United States, he said, would remove the import surcharge when other countries dismantled their own trade barriers and let their currencies float freely upward against the dollar without intervention. On United States devaluation he was coy, saying that "a change in the gold price is of no economic significance and would be patently a retrogressive step in terms of our objective to reduce, if not eliminate, the role of gold in any new monetary system," but he did not entirely rule out such a move. He accepted, by implication, a smaller role for the dollar, but, unlike all the other governors for large trading nations, he didn't mention S.D.R.s at all.

The meeting nonetheless ended on Friday with an apparent consensus that a good start had been made, and that S.D.R.s represented a sort of last, best

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hope for the restoration of monetary order. A vaguely worded resolution, adopted unanimously on Friday morning, called on the I.M.F.'s executive directors "to make reports to the board of governors without delay on the measures that are necessary or desirable for the improvement or reform of the international monetary system . . . including the role of reserve currencies, gold, and Special Drawing Rights." The executives would go home and make their reports, and, barring some unforeseeable shift of opinion, when the Group of Ten meets for its next formal negotiating session, in November, S.D.R.s will occupy the center of the stage.

The problems of the I.M.F.'s fallen idol, the dollar, and its scapegrace member, the United States, were not solved, and neither were the questions of the import surcharge and United States devaluation. But it did appear more likely than it had that, for the first time ever, the nations of the world would eventually find themselves trading under a system based essentially on mutual trust rather than on a scarce metal. That likelihood has ironies of its own. At Bretton Woods in 1944, Keynes had backed—and the United States had vetoed—the creation of an arbitrary reserve unit very much like the S.D.R., to be called the "bancor" (literally, "bank gold"). As for the S.D.R.s themselves, although they cannot normally be exchanged by their holders for gold, they are officially valued in gold: .888671 gram per S.D.R. Moreover, a little-noted section of the I.M.F.'s Articles of Agreement states that in case a member nation withdraws from the organization while holding S.D.R.s, redemption of the S.D.R.s "shall be made with currency or gold." Even in the new poker game, then, the old, presumably obsolete blue chip will have its possibly sinister place in each player's pile. —JOHN BROOKS

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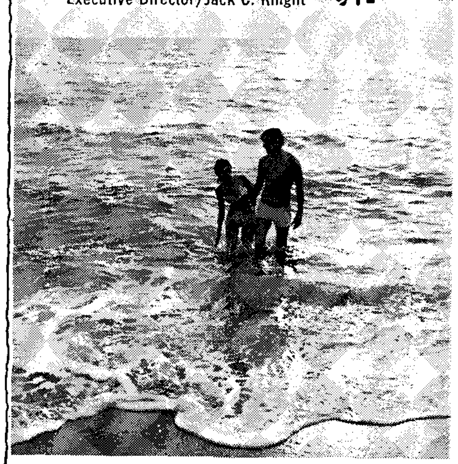

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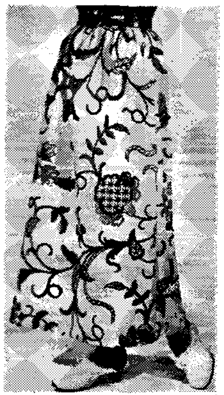

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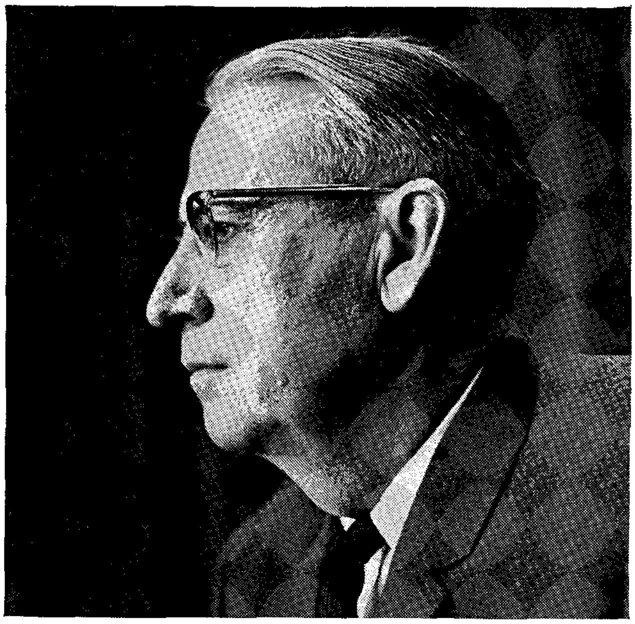
For complete information on MESBIC sponsorship, write to: A. S. Venable, Director, Office of Minority Business Enterprise, United States Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C. 20230.

James M. Roche, Chairman of the Board, General Motors Corporation



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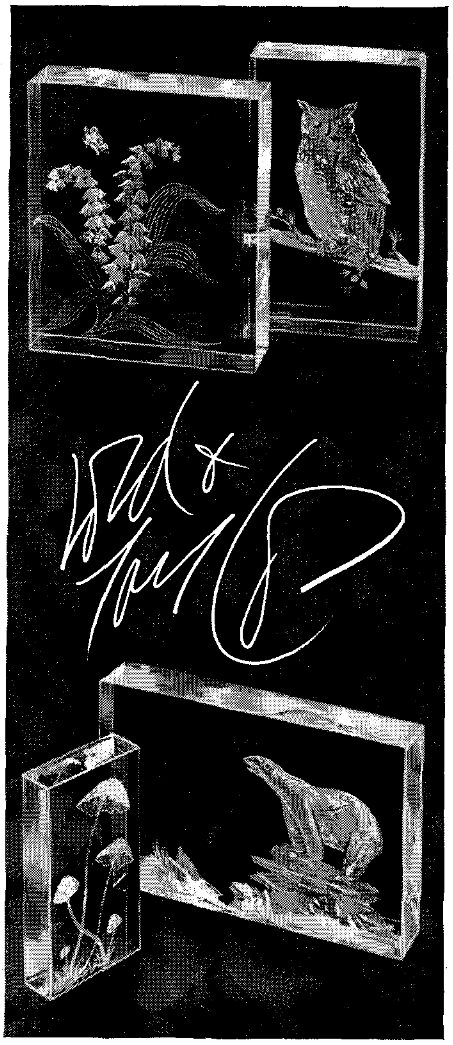

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

PRANK and wordplay are what one expects of our English-speaking cousins across the water, and prank and wordplay acquire especially comforting soft edges when they are proffered in a Dublin accent. Here, now, is Donald Davies, of that celebrated fair city, and domiciled at 19 East 57th Street for the purpose of purveying to us fabrics and clothes from Enniskerry. There is only one Enniskerry, and it is in County Wicklow, close enough to Dublin and far enough from Cork for the accent to be soft. And soft it must be when the topic is its favorite weaving, called—not to dawdle about coming to the point of all this—Wool o' the Wisp. The firm of Davies has been long enough on this earth to know what it is doing, and what it is doing at this instant is bread-and-butter sorts of shirtdresses made of W. o' the W., in plaids, checks, stripes, solid hues. A mingling of sky blue and emerald, or of wisteria and moss green, is fetching indeed. All the dresses are nipped in by sashes of the stuff, and the below-knee ones are around $60, the ankle ones are $90. There are, to the surprise of no one who knows Davies, other goods in the curriculum here, for this is not a firm to put all eggs in one basket; the shirtdresses, though, are the tops.

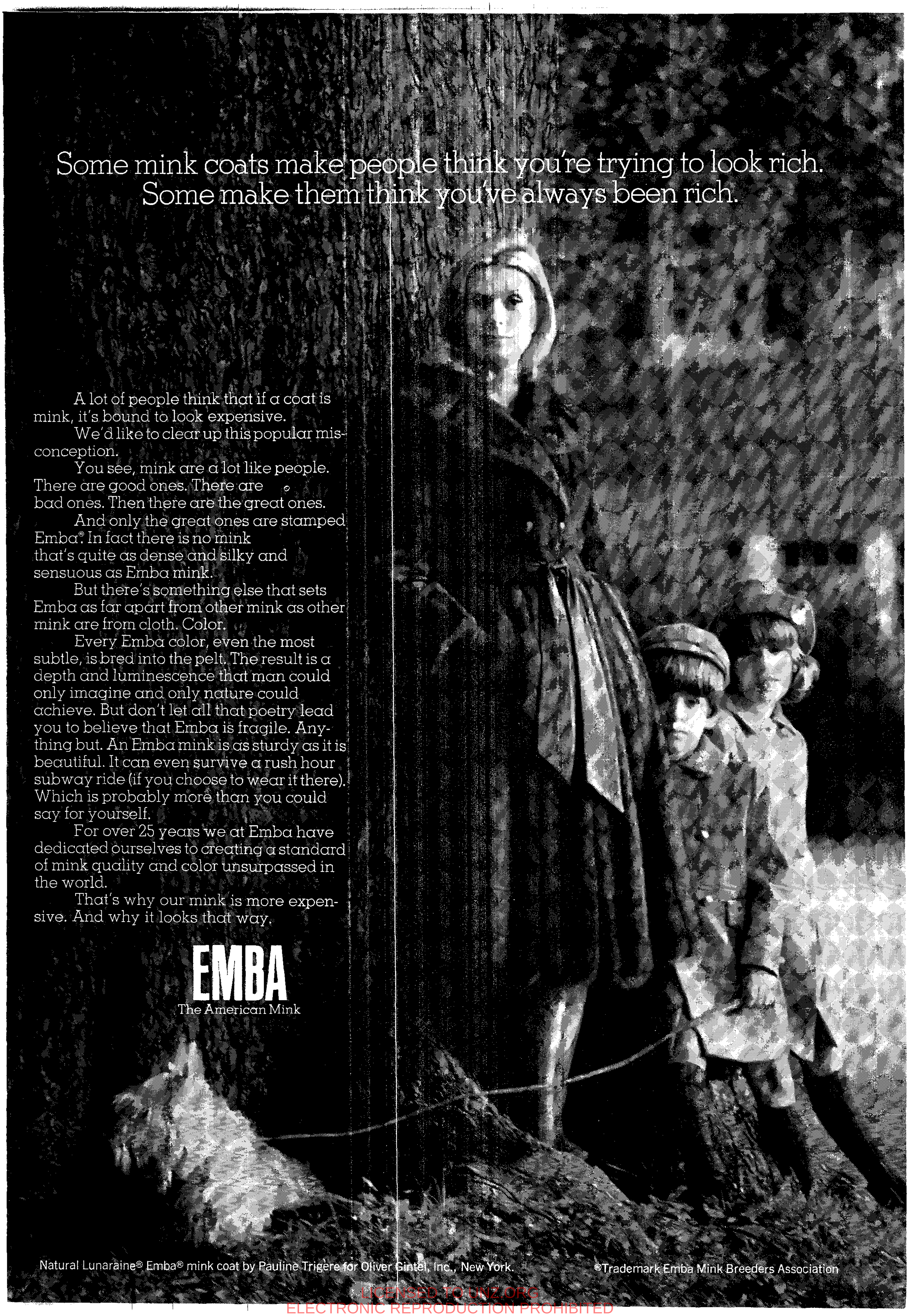
Another new arrival is Jaeger, which has been living in regal splendor in midtown London for most of a century. Jaeger wools have been worn in this country for almost as long, but not until now has the firm itself ventured in. Its local habitat is 818 Madison Avenue (68th Street), and, naturally, all the renowned Jaeger sweaters are there, in wool or cashmere, and with turtle or crew necks. And there are rather military single-breasted coats (epaulettes, and vents almost to the waist), and double-breasted peajackets, and straight-legged trousers, and jumper dresses whose belts rise precipitately in front and then slough off to the rear, where they end up in a buckle. A mixture of wool and natural camel's hair, and all with welt seaming.

The first hotel to be built here in some time is the Hotel Espionage, on the second floor of Bloomingdale's, and anyone who registers can guess what she is going to get—Mata Hari trenchcoats, for one thing, of black or paprika wool gabardine, and Sherlock Holmes capes of black wool knit, for another thing. Great for travelling incognito, because of course nobody shrouded to the eyes in one of these items would attract any attention aboard a Metroliner on the way to an embassy ball in Washington. At the ball, the cape would be doffed to reveal a décolleté gown of crushed panne velvet (synthetic velvet, alas, like the life that nowadays is to be led *in* it). The gown is only $50—cheap as can be at the going rate of pay for spies. Spies who wish to identify their occupation wholeheartedly are invited to add a fedora with a come-hither veil or a cavalier hat with a cascade of plumes that look very ostrich.

Likewise new in our insular lives is the boutique that Lederer de Paris has put together at 711 Fifth Avenue (55th Street). French or Italian is the native language of just about everything in the new house, and brown suède whose ornamentation is widely spaced seaming, both horizontal and vertical, is the basis of the definitely countryside separates—fitted sleeveless coats that can do double duty as coat-dresses, as well as jackets, vests, short overalls, and tunics. The countryside becomes a Gold Rush dance hall when one contemplates the slashed skirts that are studded with vast silver-metal nailheads and the skirts that are not only slightly slit up top but end in a huge open latticework at a hem that is a long distance above the dance floor. Body stockings or pantyhose are mandatory for these.

Another newcomer is La Tienda, now settled in at 251 East 52nd Street, and Spanish is the language here, for the entire wardrobe on hand is Colombian. Colombia, like Spanish, can be colorful; hot pink or red is the hue of the herringbone wool skirts, and a set of many-tinted stripes parade around them just above the slightly scalloped hems, which are *mini*, *midi*, *maxi*; *veni*, *vidi*, and you will be *vinci*. Other maxis, of crocheted black wool, bear a border of contrasting stripes. A sort of Colombian caftan, hand-loomed and in a mingling of cotton and rayon, is completely striped, dully or glitteringly.

SO what else is new? Well, nothing else new in shops, but there's a deal of new stuff in emporiums that have been around for some time. May we begin with Bedlam, at 1338 Third



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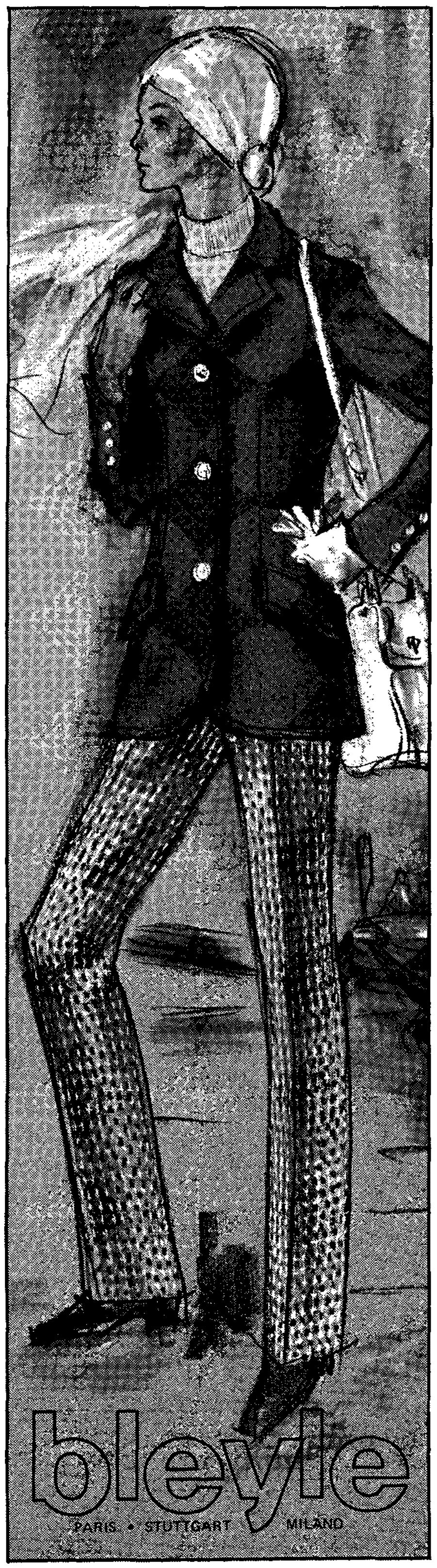

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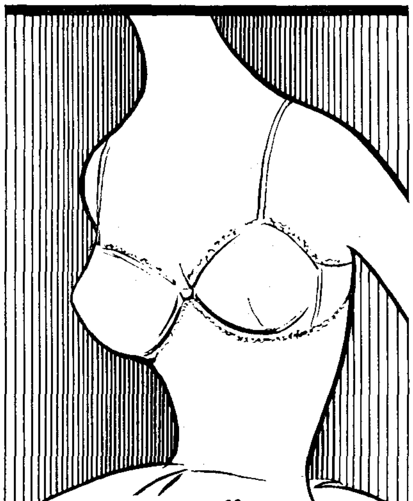
Avenue (77th Street)? Turkey is home base for a set of down-to-your-boot-tops coats of shearling. The outer side, the smooth one, of the shearling is a picture gallery—"hand-painted," as people like to say, to produce brilliant blossoms, or black-and-white American Indian topics, or primitive-looking masks. Suave, sizes 6 to 14, and $300. Halston, a designer of repute, has done a bunch of sleeveless pullovers in black wool-and-angora knit to be worn under blazers. The décor is unruly yellow-and-red tie-dyed sunbursts on the bosoms. The pullovers are just $28, and within touching distance of this price are Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's long-sleeved, scoop-neck sweaters (rust and white American Indian insignia) and long skirts (white bulls), all of sage-green acrylic knit.

Speaking of blazers, there is an assemblage of them in the shop called Irene Allen, at 150 East 54th Street, and entertaining and pretty they are—of black or white cotton velveteen (the print is red birds of paradise and turquoise flowers) or of glazed chintz (peach and gray ferns, green leaves). "Blazers for boys" was the old cry, but they were long ago liberated for womankind, and so were middy blouses, of which a collection of both British and American examples, looking completely correct in detail to this correspondent, is on hand here. Lots of other things, too—all the way from trousers of cotton velveteen to evening dresses of ersatz jersey in conspicuous colors and patterns. Nothing in this enterprise is really expensive.

Ilka Suarez, at 237 East 60th Street, admires hand-loomed knits, such as wool-and-rayon turtleneck sweaters in amethyst, wool-and-orlon square-neck vests in rust-and-beige (with a pride of lions on the bosom), and gored gray skirts slit well up in front. A set amounts to $180. Or, companion pieces of wool-and-rayon in parrot hues—green turtleneck sweaters and scarlet skirts.

Altman's Inner Circle has acquired what Bill Tice, the responsible party, calls "at-home robes for a leisurely life," which may make you think of old Cary Grant movies, and the captions on the material that one of them is built of, such as "roses are red," "I'm looking over a four-leaf clover," and "tiptoe through the tulips," may trouble your dreams. But those who read as they walk could be entertained, and so was I, by this item, which can only be called a dress, not a robe. It's of off-white wool jersey, on which the citations I have just enumerated appear in



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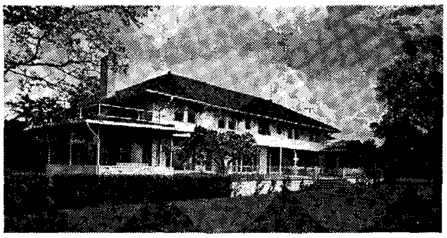

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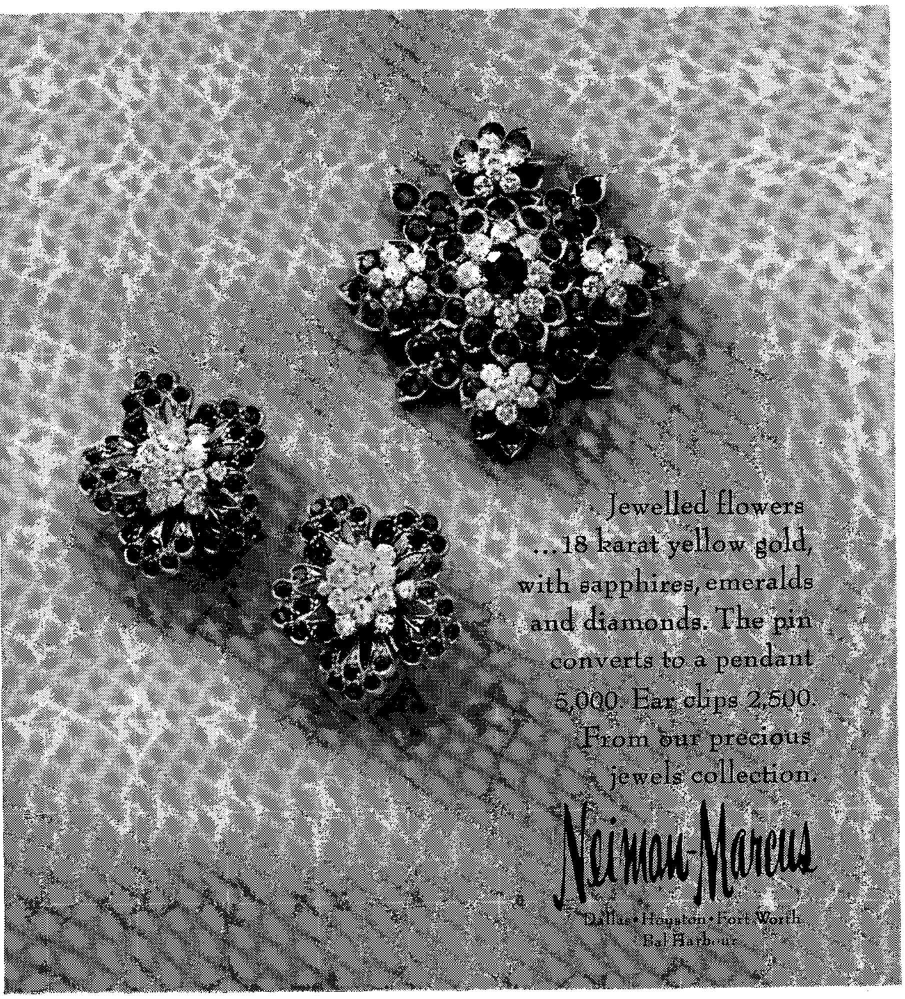
horizontal stripes. This one ripples all the way to the ankles, and I really liked it. Inescapably, the print includes the flowers of the citations. There is country stuff, too—robes of a synthetic knit (half beet red, half paprika) and jump suits of black challis whose trousers wear a perpetual crease. Riding jackets of hunter's-green cotton velvet are paired with shirts of eggshell crêpe and pleated skirts of tartan wool. And there are Proustian evening dresses of black acetate taffeta on which fine stripes in candy colors appear. The ruffles at the neckline and around the waist look for all the world like jackets.

Boutiques of every sort hem in the second-floor plaza at Bonwit Teller. Andrew Geller's cubbyhole, which is one of them, deals in walking shoes of navy suède mounted on short extension soles. The Hermès boutique deals in chunky saddle oxfords, which are of tan or red suède outlined by white stitching, and in further oxfords of brown suède with wing tips of kid. In the Galleria, another boutique, there are what look like (and are) modifications of Fred Astaire's dancing shoes, combining navy and red suède with shirred non-Astaire straps over the insteps. Just right for pants suits. Potpourri, another boutique, houses two more designers: Julianelli is represented by gillies of gray suède that have pinpoint perforations underlaid with patent leather; Rinaldi is represented by moccasins of eggplant calfskin that come well up over the foot. Ankle straps, by the way, show up on *every*thing, but they look best at the cocktail session and for the evening. The last of the boutiques, David's Atelier, uses them in double formation on closed-toe, open-back sandals of black, champagne, or white satin, and adds two-inch heels.

And there are more shoes at what is succinctly titled Belgian Shoes, at 60 East 56th Street—nearly weightless moccasins of patent leather trimmed with miniature bows of calf at the throat. Treatment of this kind should keep us all from having throat trouble this winter. Sometimes the leather is engraved with a python-skin pattern. These things are all $35, but if you must have French lizard, you wait four weeks and pay $85. There are handbags here to boot (sorry!)—expandable pouches of plain or crushed make-believe patent leather with four pockets and slung on adjustable gold-metal chains. They come to $37.50, which, for a bag ten inches long and seven inches high and as well done as this, is Christmas way ahead of schedule.

—M. M.



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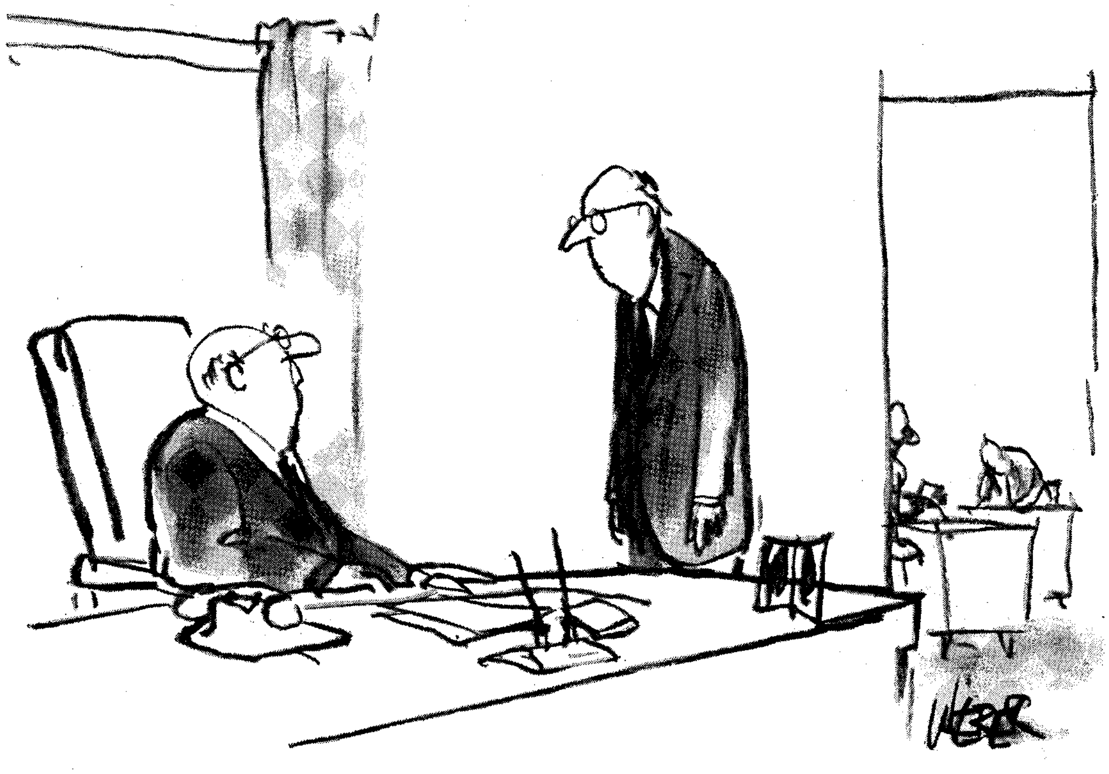
Louis Malle's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog

“Murmur of the Heart” is mellow and smooth, like a fine old jazz record, but when it's over it has the kick of a mule—a *funny* kick, which sends you out doubled over grinning. Assured and unflamboyant in technique, it is yet an exhilarating film—an irresistible film, one might say if one had not heard word of some resistance, especially by the jury at Cannes, which chose to ignore it, managing even to pass over Lea Massari's full-scale portrait of the carelessly sensual mother of a bourgeois brood of sons in favor of Kitty Winn's drab, meagre-spirited performance in “The Panic in Needle Park.” Massari's Clara is a woman without discretion or calculation; she's shamelessly loose and free, and she's loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. What makes this movie so different from other movies about bourgeois life is that the director, Louis Malle, sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. He looks at this bourgeois bestiary and sees it as funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. It is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie *enjoying* its privileges.

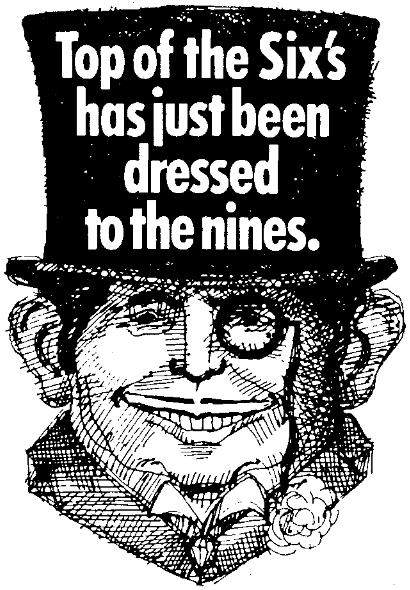
From the way Malle observes the sex education of the youngest, brightest son of the family, fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), one knows that the movie is a portrait of the artist as a young dog. It comes after a succession of Malle films, but in its subject, and in the originality and the special surefootedness that the director (who also wrote the script) brings to the material, it is, clearly, the obligatory first film. The picture is set in Dijon—also the setting for Malle's “The Lovers”—in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu (which must have been only a few years after the director's schoolboy days), and before the children of the bourgeoisie became radicalized. Though the film itself reveals the sources of Malle's humor, this story probably wouldn't have been nearly so funny or, perhaps, so affectionate if Malle had told it fifteen years ago. It is a film by someone who doesn't have to simplify in order to take a stand, who no longer needs to rebel; he has come a distance, and the story is additionally distanced by the changes in French student life that Godard recorded in “Masculine Feminine” and “La Chinoise.” In 1954, the sons of the successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and the Italian-born Clara could still enjoy their wealth as their due. Seen with the vivacity of fresh intelligence, they're a family of monsters, all right, but normal monsters—no more monstrous than other close-knit families—and they're happy hypocrites.

I'm not sure how the picture was sustained and brought off so that we see the stuffiness and snobbery of the privileged class on the outside and the energetic amorality underneath, but the story moves toward its supremely logical yet witty and imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. Advance word had suggested that the picture was a serious, shocking view of incest, but the only shock is the joke that, for all the repressions these bourgeois practice and the conventions they pretend to believe in, they are such amoral, instinct-satisfying creatures that incest doesn't mean any more to them than to healthy animals. The shock is that in this context incest *isn't* serious—and that, I guess, may really upset some people, so they won't be able to laugh.

I can't remember another movie in which family life and adolescence have been used for such high comedy. The details are as singular, as deeply rooted in the period and the place, as the details in Truffaut's “The 400 Blows,” and the picture has that kind of candor. But no one in the film requires sympathy. Malle's approach has some of Buñuel's supple objectivity and aberrant humor. Malle satirizes the family from inside as Buñuel satirizes Catholicism from inside. The boys casually loot their own home, turn the dining room into a tennis court with a ball of spinach. Members of the family tease and squabble, but they enjoy the squabbling, because it is part of their intimacy and their security. Home is chaos; the three boys are not subdued even when there are guests. The vinegar-face father, severe and disgusted, though in a sort of ineffectual, ritualistic way, is tolerant—perhaps even, like the old family servant, proud that his boys are such irresponsible, uncontrollable *boys*. They're expensive pets, expected to commit outrages, and also expected to shape up eventually. In a poor environment, the boys would be brats, or even punks and delinquents; here they're the young masters. Papa's distaste is amusing, and the boys goad him; the grumblings of a put-upon father are a reassuring sound. And when you're furi-



“Pleasant news, Dickerson. From now on it won't be necessary to wear a necktie. I'm moving you over to the creative department.”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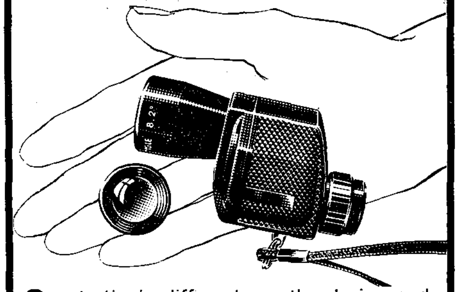

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ous with a brother, he's still a brother, and you have the pride and safety in that that you can never feel when you quarrel with those outside the family. This movie catches the way people care about each other in a family, and the feeling of a household in which there's no discipline. Which I think is probably generally the case but is something that movies like to lie about. The mixture of contempt and affection that the boys feel toward the old servant is so accurate—even if one has never been near a fuddy-duddy family retainer—that it sweeps away all those false, properly respected movie servants.

The only quality common to the films of Louis Malle is the restless intelligence one senses in them, and it must be this very quality that has led Malle to try such different subjects and styles. A new Chabrol or a Losey is as easily recognizable as a Magritte, but even film enthusiasts have only a vague idea of Malle's work. Had Malle gone on making variations of almost any one of his films, it is practically certain he would have been acclaimed long ago, but a director who is impatient and dissatisfied and never tackles the same problem twice gives reviewers trouble and is likely to be dismissed as a dilettante. Malle, though he is still under forty, predates the New Wave, and has made amazingly good films in several styles. Born in 1932, he was co-director with Cousteau of "The Silent World," then assistant to Bresson on "A Man Escaped," and then, in 1957, at twenty-five, he made his first film, the ingenious, slippery thriller "Lift to the Scaffold" (also called "Frantic"), with Maurice Ronet and Jeanne Moreau, and a Miles Davis score. The following year, he had his biggest American success—"The Lovers," with its flowing rhythms and its Brahms, the message of woman's desire for sexual fulfillment and the wind rippling through Moreau's white chiffon. It was facile movie-poetry but erotic and beautifully made. In 1960, he did a flipover to "Zazie dans le Métro," from the Queneau novel—a fiendishly inventive slapstick comedy about a foulmouthed little girl, which was too fast and too freakish for American tastes, so that Americans did not credit Malle with the innovative editing, and later gave the credit instead to Tony Richardson's "Tom Jones" and to Richard Lester and others. "Zazie," a comedy that owed a debt to Tati but carried Tati's dry, quick style to nightmarish anxiety, included satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and "The Lovers." After the wild "Zazie" came "Vie

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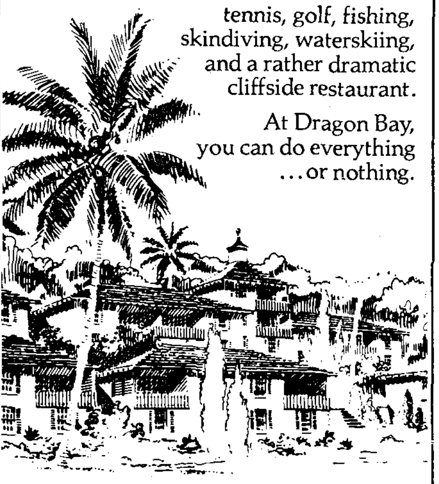

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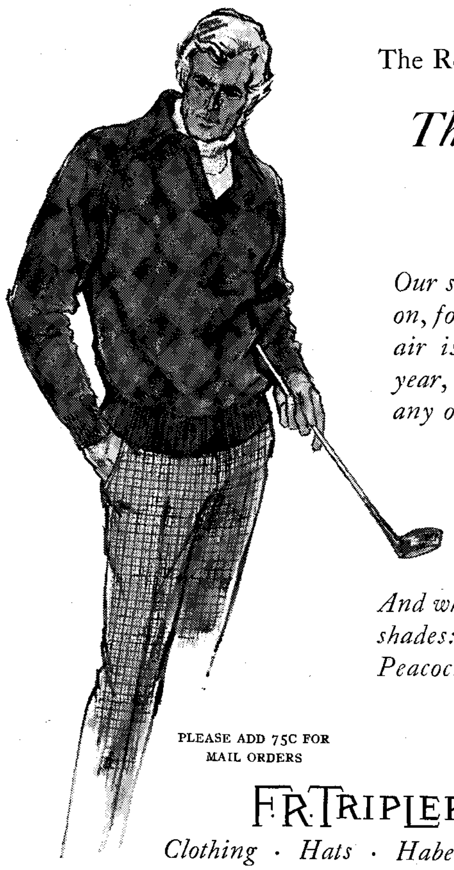
Privée," with Brigitte Bardot and about her life as a sex-symbol star. "Le Feu Follet," in 1963, the film that first convinced me that Malle was a superb director, shows the influence of Bresson but is without the inhuman pride that I think poisons so much of Bresson's later work. "Le Feu Follet" (sometimes called "The Fire Within") has been seen by few people in this country. It received some generous reviews (especially in this magazine), and no one appears to be very clear about the reasons for its commercial failure—whether it got snarled in distribution problems or whether the film was simply "not commercial" in American terms. An elegy for a wasted life, adapted by Malle from a thirties novel, it dealt with the forty-eight hours before the suicide of a dissolute playboy (Maurice Ronet again) who, at thirty, has outlived his boyish charm and his social credit. It is a study of despair with no possibility of relief; the man has used up his slim resources and knows it. He does not want to live as what he has become; his taste is too good. It was directed in a clean, deliberate style, with a lone piano playing Satie in the background. Genêt wrote of the director, "He has effected something phenomenal this time, having turned literature into film, photographed the meaning of an unsubstantial, touching, and rather famous book, and given its tragic intention a clarity it never achieved in print." And Brendan Gill said, "Between them, Malle and Ronet have composed a work as small and vast, as affecting, and, I think, as permanent as Fitzgerald's 'Babylon Revisited.' " It was a masterly film, and it seemed almost inconceivable that a director still so young could produce a work about such anguish with such control. "Le Feu Follet" should have made Malle's reputation here—in the way that "L'Avventura" made Antonioni's. After that painful, claustrophobic film, Malle did another flip, to the outdoors and the New World—to the frivolous, picaresque "Viva Maria!," set in the Latin America of La Belle Epoque, with Moreau and Bardot. At the opening, the child who will become Bardot helps her imperialist-hating father dynamite a British fortress in Ireland, and the contrast between the father's act and the child's blooming, innocent happiness as she plays in the fields planting explosives is rapturously comic. "Viva Maria!" was lavish and visually beautiful, but the subsequent bombings and shootings weren't so funny; the central conceit involved in the pairing of Bardot and Moreau



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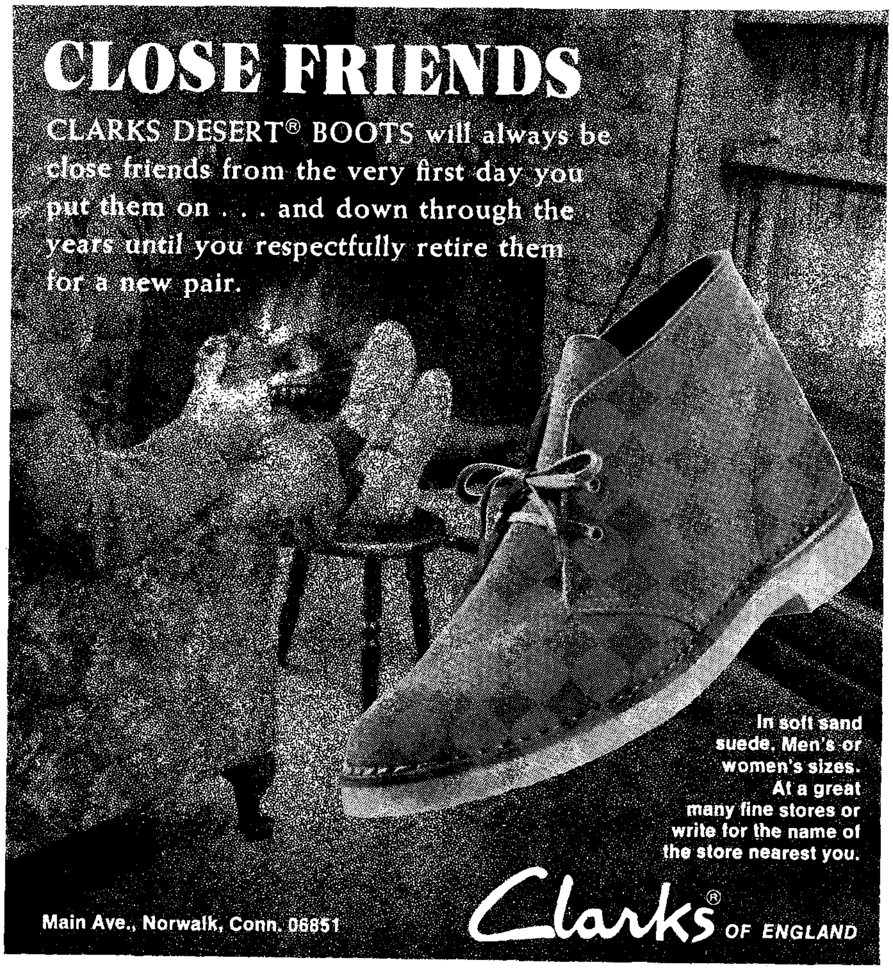
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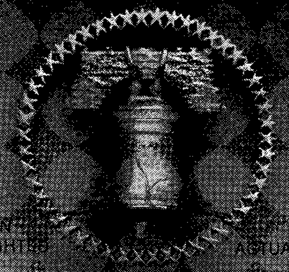

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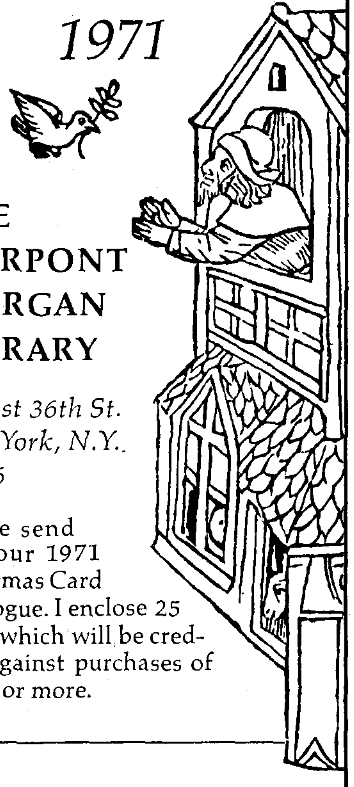

didn't work out, so the slapstick facetiousness was just left there, with nothing under it. But Bardot—not because of any *acting*—has never been more enchanting than in parts of this movie. When Malle put her into boys' clothes, with a cap and a smudge on her cheek, she was a tomboy looking for fun: Zazie grown up but still polymorphously amoral. After "The Thief of Paris," with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Malle went to India, where he shot documentaries, the most famous of which, "Calcutta," has never opened in New York.

The director travelled a long road before looking into his own back yard; now, when he goes back to it in "Murmur of the Heart," we can see in that gleeful, chaotic household the origins of the radiant prankishness of "Zazie" and "Viva Maria!" and of those riffs that don't stop for breath, and we can see the sources of the studied, overblown romanticism of "The Lovers," and also of the caustic view of romanticism in the great "Le Feu Follet." I don't think "Murmur of the Heart" is a greater film than "Le Feu Follet," but in excluding all joy that film was a very special sort of film: getting so far inside a suicide's attitude toward himself can really wipe viewers out. This is a joyous and accessible work, and so the anguish of "Le Feu Follet" begins to seem youthful—like an early spiritual crisis that has been resolved. Although "Murmur of the Heart" is obviously semi-autobiographical, it's a movie not about how one has been scarred but about how one was formed. You can see that Malle is off the hook by the justice he does to the other characters. (The only character that seems to me a failure and no more than a stereotype is the lecherous priest, played by Michel Lonsdale.)

Lea Massari (she was the girl who disappeared in "L'Avventura") has, as Clara, the background of a libertarian father—reminiscent of Bardot's background in "Viva Maria!" Clara says she grew up "like a savage," and when she smiles her irregular teeth show her to be a spiritual relative of the impudent Zazie. Malle's films have swung back and forth between the eroticism of the Moreau characters and the anarchic, childish humor of the Zazies; Massari's ravishing Clara combines them. Her relaxed sensuality is the essence of impropriety. There is a moment when Clara, who has blithely remarked to her sons as they watch her changing clothes, "I simply have no modesty," catches Laurent peeping at her in her bath. She instinctively slaps him; he is deeply offended, and she apologizes and says he should have

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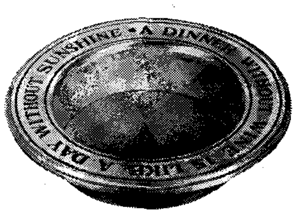

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slapped her back. This many-layered confusion of principle and hypocrisy and instinct and injustice is one of the rare occasions when a movie has shown how knotted the ties of family life really are for most of us. Clara comes alive because of that freak bit of Zazie in her; she will never grow up and become the mature mother of simplified fiction. She is not one of those Fay Bainter mothers, born at forty full of wisdom and christened "Mother."

As for Laurent—or Renzino, as Clara calls him—Benoit Ferreux probably is only about fourteen, but, without being fey, he looks enough like the Lauren Bacall of an earlier era to hold the camera in a vise, and he appears to have an impeccable sense of what's wanted. You're never quite sure how you feel about Laurent. His musical tastes—Charlie Parker and the other jazz greats we hear on the track—are irreproachable, and, in their irreproachability, marks of fashion and caste. He's extraordinarily clever, but he's also an arrogant, precocious little snot who thinks that people were put in the world to serve him; he despises a snob Fascist boy because the boob hasn't mastered the right tone—the acceptable amount of snobbery. The movie is about the childhood and growing into manhood of those who are pampered from birth, and at every step it shows what they take for granted. It defines the ways in which the rich are not like you and me, and the ways in which they are. Malle resembles Fitzgerald, but a Fitzgerald with a vision formed from the inside, and with the intelligence for perspective. His is a deeply realistic comic view—free of Fitzgerald's romantic ruined dreams. In pulling his different styles together in "Murmur of the Heart," Malle finds a new ripe vein of comedy: believable comedy; that is to say, life seen in its comic aspects. There's a sequence in which smart Laurent outsmarts himself: he attempts to disrupt a meeting that his mother is having with her lover, and his intrusion results in her going off with the lover for a few days. When it comes to family ties and basic affections and how to lose one's virginity, even the smart and the dumb aren't so very far apart.

THE Russian film "The Début," about a plain girl who is desperately determined to become an actress and is selected to star in a movie about Joan of Arc, is pleasant, though not a complete success. The script doesn't go far enough in developing the possibilities we see in the girl. As Inna Churikova plays Pasha, who is as intense when she

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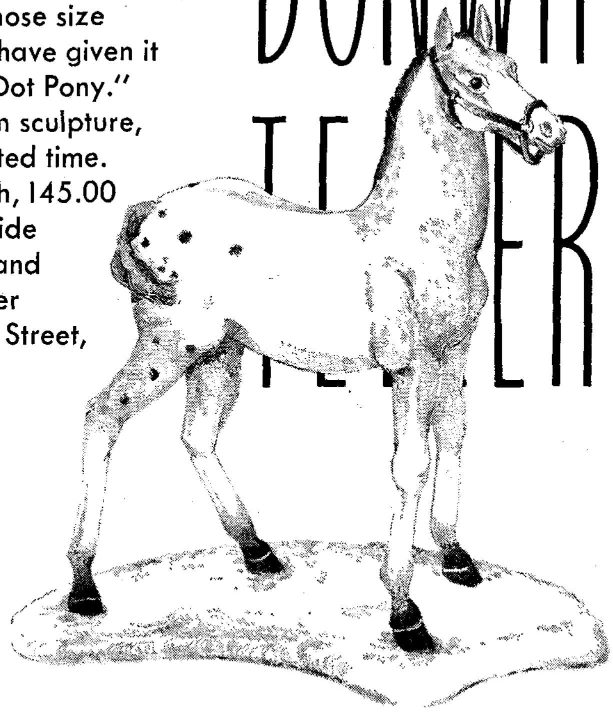

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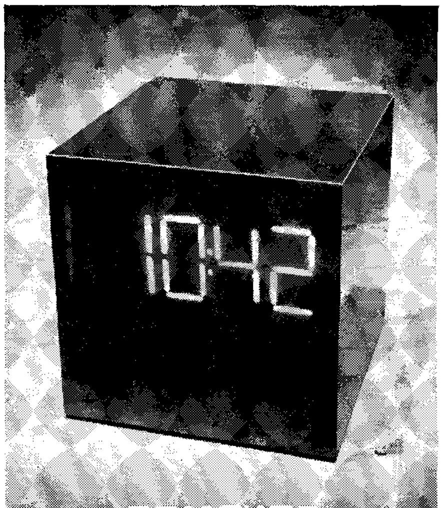

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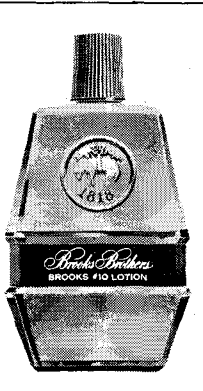
goes after a man as she is about having a career, Pasha is the stuff actresses are made of—actresses like Helen Hayes and Julie Harris, who are transformed onstage, some by will and energy, others by will and talent. But, as the story turns out, she isn't *meant* to be a girl who becomes that appealing-mouse kind of actress—she's meant to be a sad-sack factory girl deluded about her talent. The story declines into implausible, none too lucid ironies—contrasts between Pasha's love life and Joan of Arc's suffering—and then into the bewildering notion that Pasha can't get work after her starring role. What happened? Was the film a success or a failure? In the clips from "Joan of Arc" that are intercut, Pasha is a spellbinder; we can't believe that nothing results from her performance. The sequence of events doesn't add up right, and at the end the audience is left to invent explanations for the confusion. But the picture (which is of some mild sociological interest, in the views of living arrangements, clothing, makeup, and so on) is worth seeing as a showcase for Inna Churikova. Pasha's face tells you everything and yet is totally, mysteriously closed, and her toothy, gummy smile is peculiarly mirthless. She's rather an awful girl, and you don't want to take your eyes off her. In one sequence, at a dance, Pasha stands among the girls waiting for partners; although her feet are still, her head and shoulders are already dancing in anticipation, and her yearning grace makes this scene perhaps the best of its kind since Katharine Hepburn in her organdie sat eager and desperate at the party in "Alice Adams," trying to get rid of her wilted violets. That's probably enough reason to see "The Début," though the picture, directed by Gleb Panfilov in rather grayish black-and-white, is padded out with so much of the "Joan of Arc" spectacle that you may begin to wonder if it wasn't concocted to use the footage of a misbegotten epic.

"T. R. Baskin" is ludicrously bad, and since the fault starts with the preposterously literary, essentially idiotic script, the first questions that come to mind are: Did anybody read it? How could it possibly have been produced—and in the glossy, impersonal style of a handsome budget? Since the writer was also the producer, I doubt if there was anything the director, Herbert Ross, could have done that would have made a measurable difference, though he certainly isn't given much help by its star, that toothpaste-goddess Candice Bergen, in



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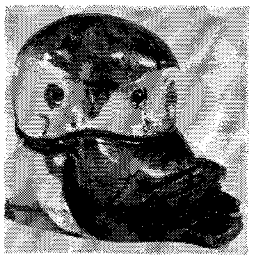

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clothes by Sacher-Masoch, playing a misunderstood girl.

The movie is about depersonalization—women's department, this time. (I should hate to think that some women might take this film for an *advance.*) T. R. Baskin (Miss Bergen) leaves her family, in a small town in Ohio, and moves to Chicago, where she gets a typing job in a giant corporation and encounters dimwitted human robots and rich reactionary creeps. The howler is that Miss Bergen (she is no actress and T. R. Baskin is not a character anyway, so let's drop the fiction) spouts—and that is how she delivers her lines, pell-mell, as if vastly pleased that she remembered them—a fully articulated women's-liberation position. And since (except for a one-night stand with a publisher, played by James Caan) she has no contact with anyone who thinks as she does, or thinks at all, she appears to be alienated not because of the quality of urban life but because she is so much smarter and more liberal than anyone else. She appears to be alienated because she's a liberal and a women's-liberationist in a world with no others. You keep thinking, If she could just get away from those dumb girls at the office (doing jobs that one suspects have actually been taken over by computers) and get a job on a newspaper or at a college, or latch onto a women's-liberation group, she'd be fine. She simply seems to be in the wrong place. And how she worked out her advanced, left position all by herself, without contact with books or magazines, or even TV, is an enigma. It's the equivalent of making a movie about an ordinary black boy from Mississippi who arrives in Atlanta, gets a job as a busboy at the Regency Hyatt House Hotel, and, although there is no civil-rights movement, talks like an epigrammatic Julian Bond. Nobody understands what he's talking about, and so he's lonely and alienated.

Since there's not one believable moment in the artificial situation, probably the best thing the director could have done would have been to play the script for some sort of screwball-comedy effect. But for that you need players. I was never a devotee of the arch style of Irene Dunne, who always cued the audience on what lines were meant to be funny, but in this movie we could use that kind of cueing. The dialogue is one-easy-piece dialogue—pinhead alienation and, even worse, alienation *feminized*—turned into whimsey. The milieu of the picture is not the urban crisis but mechanization of the kind that playwrights like Karel Čapek and Elmer Rice wrote about—the kind that

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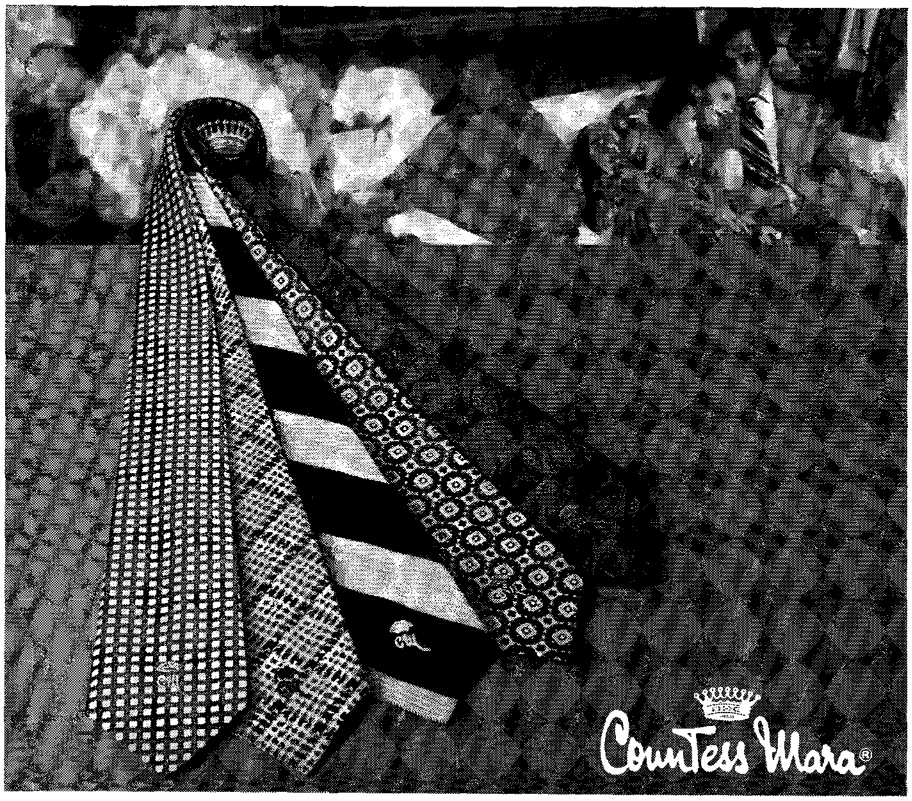

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turns people into units. The Chicago of the movie is so shiny and prosperous and works so perfectly that one would think that the old sci-fi vision of the sanitized future had actually come about. Peter Boyle, of "Joe," is Mr. Sad Middle America, the man who lives to retire; he owns lots in Florida in this one, too. Miss Bergen, vacuously superior and cool and expensively turned out, spends most of the movie pitying him. Boyle's performance is grotesquely earnest, while she is so odd when she tries to act that you don't know if the character is meant to be loused up, or what is going on; hysterical laughing scenes are becoming her specialty, and when she has a hysterical laughing scene, it's hysterical, all right.

This is, I believe, Miss Bergen's ninth picture; she is playing the *lead*. It is the worst starring performance I have ever seen. In an acting contest between her and Ali MacGraw, Ali MacGraw would win. Candice Bergen gives evidence of intelligence and humor in print and on television; she probably has more of each than most actresses have. But what she does in "T. R. Baskin" is an embarrassment to the audience. And the attempt to dress up her perky movements and lopsided lope in a sexually ambiguous wardrobe—camel's-hair coats and glorified Peter Pan collars—as if to turn her into a Hepburn or a Garbo, just makes one aware of how immense the distance is. She comes closer to being a starched Lizabeth Scott—a stiff.

—Pauline Kael

• •

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And then it wakes in an animal
And in us, and in the sophistication of city streets
And in the danger of the indifferent murder,
We see the fisher cat on the limb of the tree,
Or is it a marten, or what is this slim, fierce beast
Caught in the flashlight's glare at night in Vermont,
Ready to leap at the baying dogs?

This enemy, this ancient foe, what is he?
The unexpected beast glares down from the high branch
Ready to pounce and fills man with fear,
Some nameless fear of millions of years ago in the forest,
Or the Rift valley in East Africa
When it was life or death in an instant.

The man has a gun, the instrument that has saved him,
Without which the drama of this intense moment
Might have ended in the death of man, and no poem;
He raised his piece like a violator of nature
And aiming at the jewelled caskets of the eyes
Brought the treasure trove of brain and sport.

The beast fell to the ground, unable to comment,
His beauty despoiled that took millions of years to grow.
The dogs thrashed around a while and quieted.
The New England hunter then with his matter of fact,
Taking for granted his situation mastery, put the
Mythic beast in the back of his four wheel drive vehicle.

It has taken the scientists of the university months
To decide what kind of an animal the creature was.
The centimeters of the back molars were counted,
Books were consulted, in the end it was decided,
Not by the scientist but by the poet, that a god
Had descended on man, and had to be killed.

Wildness sleeps upon the mountain
And when it wakes in us,
There is a moment, perilous, of stasis
When savagery meets equal savagery.
The long arm of man maintains intelligence
By death: his gun rang out instant doom.
The paws of the animal were very wide,
The claws of the beast were wide, long his thrashing tail.

—Richard Eberhart

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OCTOBER 15, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MAYOR LINDSAY has signed into law an air-pollution-control code adopted by the Council of the City of New York which will ban the spraying of fireproofing materials containing asbestos on the structural steel of buildings after February 23, 1972, and similar bans on the spraying of asbestos have been imposed this year in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia. The data now available on the hazards of asbestos inhalation clearly indicate that such legislation has come none too soon, and that it should be duplicated as quickly as possible in every city and state in the country. In an article I wrote that appeared in *The New Yorker* of October 12, 1968, I described in some detail the sombre results of an investigation of the mortality experience of six hundred and thirty-two men who had worked for twenty years or more in New York Local 12 and Newark Local 32 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. This investigation, which is still under way, was begun in 1962 by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, who is head of the Division of Environmental Medicine at the City University's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, together with Dr. Jacob Churg, chief pathologist at Barnert Memorial Hospital, in Paterson, New Jersey, and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, who is Vice-President for Epidemiology and Statistics of the American Cancer Society. Their work is considered to be the most comprehensive epidemiological study ever made of the biological effects of asbestos, and the recent findings continue to be depressing. Four hundred and twenty-five of the six hundred and thirty-two insulation workers had died as of June 30, 1971. According to the standard mortality tables, only two hundred and eighty-five deaths were to be expected. The reason for the excess of one hundred and forty deaths is not difficult to understand. Forty-seven of the insulation workers died of asbestosis, which is scarring of the lungs caused by inhalation of asbestos fibres, and a hundred and sixty-one of them died of cancer. One in five of all the deaths reported was the result of lung cancer, one in ten of gastro-intestinal cancer, and nearly one in ten of malignant

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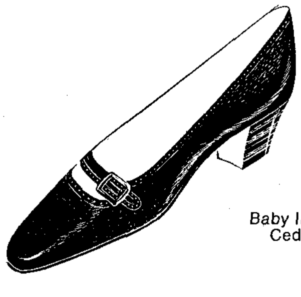

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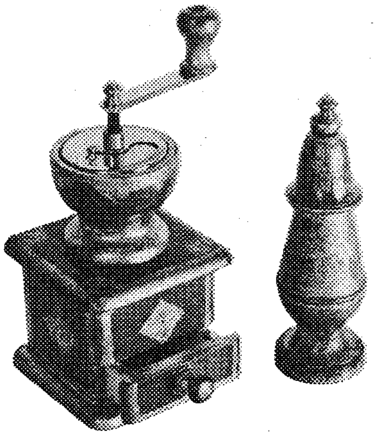
mesothelioma—an invariably fatal tumor of the pleura, which is the membrane that encases the lung, or of the peritoneum, a similar membrane that lines the abdominal cavity. The rate of death from lung cancer among the insulation workers is eight times the expected rate, and that fact alone would be sufficient to implicate asbestos as one of the most potent industrial carcinogens known to man. But the fact that nearly one in ten of the workers' deaths was the result of mesothelioma gives rise to even greater concern about the effects of the mineral, for mesothelioma, which takes from twenty to forty years to develop, almost never occurs without some, even if slight, history of exposure to asbestos. The tumor was previously so rare that it was known to be present in only about one in ten thousand deaths in the general population. Today, however, it is being found increasingly not only in people who have been exposed to asbestos in their work but also in unsuspecting people who simply have lived in the vicinity of factories where asbestos products were being manufactured, or lived in the same house with workers who came home with asbestos dust on their clothes.

In order to grasp the magnitude of the hazards involved in the spraying of materials containing asbestos, one must understand that the insulation workers studied by Dr. Selikoff sustained comparatively light and intermittent exposure to the mineral. These men often worked out-of-doors; most of the materials they used had an asbestos content of less than fifteen per cent; and, most important of all, these materials were applied not by spraying but by wrapping, a process much less likely to produce dust. The first use in the United States of sprayed mineral fibre containing asbestos as a fireproofing agent occurred in 1958 in the erection of the sixty-story head office of the Chase Manhattan Bank, here in New York. Generally, chrysotile asbestos composes up to thirty per cent of such material, and last year asbestos fireproofing was used in considerably more than half the large multistory office buildings constructed in the United States. The process of spraying fireproofing material on structural steel, in order to protect the steel from buckling in case of fire, is an extremely wasteful one. In fact, about twenty-five per cent of the material fails to adhere, so that an enormous amount of the asbestos used in the United States for fireproofing—three million pounds was used during 1970



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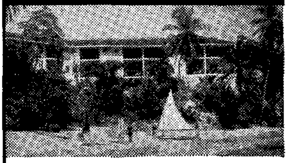

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alone—entered the atmosphere immediately. The spraying of asbestos fireproofing material is most often carried out by members of the Plasterers Union, but since asbestos diseases usually do not manifest themselves until twenty or more years after exposure, the workers' experience has been too short to have led, as yet, to clinically evident diseases. Recently, however, Dr. Selikoff, in collaboration with Dr. William J. Nicholson, Mr. William B. Reitze, and Mr. Duncan A. Holaday, all of the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, completed a study of asbestos-spray operations in eleven cities across the country, and it showed that the amount of exposure being sustained by men engaged in this work is anywhere from ten to twenty times as great as the exposure sustained by the asbestos insulators whose disastrous mortality experience has already been documented. As a result, Dr. Selikoff and his associates are predicting a most unhappy fate for these men. They believe that a majority of them will die of asbestos disease.

Approximately four million workmen in the various building-construction trades—pipe fitters, welders, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, and others—may be on construction sites during or shortly after the spraying of mineral fibres. No one knows the extent of the hazards such workmen face because of indirect exposure, but a potentially serious risk can be inferred from increasing reports of mesothelioma among several million men and women who sustained indirect and often very slight exposure to asbestos dust by working in American and British shipyards during the Second World War. Only a little farther out on the epidemiological scale of risk are the millions and millions of city dwellers who for the past ten years have been living and working in the vicinity of construction sites where asbestos fireproofing material has been sprayed. Almost anyone who walks on the streets of this city, where there have frequently been anywhere from twenty-five to forty asbestos-spray operations in progress, encounters asbestos floating down upon him from some high-rise project. The visible part of these "snowfalls," which sometimes cover sidewalks, consists of feathery wads of chrysotile asbestos mixed with rock wool; the invisible part is made up of an untold number of submicroscopic and highly respirable particles. On the basis of the fact that a billionth of a gram of chrysotile asbestos can fragment into a million such particles, Dr. Selikoff

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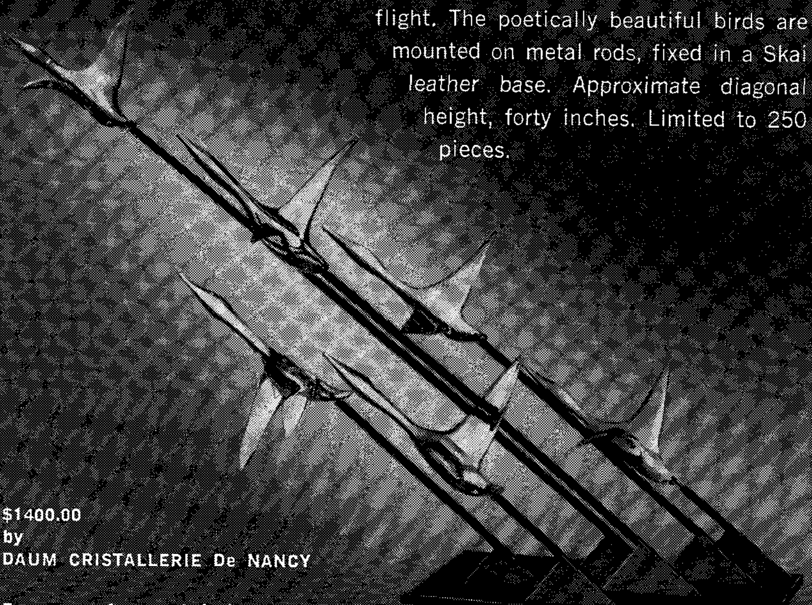

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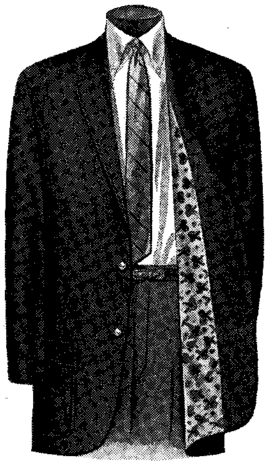

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and his associates have calculated that on and around an average construction site where asbestos fireproofing materials are being sprayed a person might inhale up to fifty million fibres in an eight-hour period. In another study, conducted last year at the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory by Dr. Arthur M. Langer, electron-microscope examination of representative samples of lung tissue showed chrysotile asbestos to be present in twenty-eight out of twenty-eight consecutive autopsies conducted in New York City.

In view of all this, one wonders how anybody could deny that there is risk to the general public from asbestos-spray operations. Yet an editorial that appeared in the April, 1971, issue of *Asbestos*, a publication that claims to represent a large segment of the asbestos industry, states:

> For some time we have been concerned with the many misleading or erroneous statements reported by various communications media to the effect that the manufacture and use of asbestos and asbestos-based products pose hazards to occupational and public health. Allegations that asbestos is a threat to the general public as well as to those occupationally exposed to its dust have been voiced by many groups, both public and private. Acceptance of the unfounded claims as "fact" has led to some large U. S. cities considering proposals to ban the use of asbestos-containing spray insulations used in building construction.... We know that the effects of asbestos are both dose and time related. And we know there is presently no evidence of a hazard to the general public from exposure to the minute amounts of asbestos that may be present in community air.

The facts hardly warrant such an interpretation. It is indeed true that the effects of asbestos are related to both dose and time—every medical researcher who has studied the problem knows that—and it is precisely for this reason that there is at present "no evidence" of a hazard to the general public. In other words, because of the long period over which mesothelioma develops, it cannot possibly be known until sometime near the end of the century whether there will be a pronounced rise in the incidence of these tumors among city dwellers who have been inhaling asbestos day after day as a result of the fallout from construction sites. What is known is that asbestos fibres are virtually indestructible in lung tissue, and that a person who inhales significant amounts of asbestos dust carries a burden that will provide a potential for the development of cancer for the rest of his life.

Given the evidence that has been

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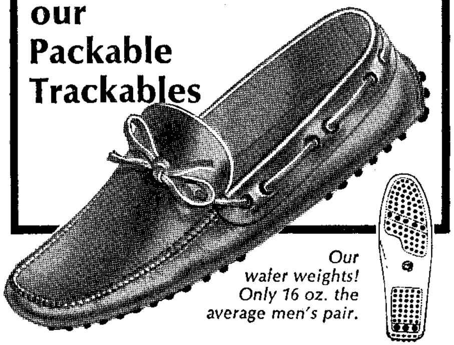

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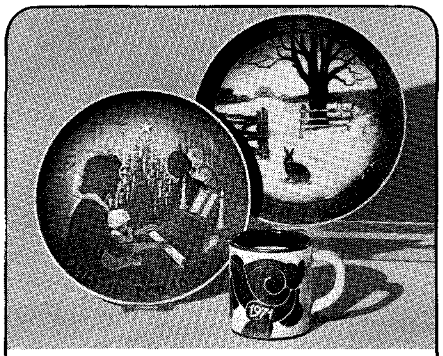

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compiled about the effects of inhaling asbestos, it seems obvious that the spraying of asbestos should be banned throughout the country. But what about the spraying of other minerals, such as rock wool, gypsum, and vermiculite, which have recently been approved by the New York City Buildings Department as adequate fireproofing agents in place of asbestos? Rock wool is a silicate fibre made from steel-mill slag. Its composition can vary greatly, and it contains many trace metals, which in some forms can be carcinogenic. Approximately twenty per cent of its fibres are potentially respirable. Gypsum, which is mined in many places in the United States, is a hydrated calcium sulphate that may contain many highly respirable particles. It is used as a fireproofing agent in combination with vermiculite, a silicate containing iron, aluminum, and magnesium; there may also be a multitude of respirable particles in vermiculite. Since no definitive studies of the matter have been completed, no one has the slightest idea of what the long-term biological effects of these materials will be upon human tissue. Should we start spraying them, then, on the assumption that their particles will prove to be innocuous in the human lung? That seems a very unwise course to take, especially when we consider that since the first recorded death from asbestosis it has taken the medical and scientific community seventy years to achieve the degree of knowledge that exists today about the biological effects of asbestos. Moreover, it appears that the spraying of mineral fibres on steel girders is not necessary for the safe construction of buildings. According to Dr. Robert N. Rickles, Commissioner of the New York City Department of Air Resources, and Mr. Harold Romer, the Department's Assistant Commissioner, non-asbestos insulation products are now being developed that can be applied to steel either by trowelling or, since they can be made in the form of flat strips, by the use of adhesive. New products are being developed that could be applied to steel members at steel-fabrication plants, and still others in the form of insulation blankets could be wrapped around steel members at the building site. From the point of view of air-pollution control and public health, these methods are obviously preferable to spraying. It is certainly to be hoped that they will be approved as quickly as possible by buildings departments all over the country.

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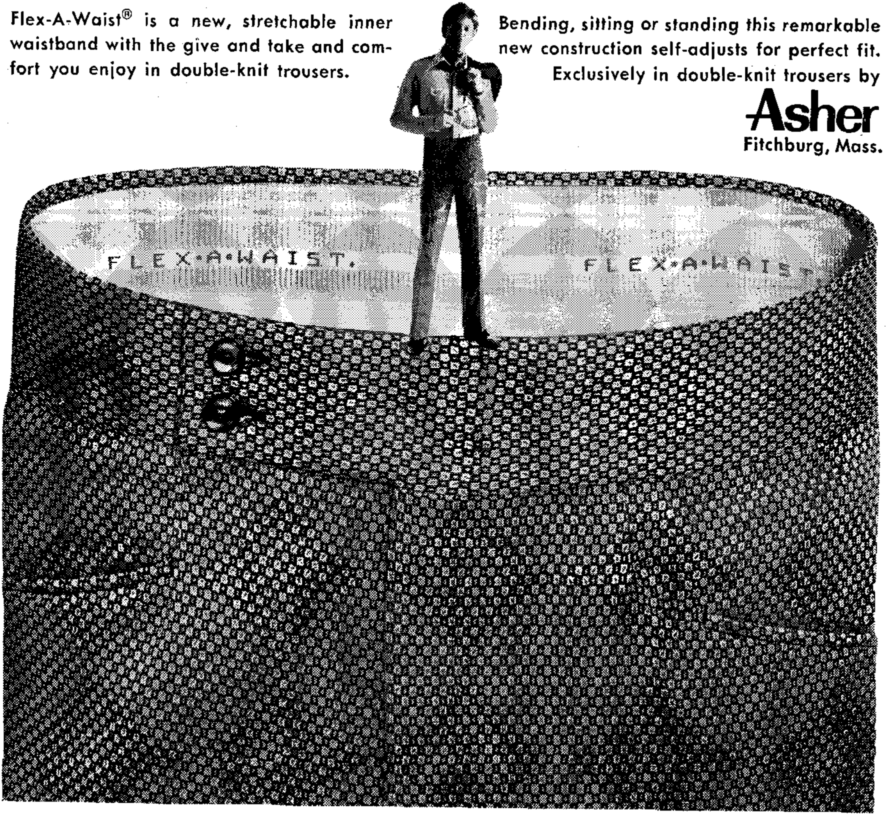

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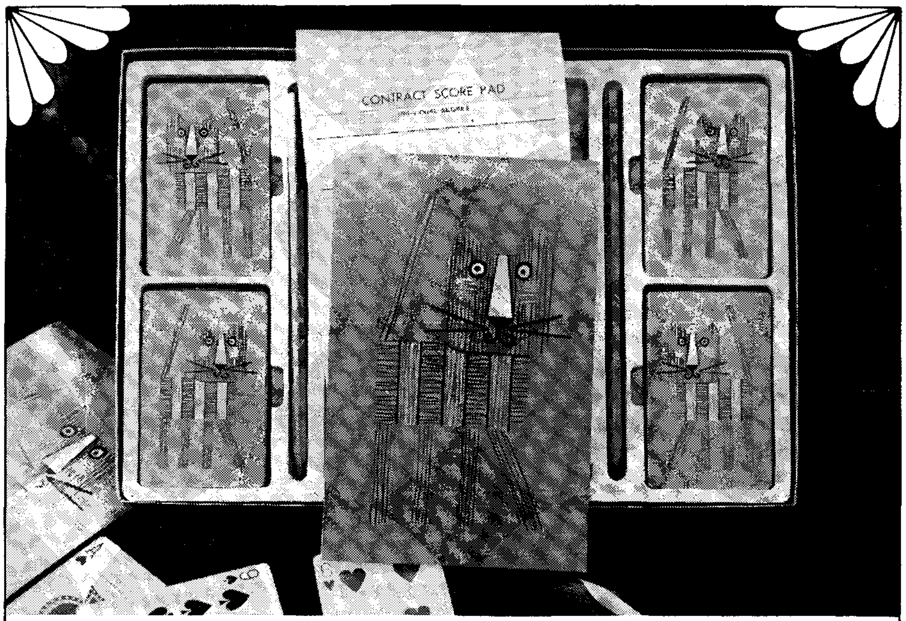
will not disappear even if asbestos-spray operations are banned nationwide. Since, in recent years, the structural steel of an average thirty-story building has generally been sprayed with two or three hundred tons of fireproofing material, the future demolition of such buildings is bound to release enormous quantities of asbestos fibres into the open air unless new methods of demolition are developed to prevent it. Another hazard involves the use of the spaces between ceilings and the underside of the floors above as plenums for circulating air in office skyscrapers, high-rise apartment buildings, schools, and other structures whose outside windows are sealed. Formerly, air was circulated in such buildings through sheet-metal ducts, but for the past ten years or so it has been customary in New York City and in many other cities in the country to eliminate the return-air ducts and to use the plenums as reservoirs through which air is exhausted back into air-conditioning systems by huge fans. During this same period, of course, it has been the practice to spray asbestos fireproofing materials on the structural steel of these buildings. As a result, the plenums of many of them are grossly contaminated with asbestos dust, which is being circulated throughout living and working areas and, undoubtedly, into the lungs of the people who occupy them. Almost nothing is known about the extent of such contamination, because in many cities existing laws do not allow public officials to take dust measurements within privately owned buildings. Needless to say, such laws should be amended wherever they exist, air samples of the interiors of buildings should be taken, and plenums contaminated with asbestos dust should be cleaned up.

In my 1968 article, I quoted Dr. Selikoff as saying that small numbers of asbestos fibres might be liberated from many products in widespread use, among them asbestos filters used in the food and pharmaceutical industries. Since then, his suspicions have been at least partly confirmed. In 1969, he, Dr. Nicholson, and Dr. Carl Maggiore examined samples of single-dose vials of seventeen commonly used parenteral, or injectable, drugs, and they found significant amounts of asbestos fibres in five of them. The amounts ranged up to as much as a microgram of asbestos—comparable to what might be inhaled by someone spending a solid week on a construction site where asbestos fireproofing material was being sprayed. On October 7, 1969, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Nicholson described their findings



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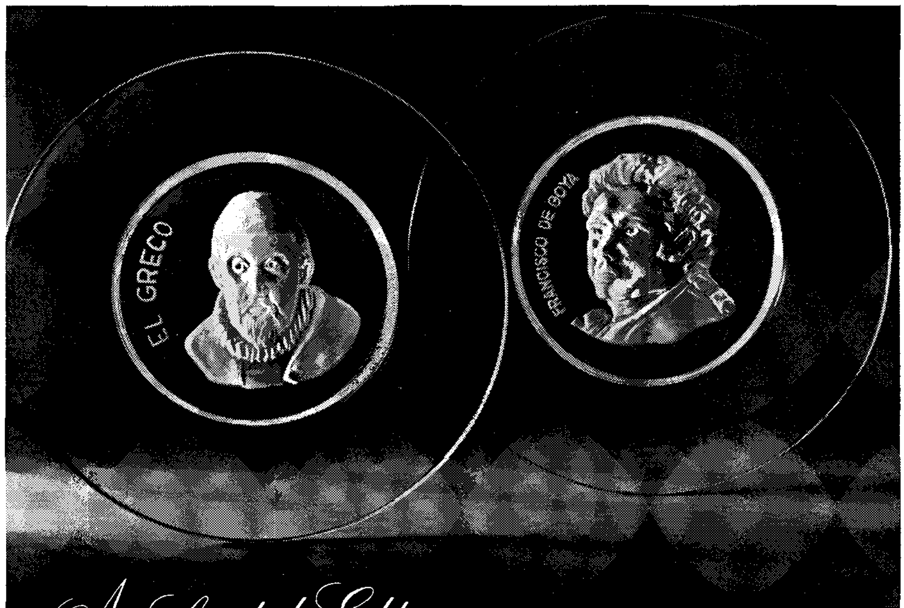

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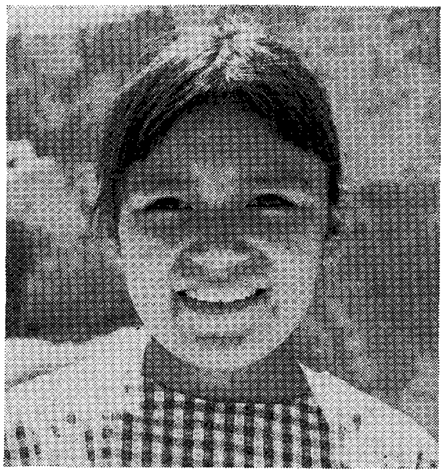

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at a seminar held at the headquarters of the Food and Drug Administration, in Washington, D.C. On October 30th of that year, they presented the same findings at the annual meeting of the Parenteral Drug Association, held at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in New York City. A few months ago, when they conducted a resurvey of the same number of commonly used injectable drugs, they found that six of the seventeen contained measurable amounts of asbestos fibres, ranging up to and more than a microgram in weight. Apparently, the information they gave the F.D.A. and the drug manufacturers did not cause sufficient concern to result in any correction of the situation.

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again shall I tell you all the places
I went when I had nowhere to go
shall I draw you a map

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with morning around the edges
I will take the face of dawn
in my hands and say it

surely if I can tell anyone
I can tell her
that I have found
the gods and discovered
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faith in something
it might as well be the desert
as the river it might as well be
today as tomorrow my fingers
as my teeth it might
as well be despair

all I can do for the moth
is light the candle
all I can do for the forgotten
is forget

—RICHARD SHELTON

•

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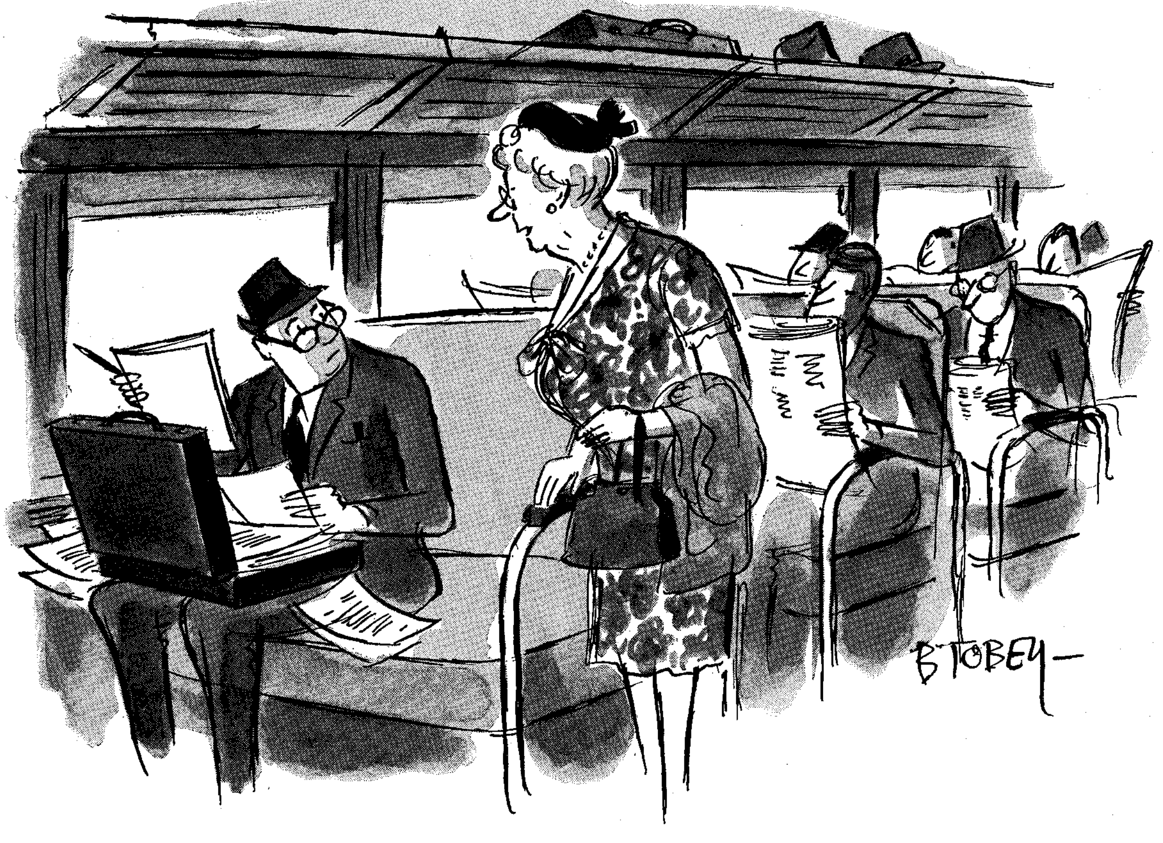
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 15

IT is a rare season for political activity on a global scale, ranging from exotic ceremonies to crucial negotiations. The sovereigns and other nobles who still wear crowns, tiaras, and other adornments signifying exalted rank (though often limited authority) are forgathered in Tent City, Iran, to help the Shah celebrate two and a half millennia of Persian civilization. Among the guests are some in conventional Western dress, including Vice-President and Mrs. Spiro Agnew, who are moving on to be fêted by the Greek colonels in Athens—despite the protests of approximately two hundred former Greek legislators who were lucky enough to escape jail. A good many foreign ministers and lesser clerks are in New York, for what is bound to be the most important session of the United Nations in a decade. President Sadat of Egypt has been in Moscow discussing Middle Eastern affairs, while our own Secretary of State is going over some of the same ground in New York. The Emperor of Japan has been making an unprecedented foreign tour, while Japanese and American negotiators have been working out trade agreements which, it is hoped, will prevent Japanese-American relationships from growing more sour than they already are. The Emperor of Ethiopia was seeing the sights around Peking before proceeding to Iran. Premier Kosygin of the Soviet Union has been making plans for a visit to Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada, while the Governor of California has been consoling the President of South Vietnam with the reminder that George Washington also came in first in a one-man race. Though he has had some arduous days lately, the President of this country spent part of today in Charlotte, North Carolina, observing Billy Graham Day with the proud natives. Tonight, he leaves for a meditative weekend at Camp David.

Meanwhile, congressional aides and lobbyists of all sorts are scrutinizing the records of the half-dozen "strict constructionists" whom the Justice Department and the White House consider qualified to fill the seats of Justices Black and Harlan, and before long there will be Senate hearings on the two the President considers worthiest to serve, or easiest to get confirmed. It is almost inconceivable that any of them will get the job without prolonged debate, for there is not one of them whose record is likely to satisfy the civil-rights and civil-liberties lobbyists. Delay may also be caused by the fact that practically every Senate Democrat is out running for the 1972 Presidential nomination. Also, the most gifted of the President's persuaders and enforcers will have to give top priority to assembling the men and machinery needed for setting up Phase Two and the Cost of Living Council, which must be in operation in less than a month. Here, though, the President's burden will be lightened somewhat by the services rendered him by his Secretary of the Treasury, a man whose energies and ambitions equal, if not surpass, those of his friend and former patron Lyndon Johnson. Indeed, these very energies may in themselves create problems for Nixon, since it is politically essential that the President keep himself in view as a front-line warrior against inflation, so that in the event the battle is somehow won the country will not be inclined to attribute every successful move to the wizardry of John Connally, who has never enjoyed being a mere supporting actor.

Throughout most of his public career, Richard Nixon has seemed a thoroughly predictable man—hardworking, basically unideological, always hungry for victory, bitter and morose in defeat, shrewd in appraising friend and foe, avoiding risk wherever possible. Over the last two years, he has displayed most of these qualities. He is as hardworking as any President in this century. There is ideology of a sort in almost everything he says—"strict constructionism" and the like—but he never lets it get in his way, and he can turn a policy inside out whenever he is convinced of the need, which is what he is doing now in his effort to bring the economy under government control. He is a sore and vindictive loser, and it is almost possible to believe that after the Haynsworth and Carswell defeats he instructed his talent scouts to bring in some people alongside whom Haynsworth and Carswell would look like Holmes and Cardozo. There is a quite serious school of thought here that believes that Nixon has become



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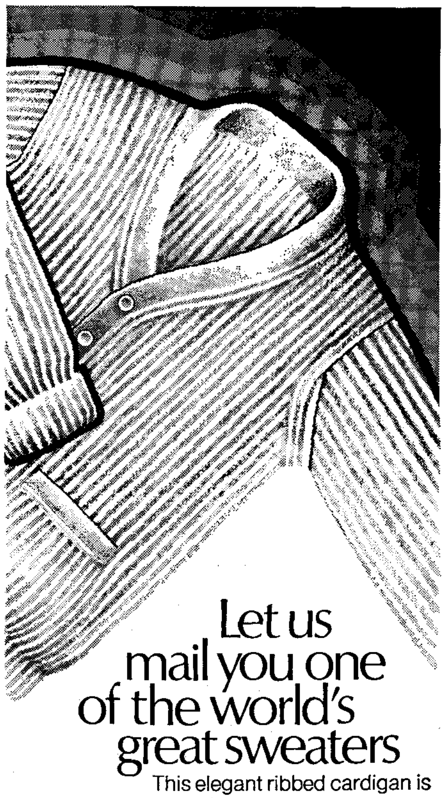

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less interested in the quality of future Court decisions than in packing the Court with mediocrities who will lessen respect for it and demean the institution itself. (It is known that this strategy has been urged on him and discussed in Administration circles.) There is no doubt that he is more at ease among the second-rate. At the same time, he respects excellence, and when he regards it as indispensable he seeks it out and as often as not finds it. For an adviser on foreign policy, he could hardly have found a better intellect or a more flexible operator than Henry Kissinger. Most of his advisers on the economy are men of sound knowledge and judgment, and John Connally, though hardly a towering intellect, seems a superb organizer.

Nixon as a risk-taker is something of a surprise. The chances he has taken have been mostly in diplomacy. While it is true that his hundred-and-eighty-degree turn in economics has been stunning to observers here, it fits his "Southern strategy" (if George Wallace were to find fault with it, it would probably be on the ground that it isn't tough enough), and it gives minimum offense to his Middle America backers. But his *Ostpolitik* is daring. It is a repudiation of his entire past. He may be performing a great service for the world, but it won't count for much politically in this country unless it achieves results of a most unlikely sort. He will be leading the People's Republic into the United Nations, but if this may not cost him much in terms of support at home, neither will it profit him much. If the visit to Peking contributes to the liquidation of the war in Indo-China, gratitude will be measurable on the voting machines. But there is no shred of evidence that either the Chinese or the Russians will recommend surrender to our adversaries there. There is nothing that the President has to offer the People's Republic except what it considers to belong to it by right. Things may be a bit different with the Soviet Union—which probably wants disarmament up to a point, and might welcome a reduction of forces in Europe—but it can't sell out North Vietnam. If, in time, Sino-American relations are "normalized" and a less zealous generation of leaders takes over in Peking, a general Asian settlement may be possible, but nothing of the sort is likely to happen during the Nixon Administration, even if it endures beyond next year. American liberals and intellectuals will be gratified to see this country's diplomatic establishment using post-1949 maps of Asia, but there is little of real substance

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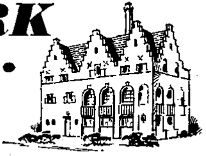

that the President can hope to realize from a trip to Peking and a trip to Moscow except the headlines that will depict him as a busy man working in his country's interests. This is helpful politically, but it is unlikely to count for much if inflation and unemployment persist.

If this is essentially the case, then the President must be given credit for another quality that has seldom surfaced before—a capacity for thinking in terms of what may be a future he will never see. Up to now, he has always seemed a man unconcerned with anything but what would favor his career in the short run. He has never given himself to a crusade or to a course of any particular dignity. But he now seems to want a place in history as well as in tomorrow's headlines, and with a little luck he may make it.

THE Administration has temporarily inconvenienced the Democrats by trying to combat inflation with weapons borrowed from the Democratic arsenal. But the Democrats still have plenty of room for maneuver, since what as a rule induces voters to pull the Democratic lever is fear of unemployment rather than fear of inflation. Nixon's New Economic Policy is New Dealish to some extent in looks and to a lesser degree in content, but if prices are held down by holding down wages and cutting jobs, mass support will be hard to come by. Considering the class makeup of the two parties, a Republican New Deal is bound to be different in certain respects from a Democratic one—and seldom more so than when it is run by a rich Texan who is a birthright Democrat who thinks like a Republican. Moreover, Nixon and Connally are asking for restraint from one group, labor, that has never cared for either of them, and from another, industry, that despises the whole idea. And all this at a time when *pro bono publico* seems at a very low ebb indeed. The President's initiatives in the summer of 1971 have made him once again a slight favorite for 1972, but the initiatives were really pledges of better things to come, and if better things fail to come the pledges will become liabilities. His pledges on the war may be sufficiently redeemed by next summer, but even if inflation is slowed to two or three per cent the Democrats are still likely to have the economic issues with them. "Law and order" may still be an issue, but this time it probably won't be of much use to anyone running for national office. Crime in the Democratic sixties was worse than in the

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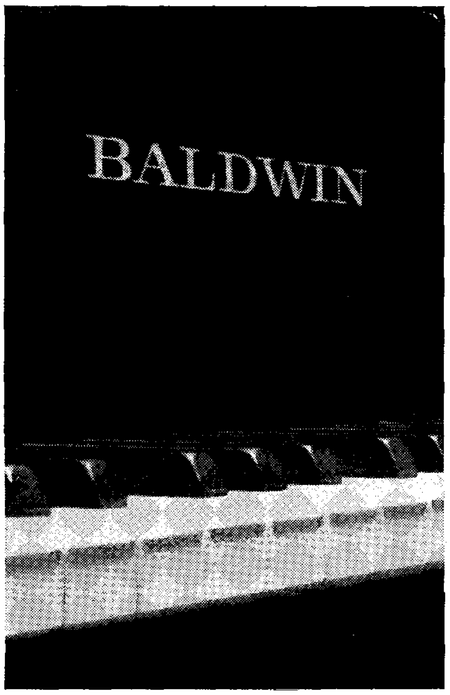

Maurice Peress' Accompanist

Republican fifties, and so far the Republican seventies look worse than the Democratic sixties.

Nixon will have to deliver spectacularly to retain his present thin edge, and it now looks as if he would be doing well to hold his own, which, in fact, is really about all that he seems to be trying to do, at least in domestic policy. The indications are that the newly enfranchised young will vote Democratic unless the Democrats alienate them by renominating Hubert Humphrey or by nominating Henry Jackson. In that case, a new party might be formed, which might bleed the Democrats considerably without necessarily improving the Republicans' chances. Edward Kennedy or John Lindsay could hold the young, and Senator Muskie, particularly if he ran with someone like Senator Harris, of Oklahoma, could probably keep most of them on the reservation. Kennedy is almost certainly determined not to run, and in so crowded a field of able Democrats Lindsay would have to take the country by storm to be given the nomination next year. The chances are that the Party will look toward the center, and the only men anywhere near the center now are Muskie and McGovern. Muskie is more of an organization man, and although he supported Senator Hughes, the non-organization man, in last week's brawl over the Credentials Committee, he stands high with the Party workers. He continues, as he has all year, to be well in the lead. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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—*Marboro Bookshop adv. in the Times.*

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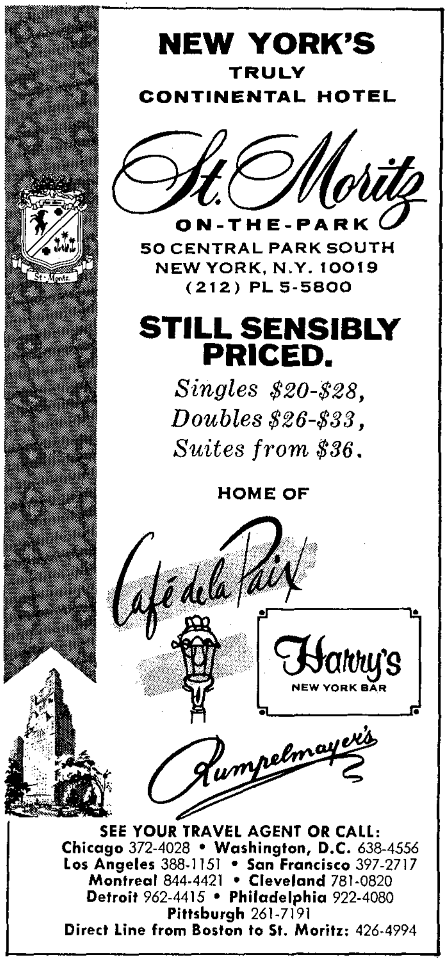
Trustees of the library paid tribute to Mrs. Miller who officially retired last July 1. The trustees, along with wives, served punch and bookies to many of her friends and co-workers during an open house in the library last Sunday afternoon.—*Crawfordsville* (*Ind.*) *Journal-Review.*

The white meat isn't bad, but the legs are terrible.



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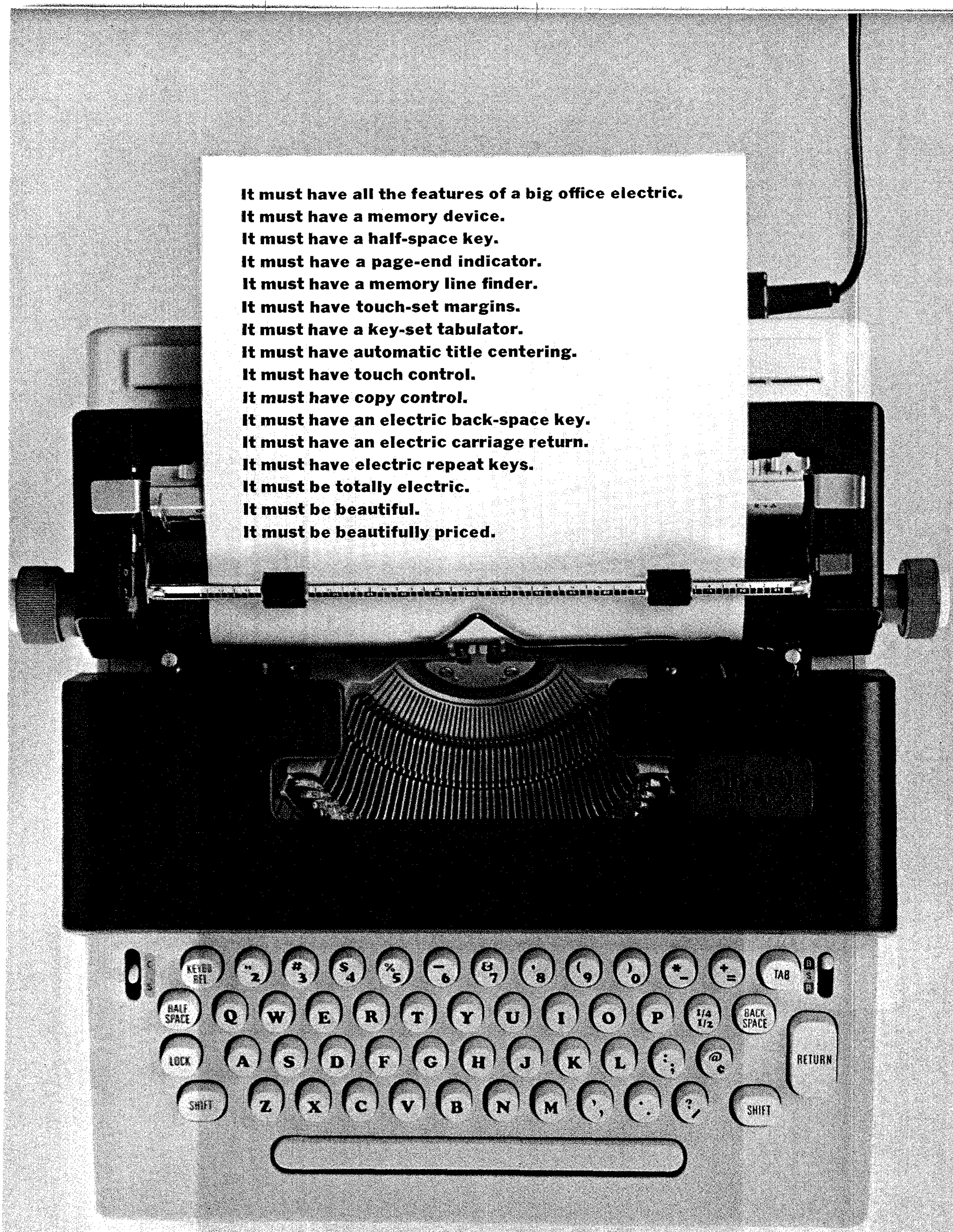

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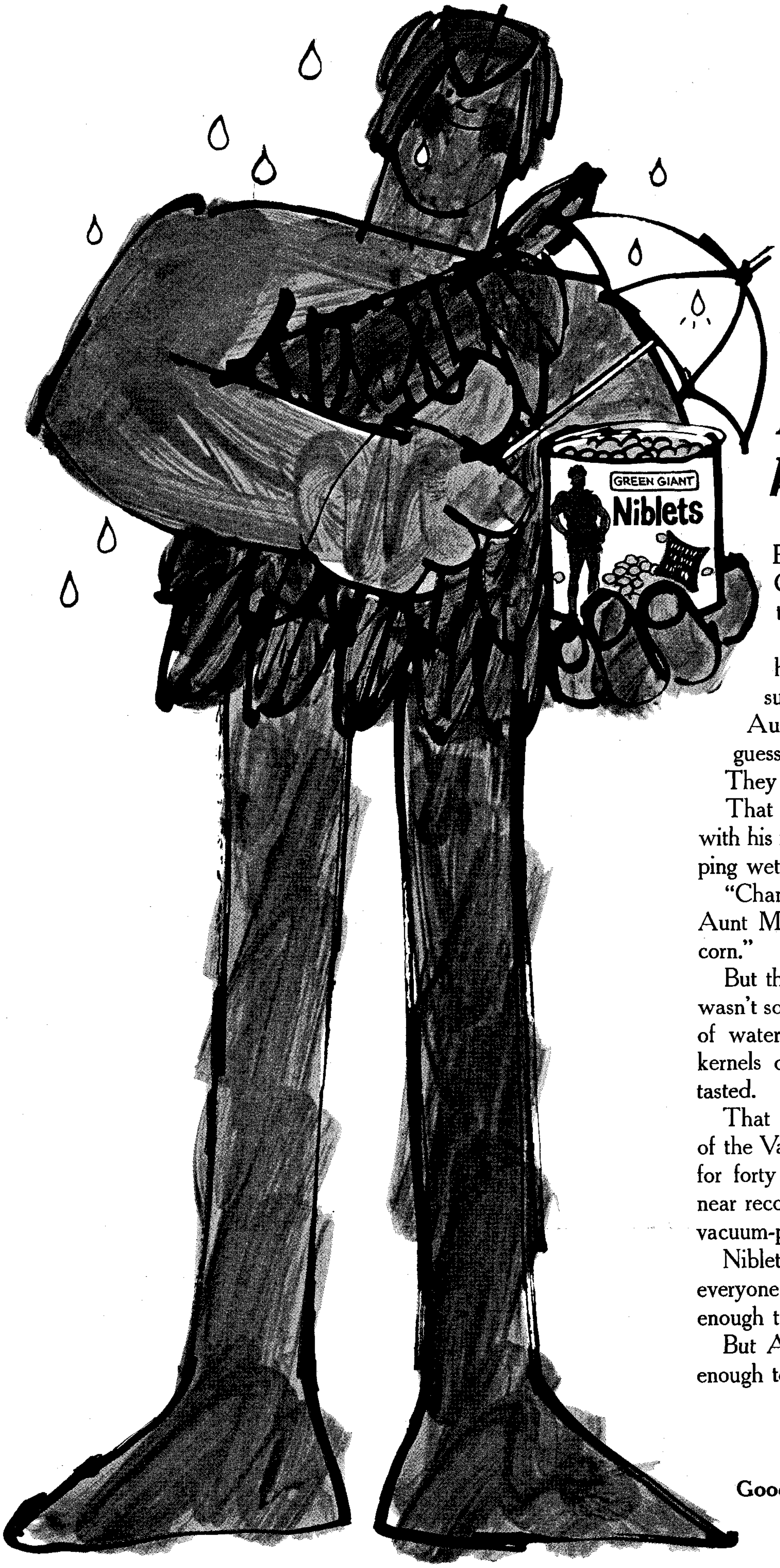

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Good things from the garden

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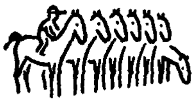
THE RACE TRACK

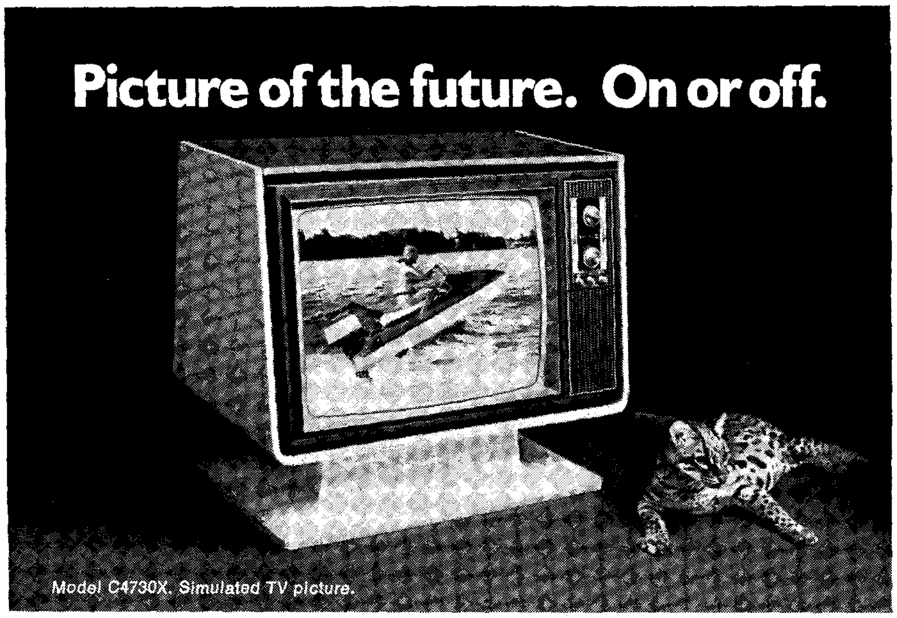
Belmont Finale



BELMONT PARK was by no means Beautiful Belmont as it closed for the season last Saturday. Still, it would have taken more than a few gray clouds to dim the performance of Run the Gantlet in the Man o' War Stakes. When he was still more than three furlongs from home, it was clear that he could take the lead any time Bobby Woodhouse let out another inch of rein. Woodhouse did so in the stretch, and Paul Mellon's big, handsome colt came through in style. A couple of lengths behind him, Gleaming, Practicante, Chompion, and Big Shot II finished heads apart, in that order. Run the Gantlet, who had earlier won the Tidal, the Kelly-Olympic, and the United Nations Handicaps, is an able replacement for good old Fort Marcy, who won the Man o' War for Mr. Mellon a year ago. This year's race lost some of its interest with the scratching of Twice Worthy; he rapped his left front ankle Saturday morning (horses can do the most disconcerting things), and the leg "filled." A tough break for trainer Jim Conway, who had Twice Worthy at concert pitch.

The day before the Man o' War, steeplechasing ended for the local season with the Temple Gwathmey Handicap. Always a delight to watch, the Gwathmey has been won by some great jumpers, but seldom more easily than it was by Shadow Brook on Friday. Giving weight all round, and taking his fences in style, he went under the wire five and a half lengths ahead of Amarind, who was four and a half lengths in front of Top Bid. No doubt Shadow Brook will be voted the best jumper of the year. After all, he is. The final week at Belmont began with the Frizette Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, which Numbered Account won, as expected, with consummate ease. Susan's Girl was second, five lengths ahead of Barely Even. It was Numbered Account's sixth victory in seven starts.

A COUPLE of bombshells went bang at Belmont last week. One was the announcement by the State Racing Commission that it had suspended the owner's license of Ralph Wilson, Jr., whose West Coast Scout



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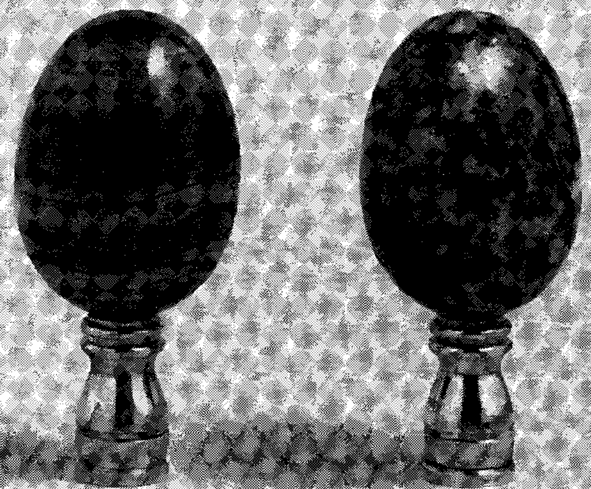

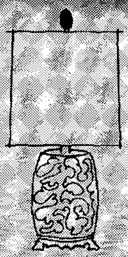

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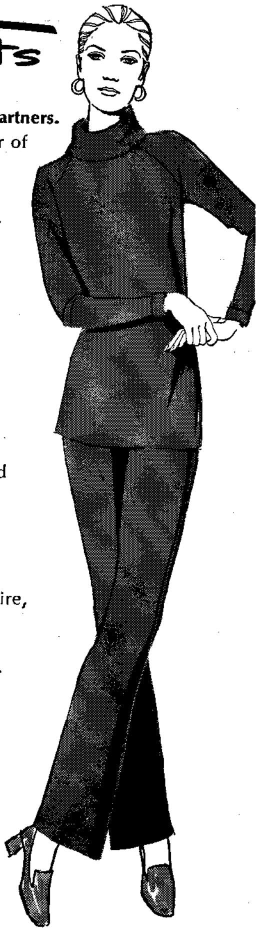

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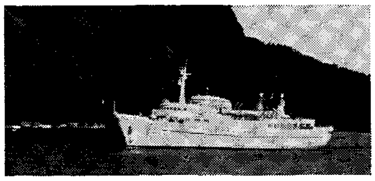

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won the Woodward Stakes recently, the owner's and trainer's licenses of John Campo, who saddled a hundred and one winners in New York last year and is well up on the list this season; and the trainer's license of George Poole, who has a public stable. The three were accused of having dealings in one way or another with Ralph Libutti, also known as Robert Presti and as Nicholas Spadea, referred to in the rulings as "an unlicensed person." (Libutti surrendered to the F.B.I. last weekend and was charged with "unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.") It was alleged that Wilson, the owner of the Buffalo Bills pro football team, who breeds and races horses, sold two to Libutti, and that Poole's name was put on the bill of sale; that he sold Jim French to Libutti, but that the colt ran in the name of Frank Caldwell; and that Campo, who trained Jim French to Libutti but that the colt you may remember, Caldwell was suspended at Saratoga in August for making a false statement about the ownership of the colt. The other bombshell was the dismissal of Tommy Trotter, N.Y.R.A. racing secretary and handicapper for the past ten years, by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, chairman of the board of trustees, because of "difference of opinion upon matters of policy." Wrong Horse Harry says, "That's the first racing secretary I knew to get fired."

AND upsetting the plans of a lot of owners, trainers, and jockeys, not to mention horseplayers, was the news that the Florida Supreme Court has directed the racing commission down there to give Gulfstream Park the choice dates that Hialeah has held since the twenties. This season, they are from January 17th to March 2nd. Hialeah's meeting will run from March 3rd to April 22nd. The Hialeah management will no doubt petition for a rehearing, but it looks as though Jimmy Donn had won the fight for those dates that he began twenty-five years ago. Whether his track will get all the big stables that Hialeah got remains to be seen. Some will go to Santa Anita.

FOR THE RECORD: Brigadier Gerard, this department's Horse of the Year, won the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, England, last weekend. Unbeaten in ten starts, all stakes, he won this one at a mile and a quarter—farther than he'd ever gone before—in heavy rain, over going he doesn't like. Congratulations! —AUDAX MINOR

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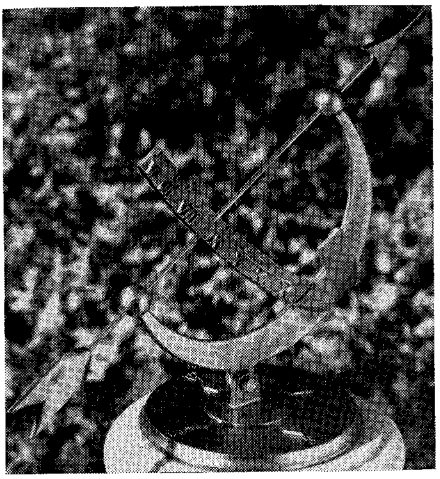

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[*Synopsis, in the Bangkok World, of a Hanuman Production musical comedy in 35-mm. Eastmancolor Sound-Cinemascope*]

A Chinese multi-millionaire (Saneh Komarachoon) adopts a little Indian girl (Metta Roongrat) when her father dies. Her father was his dearest friend, and it was he, who made the old man rich by giving him the secret formulae for dispensing the best selling anti-bald-head cream in the market.

When the Indian girl "SUGAR" grows up, she is recalled from Bombay, where she is studying, and Old Papa forces his own rowdy happy-go-lucky son (Sombat Medhani) to marry her.

The son flatly refuses at first because he is carrying on with a "bar" girl, (Priya Roonruang) but gives-in when Papa promises to give a present of two million Baht in cash on the wedding day.

Son is very much in love with the bar girl so he makes a gentleman's agreement. But she says "You must promise you will never sleep with this ugly Indian, and you must give me half the dowry, Yes?"

"Yes, darling, my solemn promise" says the son, and gets married.

But Old Papa is too clever, and on the wedding day he does not give a cent. His secretary (Somphong Phongmitr) has told him everything about the dirty trick his son was playing on SUGAR.

"I pay only when I become a Grand Pop, and I'll make it five million," says Papa.

Desperate, but still hopeful, son seeks permission from bar girl. "May I sleep with my wife? Darling, I promise, I'll give you two million when my wife delivers a baby."

"What! No? Then you can go to hell, I can not throw away five million," says the son.

In the big mansion, amidst confusion, quarrel, tears, intrigue, bone fracture, head-ache, heart-break and nervous breakdown, the Old man dies suddenly of a stroke.

"Hurrah, Huraah" shouts the son, "Now I am the King of the Hair cream, and all his millions, I am so happy."

But there is now no million, no baby, no SUGAR, no Bar Girl. The Old man has given everything to SUGAR.

With tears, he kneels down before the portrait of his dead father.

"Pity me Oh Papa, I have been married five months, but SUGAR won't let me butt-in into her bedroom, and Papa, you always wanted to become a Grand Pop, didn't you? Please Papa help, tell me what to do."

The soul of Papa is reincarnated. He is back to earth in the form of a reptile. He gives his son sound advice.

"But Papa, that's a dirty trick."

"Never mind, my boy, go ahead. The whole world is dirty, and full of tricks."

"Yes, Papa, says the son, I'll do it."

And he did it.

And they lived happily ever after with their seventeen children.

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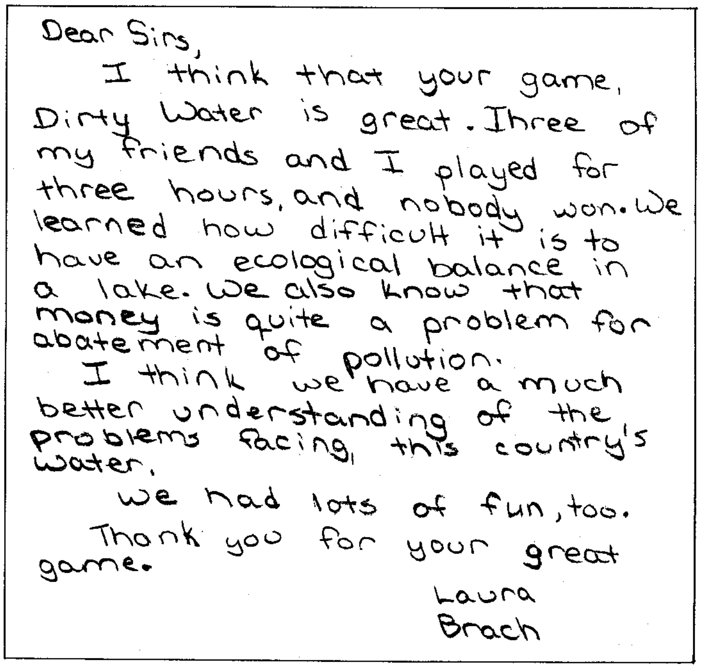

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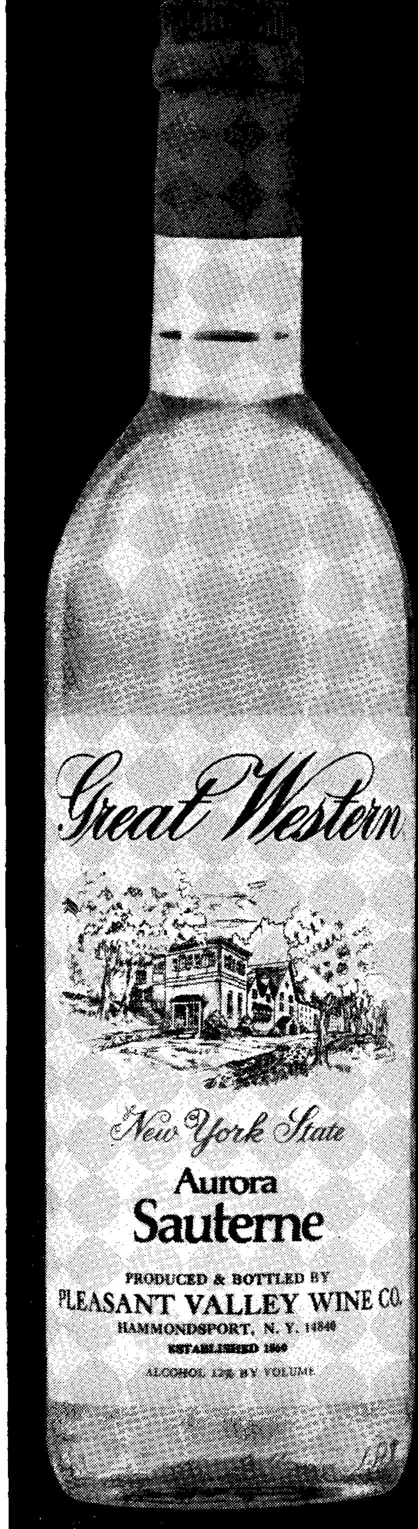

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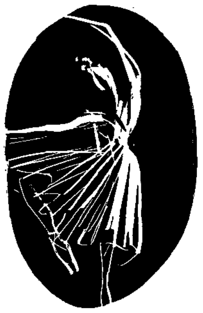
MUSICAL EVENTS

Atonality Without Tears

MICHAEL GIELEN had charge of the New York Philharmonic at last Thursday night's concert in Philharmonic Hall. He is a tall, bespectacled, forty-four-year-old German-born conductor with a reputation as a specialist in contemporary music, and, like many such specialists, he conducts in a cautious, angular manner, looking a great deal more like a worried professor than a maestro of the glamorous type. He is, however, a technician of obvious attainments, and he presented a program of twentieth-century music that was of high quality. I have always found it necessary to distinguish between the general run of twelve-tone composers and the few composers who use that system with outstanding skill. Among these are the late Alban Berg, Luigi Dallapiccola, Alberto Ginastera, and Luigi Nono—most of them, as the names indicate, Latins of one kind or another. All of these attach their music to ideas of a more or less violent nature, and, indeed, I have yet to be shown that the twelve-tone system is capable of expressing anything but violence. All of them, also, are master orchestrators who can relieve the innate tedium of the system itself with striking instrumental effects. Mr. Gielen had two of these composers on his program, and their work ran true to form.



The first was Nono, whose cantata "Sul Ponte di Hiroshima (Canti di Vita e d'Amore)," based on texts by Günther Anders, Jesus Lopez Pacheco, and Cesare Pavese, struck and held this note of violence in a very dramatic manner. A huge array of percussion instruments was spread out at the back of the stage, and Mr. Nono used it to punctuate a rather savage score, which is, however, by no means devoid of significance. And his skill at orchestration is everywhere evident—evident, that is, except in the short, unaccompanied song to Mr. Pacheco's Spanish text (the rest are Italian), which was sung by Reri Grist, the beautiful and distinguished lyric and coloratura soprano. Elsewhere, Miss Grist was helped along by Ken Remo, a tenor who sang his difficult lines with remarkable musicianship. The work describes, first, a faceless and handless man standing on a bridge in Hiroshima and singing; second, a woman singing hopefully in a "night of blood" about a day when things will be better; and, finally, a vision of a perfect future. Mr. Nono is known to be a devout Marxist as well as a son-in-law of Arnold Schoenberg, and he projects his vision of a future world with obvious conviction and a degree of explosive banging calculated to frighten the bourgeoisie out of their seats.

The second of my favorite atonal composers represented on this program was Berg, whose "Lulu" Suite was nicely performed by Mr. Gielen, Miss Grist, and the orchestra. Although Berg intended his opera "Lulu" to be taken seriously, I have never been able to take it that way. To me, its melodrama is so excessive as to verge on the comic, or on self-satire, which is much the same thing. Its closest analogue in the field of visual art is in the early drawings of George Grosz. It is about an unbelievable woman because of whose beauty men are continually dying, and who ends up being killed by Jack the Ripper. (My ambivalent feeling about "Lulu" does not extend to Berg's masterpiece "Wozzeck," which is a genuine tragedy. Perhaps the simplest way to put it is that I feel sorry for Wozzeck, but that I take Lulu's death as casually as I would take a routine crime report in yesterday's newspaper.) However, "Lulu" does contain a great deal of remarkable music, and it is well represented in this suite. Again, Miss Grist served beautifully as the soloist, in "Lulu's Song," and Mr. Gielen conducted the orchestral part of the suite diligently and precisely, though I thought his interpretation a bit dry.

The two atonal items were preceded by Richard Strauss's "Metamorphoses"—an incredibly skillful piece of late Romantic contrapuntal virtuosity, containing a profound comment on the decline of the great Austro-German musical tradition. Mr. Gielen's interpretation of it was conscientious, if not memorable.

LUIGI CHERUBINI was an Italian who lived in Paris and wrote music like a German. That observation has probably been made before, but it is worth repeating. Another observation worth making is that Cherubini is remembered today mainly for his opera

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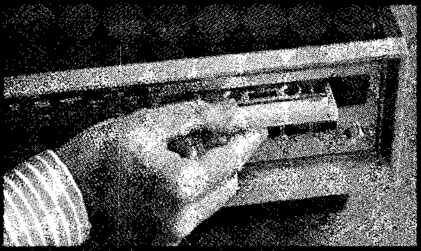

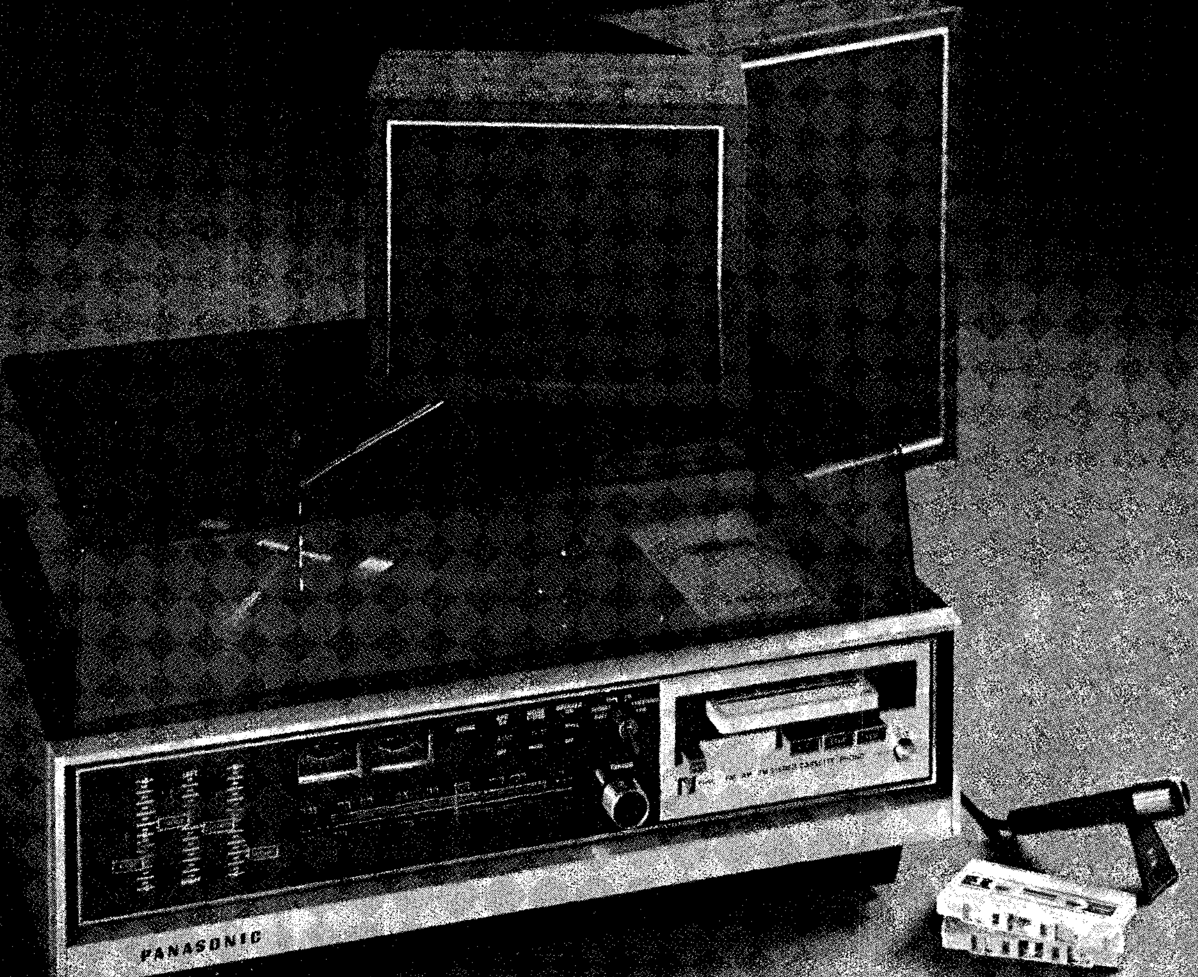

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"Médée," which is resurrected when there is a soprano powerful and flexible enough to sing it, and for the circumstance that Berlioz, who studied composition at the Paris Conservatoire under his direction, hated him. But Cherubini is not to be dismissed quite that easily, as was proved last Tuesday night when the Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus, under Newell Jenkins, revived his Missa Solemnis in D Minor at Alice Tully Hall. A well-trained chorus and an array of sterling soloists—Patricia Wells, Maureen Forrester, George Shirley, and Justino Díaz, along with Lou Ann Lee and Richard Shadley, who stepped forward from the ranks to do solo parts in the "Et incarnatus est"—helped make the evening a musical event of some consequence. The work is a noble one, exhibiting the phenomenal contrapuntal technique that Cherubini was famous for, piling polyphony on polyphony and utilizing every potentiality of the great choral art of its time. To me, the Benedictus is the finest passage in it. Elsewhere, it sometimes slips into the more facile conventions of the period, but it is never dull, and, when one considers that Cherubini was a contemporary of Beethoven, it can hardly be considered "academic"—which is the epithet that best describes Berlioz's opinion of its composer. Mr. Jenkins and his considerable forces did it complete justice. The voices of the soloists were occasionally too powerful for the small auditorium, especially that of Mr. Díaz, but, in general, appropriate adjustments in volume were made.

VERDI's "Luisa Miller," even when it is well sung, which it was at the Metropolitan last Friday evening, strikes me as the most boring opera in the current repertoire. But the audience applauded everything in sight and sound. The cast, many of whose members were new to their roles, was a superb one. Richard Tucker, the Rodolfo, performed miracles for a tenor who is approaching his sixties, and Sherrill Milnes was, as always, the perfect Verdi baritone as Miller. These two were familiar in their roles. Of the others, Mignon Dunn made a striking figure and sang well as Federica; Adriana Maliponte did the role of Luisa with a clear, agile lyric voice; Paul Plishka made a very favorable impression as Wurm; Ruggero Raimondi was an imposing Count Walter, both vocally and visually. To my mind, the most interesting feature of the evening was the conducting of James Levine, a comparative newcomer to the Met

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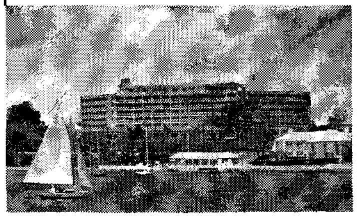

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and a one-time protégé of George Szell. Mr. Levine, whose face was framed in a bushy Afro-style haircut, is certainly one of the liveliest and most authoritative young conductors to have appeared at the Metropolitan in several years. At a few points, he seemed to be driving things. He could do with a little more relaxation. But he was fully in charge of every moment, and he is the vital, impelling kind of conductor the Metropolitan has badly needed for a long time. The Attilio Colonnello sets and costumes, which were unveiled four years ago, when "Luisa" was last performed, were there in all their rather vulgar splendor, minus some of the fruit-and-vegetable trimmings but with those quaint boxes at the sides of the stage with which, I suppose, he strove to brighten up this faded opera.

LAST Wednesday night, the Joffrey Ballet set forth a new work by Alvin Ailey—"The Mingus Dances." The music for this item was, of course, by Charles Mingus, the famous jazz bass player and composer. I found it wildly eclectic, ranging from genuine jazz to Gershwinesque jazz and even beyond that to passages that might have been composed by Richard Rodgers and were not jazz at all. The ballet is a huge grab bag of movement, some of it pleasing, but on the whole it is incoherent and without discernible significance. There is one amusing pseudo-flamenco number, with a furiously energetic Spanish dancer who shouts as well as stamps her feet. There are a bunch of cops and a group that looks like the Foreign Legion. Things like this usually mean social significance, but, if there is any, it escaped this viewer. I am afraid that "The Mingus Dances" is not one of Mr. Ailey's most successful ventures. Dancers prominent in all this were Starr Danias, Rebecca Wright, Nancy Robinson, Denise Jackson (the shouting flamenco), Susan Magno, Christian Holder, Dermot Burke, Dennis Wayne, James Dunne, and Tony Catanzaro. They deserved something better.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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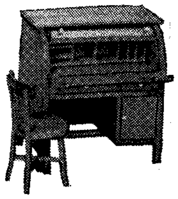

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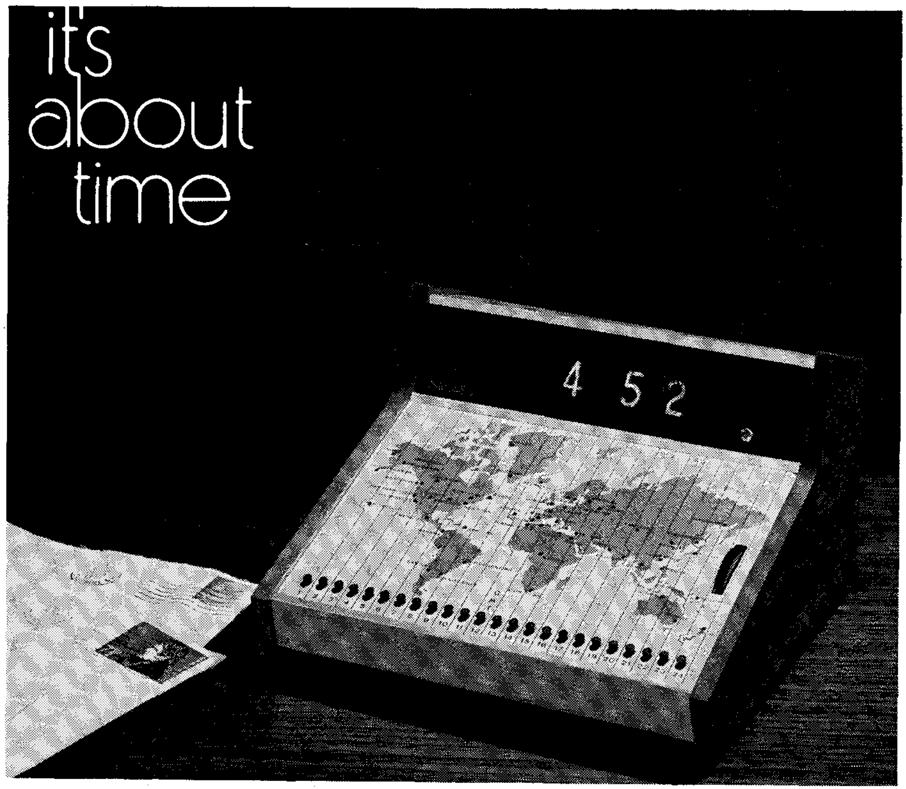
the much more calculated, almost ideological sexism that has flourished since. What happened in between was that rock got integrated into the so-called counter-culture and what had been a music of oppression became in many respects a music of pseudo-liberation. Early rock was sexist in all the obvious ways. The industry was controlled by men; most singers and virtually all instrumentalists were men; song lyrics assumed traditional sex roles and performers embodied them. (Although the Beatles made important changes in the masculine style, the substance remained pretty much the same.) Yet insofar as the music expressed the revolt of black against white, working class against middle class, youth against parental domination and sexual puritanism, it spoke for both sexes; insofar as it pitted teen-age girls' inchoate energies against all their conscious and unconscious frustrations, it spoke implicitly for female liberation. The Big Beat was a universal code that meant "Free our bodies." Since most of the traditional themes of rock and roll had to do with sex and rebellion, they were in one way or another bogged down in the contradiction between male-supremacist prejudice and revolutionary impulse. Male performers perpetuated the mythology that made woman the symbol of middle-class respectability, and kicked over the pedestal without asking who had invented it in the first place. The British groups, in particular, tended to make women scapegoats for their disenchantment with the class system: Mick Jagger, the Stanley Kowalski of rock, brought down rich playgirls with crude exhibitions of virility; the Who condemned the romantic illusions and self-protective hypocrisies of wives and girl friends. Female singers, for their part, often expressed their own rebellion vicariously by identifying with a (usually lower-class) male outlaw, as in "Leader of the Pack." Female fans made an analogous identi-



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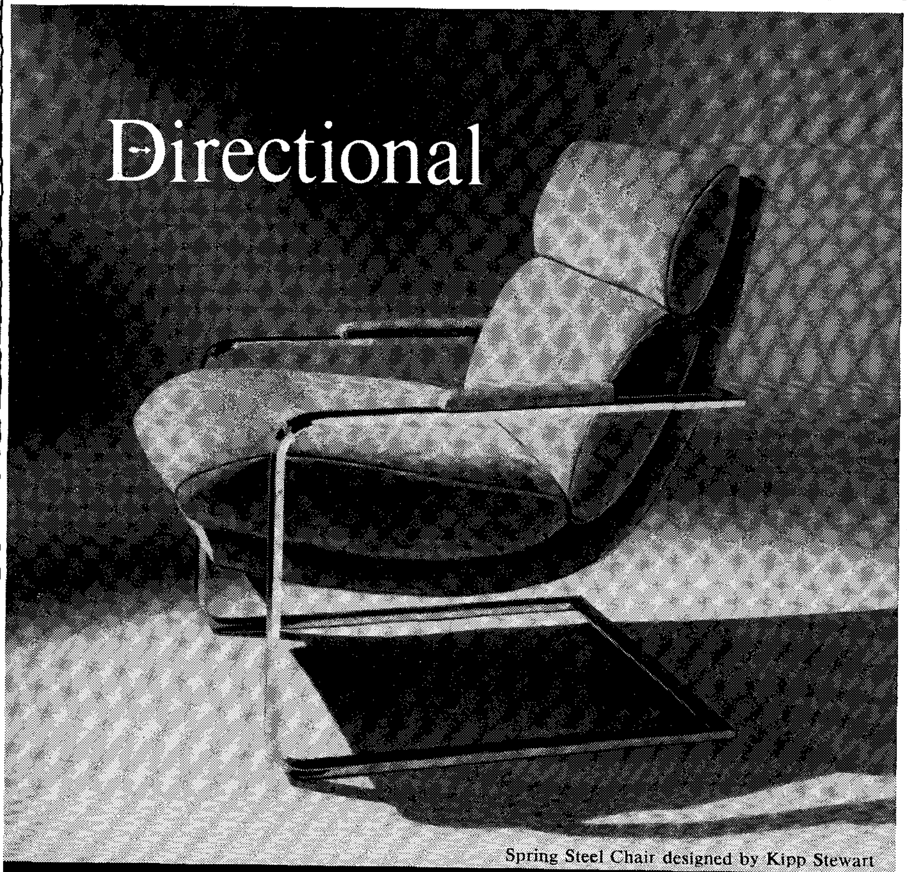

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fication with male rock stars—a relationship that all too often found us digging them while they put us down. This was not masochism but expediency. For all its limitations, rock was the best thing going, and if we had to filter out certain indignities—well, we had been doing that all our lives, and there was no feminist movement to suggest that things might be different.

When rock was taken over by upper-middle-class bohemians, it inherited a whole new set of contradictions between protest and privilege. The new musicians are élite dropouts and, as such, tend to feel superior not only to women but to just about everyone. Their sexism is smugger and cooler, less a product of misdirected frustration, more a simple assumption of power consistent with the rest of their self-image. It is less overtly hostile to women but more condescending. A crude but often revealing method of assessing male bias in lyrics is to take a song written by a man about a woman and reverse the sexes. By this test, a diatribe like "Under My Thumb" is not nearly so sexist in its implications as, for example, Cat Stevens' gentle, sympathetic "Wild World;" Jagger's fantasy of sweet revenge could easily be female—in fact, it has a female counterpart, Nancy Sinatra's "Boots"—but it's hard to imagine a woman sadly warning her ex-lover that he's too innocent for the big bad world out there. The new sexism is also less honest. The rock culture has not merely assimilated male supremacy but, with its own Orwellian logic, tried to pass it off as liberation. Reverence for such neglected "feminine" values as gentleness and nurturance becomes an excuse to badmouth women who display "masculine" characteristics like self-assertion or who don't want to preside as goddess of the organic kitchen. Freedom for women is defined solely as sexual freedom, which in practice means availability on men's terms. The rock community is a male monopoly, with women typically functioning as more or less invisible accessories; around male musicians I've often felt as out of place as a female sportswriter in a locker room. The classic statement of the rock attitude toward women appeared in a *Rolling Stone* supplement on groupies. It seems that rock bands prefer San Francisco groupies to New York groupies: the latter, being coldhearted Easterners, are only out for conquests; Bay Area chicks really dig the musicians as people, not just bodies, and stay afterward to do their housework. This sort of disingenuous moralism offends me much

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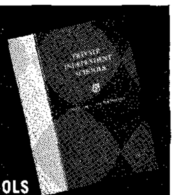

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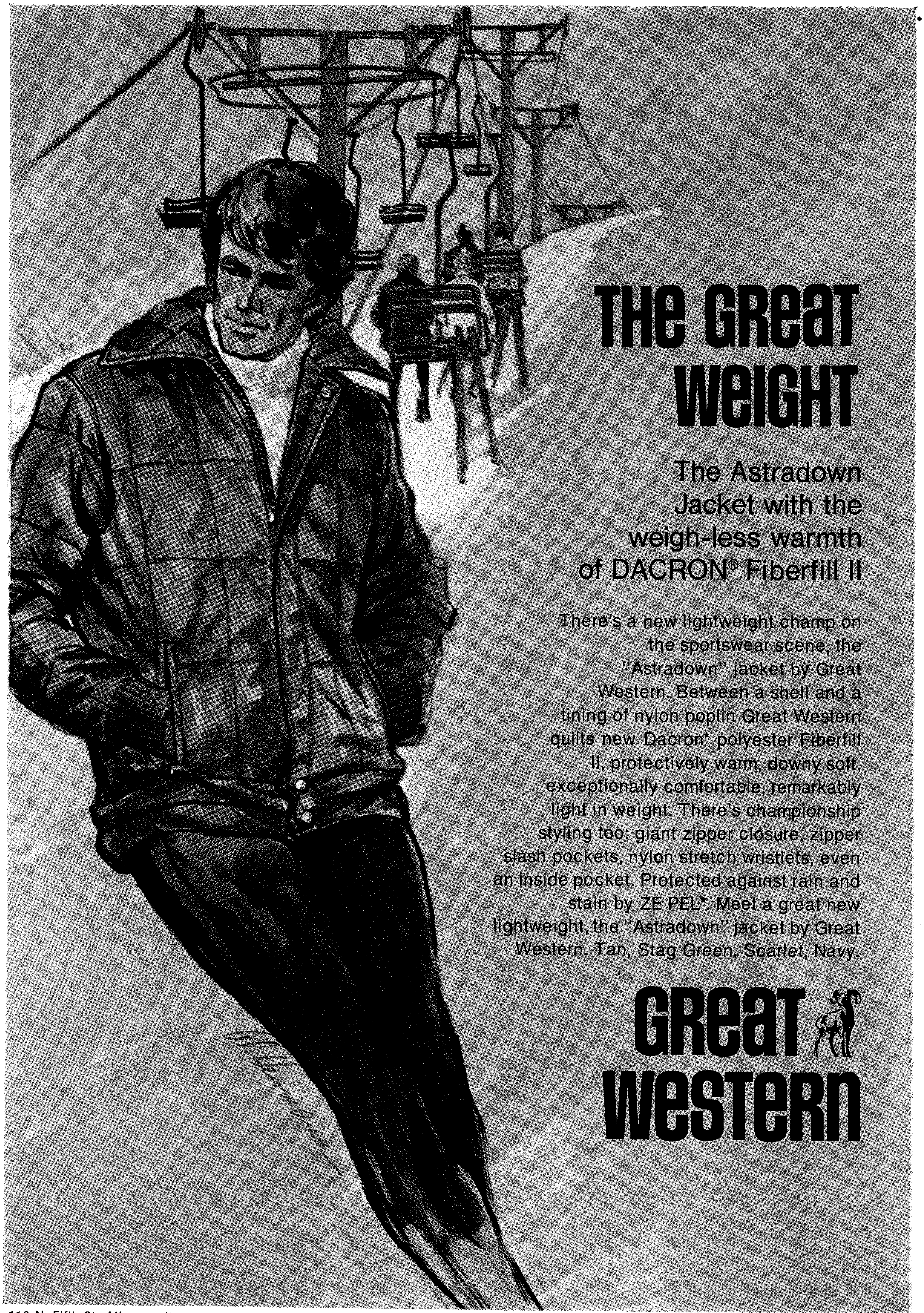

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more than the old brutal directness. At least, the Stones never posed as apostles of a revolutionary life style.

Like the educated middle class that produced them, the new rock musicians are art snobs, and one facet of their snobbery is a tedious worship of technical proficiency. The cult of the Musician has reinforced the locker-room aspect of the rock scene. There, as elsewhere, musicianship, like most technical skills, is considered a male prerogative, and female instrumentalists—those few who have managed to resist pervasive cultural intimidation well enough to learn to play *and* take themselves seriously—have been patronized and excluded. Besides, the pretension, competitiveness, and abstraction from feeling that go along with an emphasis on technique are alienating to most women. (This may be why there are relatively few female jazz fans.) In an overwhelmingly male atmosphere, female performers have served mainly as catalysts for male cultural-revolutionary fantasies of tough chicks, beautiful bitches, and super-yin old ladies. Janis Joplin half-transcended this function by confronting it, screaming out the misery and confusion of being what others wanted her to be. But she was a genius.

Of course, contradictions have a way of resolving themselves, as a nineteenth-century revolutionist pointed out. The same social events that produced a sexist "cultural revolution" produced a sexist radical left, which, in turn, gave rise to the women's-liberation movement. Rock has been particularly resistant to the inroads of a resurgent feminism, but it is not impervious. A year ago, there were probably fewer female rock performers of stature than at any other time in the past decade; today there is a noticeable influx of female singers and composers, and they are finding a receptive audience. More important, women are beginning to break away from the hip stereotypes. Carole King is scarcely a counter-culture heroine, and Joni Mitchell's latest album, "Blue," makes me wonder what ever happened to the sweet folksinger who used to talk about baking cookies to the crowd at the Bitter End. For a long time, I didn't listen to Alice Stuart's album, because its title, "Full Time Woman," turned me off; when I did, I discovered that the title song starts out "I hear you've got a full-time woman now, Does she love you like I never could?" and ends "You gotta set me free. I'd do it for you, baby; now do it for me." Deliberate or not,

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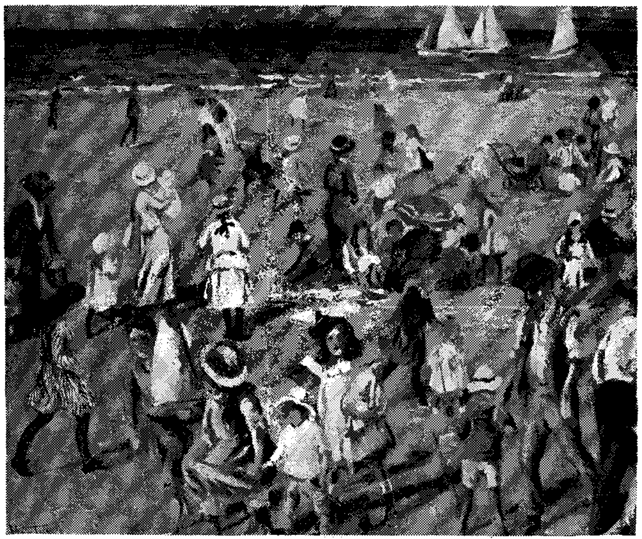

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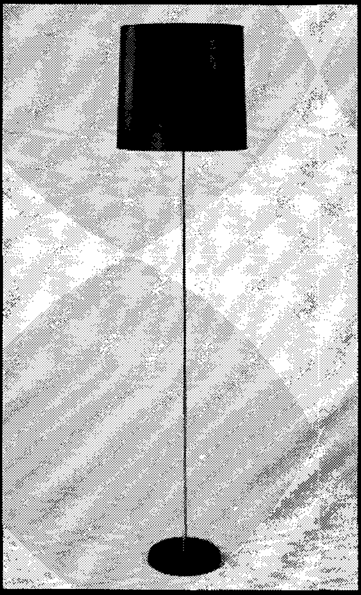

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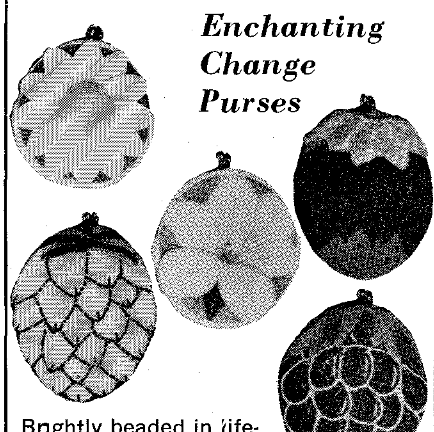

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the reversal of expectations was in itself a statement: Things are seldom what they seem.

Women musicians are also starting to emerge. A number of all-female rock bands have formed, some actively feminist, but as yet this remains almost entirely a local, "underground" phenomenon; the main exception is Fanny, which has put out two disappointing albums. The most exciting female musicians to surface so far belong to a mixed group. They are Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite, the leaders of a Berkeley quintet called Joy of Cooking. Toni writes most of the group's material, plays a conspicuous electric piano, and sings; Terry sings lead and plays guitar; they are backed up by three men, including a conga drummer. Joy has made two excellent albums—"Joy of Cooking" (Capitol ST-661), which came out last January, and a new release, "Closer to the Ground" (Capitol SMAS-828)—and is a popular performing band on the West Coast. Now that it is making a major tour of the East and the Midwest, its audience should begin to expand.

Toni and Terry are not propagandists, except by implication; even in "Only Time Will Tell Me," Toni's one overtly feminist song, we are warned that "Everybody wants some power in this land of liberty, But having lots of power never made anybody free." Still, they are, among other things, propaganda. Besides being intelligent and inventive musicians, they have flouted the convention that women in rock must be either passive or bitchy or desperate. Toni's voice is sweet, Terry's rougher and funkier; both seem to be controlling strong feelings in a way that suggests a desire to keep some of their resources for themselves rather than give body and soul to the audience. Terry, in particular, communicates a female sensibility that is strong, straightforward, independent, exuberant. So do the songs themselves. Although Toni has written some moving portraits of women dumped on by men, particularly "Too Late, but Not Forgotten" and "Red Wine at Noon" (the only cuts from the first album on which she sings lead; ballads are more her style than Terry's), the mood of "Only Time Will Tell Me" (also included in the first album) is more typical: "Been standing on a corner, trying to get across the street, So many years now I've been staring at my feet, But now I'm gonna move. . . . I'm gonna stretch out and find my wings and fly away." Toni's lyrics, some of

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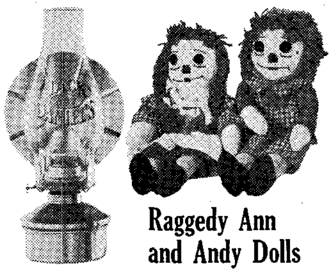

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them quasi-political intimations that the world and people are in a mess and what are we gonna do about it, reflect a cautious, tough-minded optimism. The music, an original, unclassifiable mixture of rock, country, and gospel, with a lot of upbeat vocal improvisation and irresistible rhythms, is—not joyful, exactly; zestful is closer. It is also very polished—occasionally too much so. Fortunately, the group's reserve generally comes across as dignity—not the kind that excludes a good time, either—rather than stinginess. The new album is very much an extension of the first. As its title suggests, the country influence is stronger; the lyrics are somewhat more contemplative and romantic, although there is also plenty of dry comment on the sexual revolution, as in "First Time, Last Time": "If you make it with a stranger you better really know the score, because no matter what he tells you there's bound to be a whole lot more." Terry has contributed two of the songs, and she holds her own with Toni; the lyrics to "Humpty Dumpty," a rocker about the futility of waiting for the king's men to put you together, are especially good.

Joy of Cooking has been around for four years. That the group should begin to make it at this particular time suggests some questions, the most obvious being: Would Toni and Terry have been overlooked if it weren't for all the women's-liberation publicity of the past year or two? Take that one step further: If record companies were benignly neglecting them because they were women, did the lack of pressure help them develop as beautifully as they did? More cynically: Is it easier for them now that the prominence of solo singer-songwriters has made the mystique of groups and musicianship less central? Perhaps all this is irrelevant. Joy of Cooking is not just a good band but an exceptional band, and it's more than possible that the public would have had to recognize that fact, women's liberation or no. It just may be that, unlike a lot of less exceptional bands, Joy had the sense to wait to make an album until it was ready. On the other hand, chances are that if it were any less exceptional it would never have survived at all. —Ellen Willis

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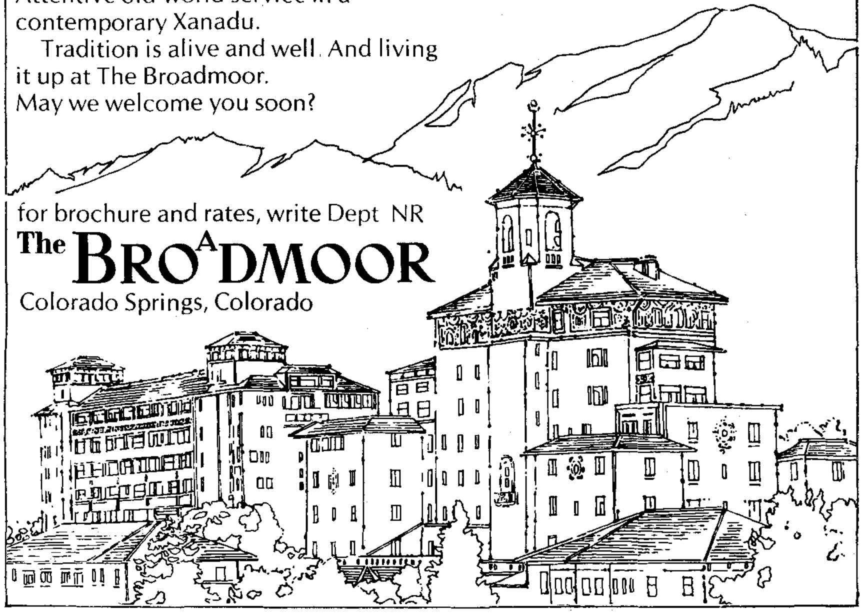

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Phantom Life

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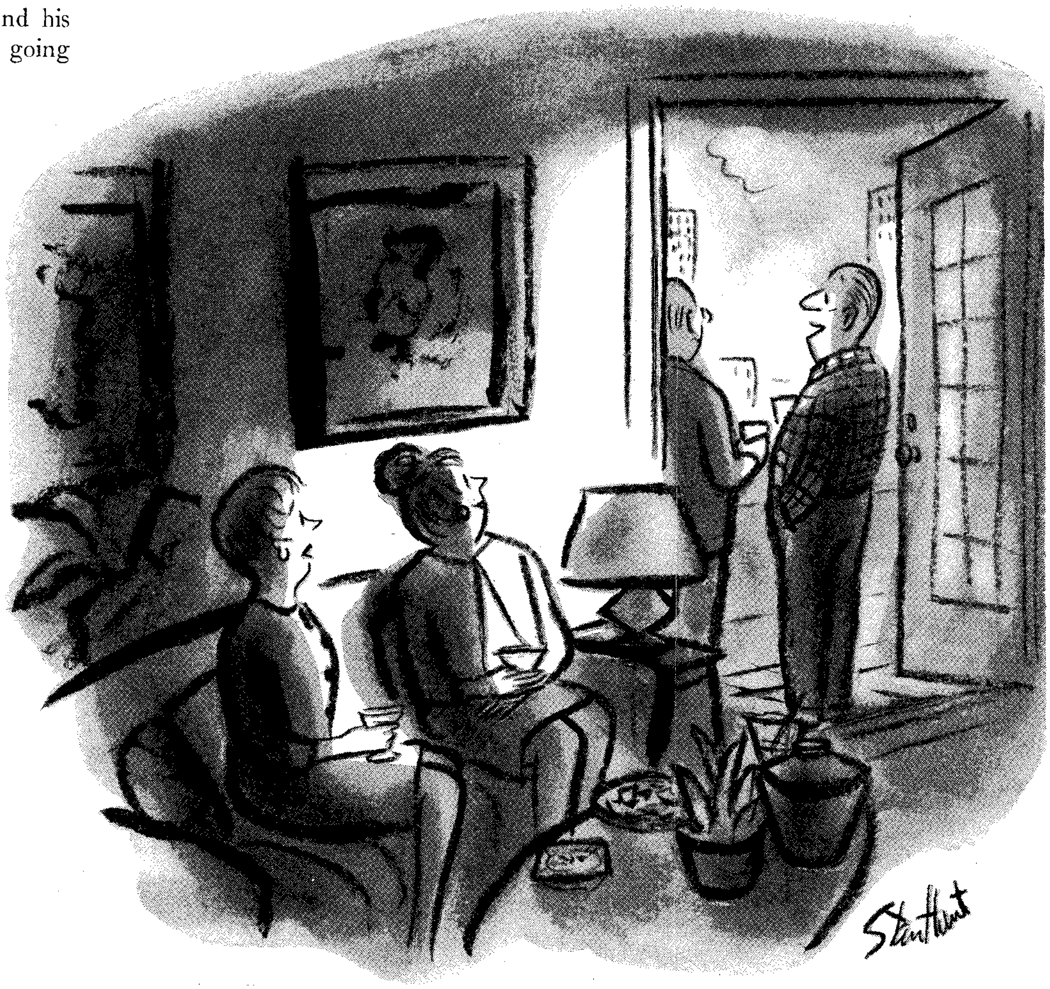
> All right, then. Munves pressed her tightly to him and shivered. Ooooh, it felt good. Soft, soft. Women were originally built like a jackknife, like a Westchester roll, all one short round lump, he was thinking, and when God opened them up straight, the body protruded in round curved masses. He hugged her tighter and tighter, his skinny arm on her shoulders aching.

That is a young man learning to dance, in "Homage to Blenholt," the middle novel of the three Fuchs published, quickly and obscurely, in the middle thirties. When they were reprinted, in 1961, Fuchs wrote, "The books didn't sell—400 copies, 400, 1200. The reviews were scanty, immaterial. The books became odious to me." He goes on to describe his turning to short stories: "I was in the middle of a fourth novel but broke it up and swiftly turned it into three or four short stories. I worked away all spring, one story after the other—perhaps a dozen or fifteen in all. I rested. It was July. Nothing happened." He and his young wife made money by going out to the race track and betting. "I had visions of spending the rest of our lives at the races, travelling from track to track with the seasons. Suddenly I heard from my agent. The editors had simply been away on their summer vacations, that was all. They took the stories, all of them—one afternoon three acceptances in the same mail. I had my race-track winnings in cash all over me in different pockets; I had checks from the magazines laid away in envelopes." It is a typically happy Fuchs story, and it is how I think of him—as a natural winner, a poet who never had to strain after a poetic effect, a magician who made magic look almost too easy, a writer so blithely blessed by the gods he never got dug in properly. He gave up short stories in turn and went to Hollywood.

Now, out of Hollywood, after more than three decades in the desert, comes the fourth Fuchs novel: "West of the Rockies" (Knopf). It is shorter than the others—scenario-length, with odd blank or hurried patches, perhaps for the director to fill in. In his prose of glimmering diffidence, Fuchs tells the story of Adele Hogue, a movie star, and Burt Claris, a handsome nobody who works for her talent agency. The beginning of their romance is tersely sketched indeed: "He had taken up with her, had gotten into her good graces, slept with her. Claris was no better than most. She was accessible." (One of the book's incidental mirages is that Fuchs always refers to the hero as "Claris," which sounds feminine, and often to the heroine as "Hogue," which seems masculine.) The novel centers upon a Palm Springs resort to which Adele Hogue has fled after bolting the set of a movie in production; Burt Claris, on behalf of the agency, has chased her there. The action generally observes the unities of this place in these few days of crisis; as a result, Fuchs spends a high proportion of his pages filling us in—on Adele's old romance with Harry Case, a racketeer whose ex-wife, Fannie, runs the resort; on Adele's recent disastrous fling with the international jet set and an aristocratic English husband who has bankrupted her; on Burt's marriage to an immature young heiress; on the ins and outs of motion-picture financing and the ruin facing the producer, Robert Wigler, who is present, in "the great 117-degree afternoon desert heat," along with Dick Prescott, who is Burt's skirt-chasing superior at the agency, and three children the actress has spawned in the course of her marriages, a hungry host of reporters, and the perennial guests, the sun-bathing, well-preserved "second and third wives of men who made big money in meat, oil, or textiles." Even when the action is before his eyes, the author's tone is one of reverie:

> She held her shoulders straight, carrying her body with that clear-striding, forthright sexual quality they had and which they knew they had. It was the way they were put together; it was the



"Larry says he's feeling like a million bucks, which is nice, because he's worth only about twenty-eight hundred."

bones in them. It was a readiness or acquiescence to use the body for all the pleasure it could give, a readiness they picked up from their mothers, in the Hollywood malt shops, out of the air.

Constructions involving "or" and "way" recur—"either because she considered him of no account or because she was too careworn or because it was her way," "in the ways they had," "whether it was for this reason or because of some other mental quirk"—as if Fuchs were groping through a dream that puzzles him, dazzles him. The blinding California brightness seems pre-smog, and in the end the reader is told that all this slice of "phantom life" happened "some twelve years ago, when television was comparatively new and the big picture studios still throbbed, the collapse yet to come."

What might be faults in another novel feed this one's dreamlike, movie-like glow. Gentle improbabilities hurry events along. Servants are remarkably obliging: a Filipino hotel steward volunteers his room as a love nest, and a baby's nurse spontaneously tells Burt where his wife has hidden her love letters. The imperfectly guessed motives and sketchily summarized lives give a mysterious largeness to the world beyond the plot's circumference. Los Angeles becomes a nostalgic presence: "It had been another time, everything closer to the studios in those days, the Los Angeles area still spread thin and relatively undeveloped, a third of what it was to become." Even Culver City in memory wears a lyrical shimmer: "The wide boulevards with sandy, neglected islands in the middle of them, the sun pouring down, so still and breathtakingly brilliant, as it was in those earlier years."

This tone is far from the self-promoting satire and rage usually offered by "Hollywood novels." Yet the reality to which Fuchs lends his love is recognizably cruel. A jam halts traffic on the desert thruway: "Claris looked down and saw the hard, murderous grain of the pavement concrete, the slits and abrasions, the concrete suddenly stationary and as if magnified." Contracts, erotic as well as financial, take effect in an arid atmosphere purged of any Old World notions of honor or noblesse oblige. The dreams of success and love are acted out against a hard awareness of the "they" who control destinies—the bankers, the gangsters, as implacable and irrational as Greek deities. The women who populate Palm Springs form an ominous chorus of Furies. They lie in the sun discussing girdles and beauty operations,

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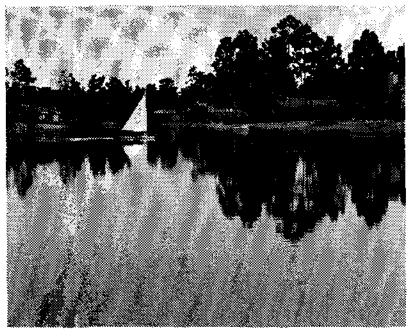

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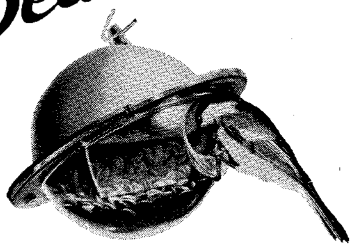

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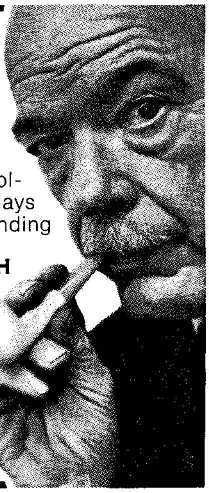

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they make love with necklaces on, they fly decorators in from New York and Texas, they are not unkind, having "all been in the business at one time or another, as stand-ins or stock girls," but with men their ardor is "overwhelmingly tender and solicitous and at the same time impersonal, a kindness which they could discontinue seemingly without an instant's feeling or trace of remembrance": they are all, Wigler tells Burt Claris, "secret agents." They have all made their "adjustments," and in this they differ from Adele Hogue.

Fuchs' portrait of a star is masterly. He seems to do everything to diminish her. She appears frightened, sick, vulgar, and foolish, callous to her children and destructive wherever she can reach. Even her body is seen sadly: "Claris saw the roundness at the upper arms and shoulders, the weight taking hold there, packing in; he saw the slack, plump roll of the belly, the widening at the waist—that thickening which, it had been surveyed and studied in the business, the young people in the movie houses spotted and resented." And when this Venus does her thing and makes love, the prose plunges into melancholy:

> She opened her arms to him, embraced and clasped him to her, taking him on. . . . Claris responded to the pressure, winding through the ritual, the kisses, the fondling, the contriving of an illusion of love—that knavish, coward's thing people relentlessly do with one another.

The weight of Hogue's mortal envelope is frightful: "Claris wondered . . . at the mauling she had absorbed in her time—the curettages, the operations, the bad operation . . . the brutal intensive reducing regimens, when . . . she installed herself in the hospital and they systematically sloughed the weight off her, so that she herself came to view her body with a sick distaste." Since neither beauty nor skill ("She didn't know anything about acting, never had, would be the first to say so") has lifted her up from the high-school malt shops through the petty prostitutions and mismarriages and neurotic ailments into stardom, what has? Fuchs answers, "Fanatic energy." Adele explains it to herself: "Her special effectiveness with the audience was spontaneous, something organic, beyond control. She believed it was the product of the nervous system you were endowed with, and she was convinced her nerves were used up, that you were given just so much." So "star quality" exacts an exceptional toll, and reader and author and lover together come to adore anew this exasperating and worse-than-aver-

WOODY ALLEN
is currently writing a major philosophical work to be called *The Cosmos on $5 a Day* and revising his autobiography to include himself. In the meantime, he has graciously consented to entrust the world with this modest masterpiece.

Photo: Philippe Halsman
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age woman. Using as his material the shabbiest truths, Fuchs rebuilds the Hollywood myth; a happy ending evolves in an atmosphere of exhausted illusion. When, at the end, Adele Hogue stands with Burt on the edge of a marital partnership perhaps as profitable as that of Doris Day and Marty Melcher, and turns to him in the mass of reporters and mouths "I love you" as if on a sound stage, her sincerity is beyond gauging; we are dazzled by her courage, her real will to go on living her life of unreality.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS: THE NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN, by Jean-François Revel, translated from the French by J. F. Bernard, with an afterword by Mary McCarthy (Doubleday). This book made a stir in France, and no wonder: M. Revel tells his countrymen, among other things, that their culture is backward and their political ideas mediocre. Further, he insists that the habitual, reflexive anti-Americanism of the French left is the result of waywardness, fear, and ignorance. (Since France, as he points out, has next to no public-library system—it is worse than Spain's—and since, as he complains, movies and television are subject to official political censorship, while a variety of laws gravely limit freedom of the press, French ignorance is probably more pardonable than he allows.) M. Revel doubts whether a revolution toward peace, decency, and liberty will be sponsored by either of the great Communist powers, or whether it can emanate from the so-called Third World, which is poor and is limited by the incompetence of its tiny "modern" sector and the conservatism of its "traditional" sector. The forces of the left—libertarian, egalitarian, pacifistic—are, M. Revel thinks, more powerful in the United States than they are anyplace else, and so this country, he imagines, is the most likely, for the second time in history, to lead the world on its revolutionary way. By revolution, M. Revel means not that blood will necessarily flow but that society will change, and he accurately notices changes that have occurred here and no place else, along with the radical insights and programs of various dissenting American groups that the rest of the

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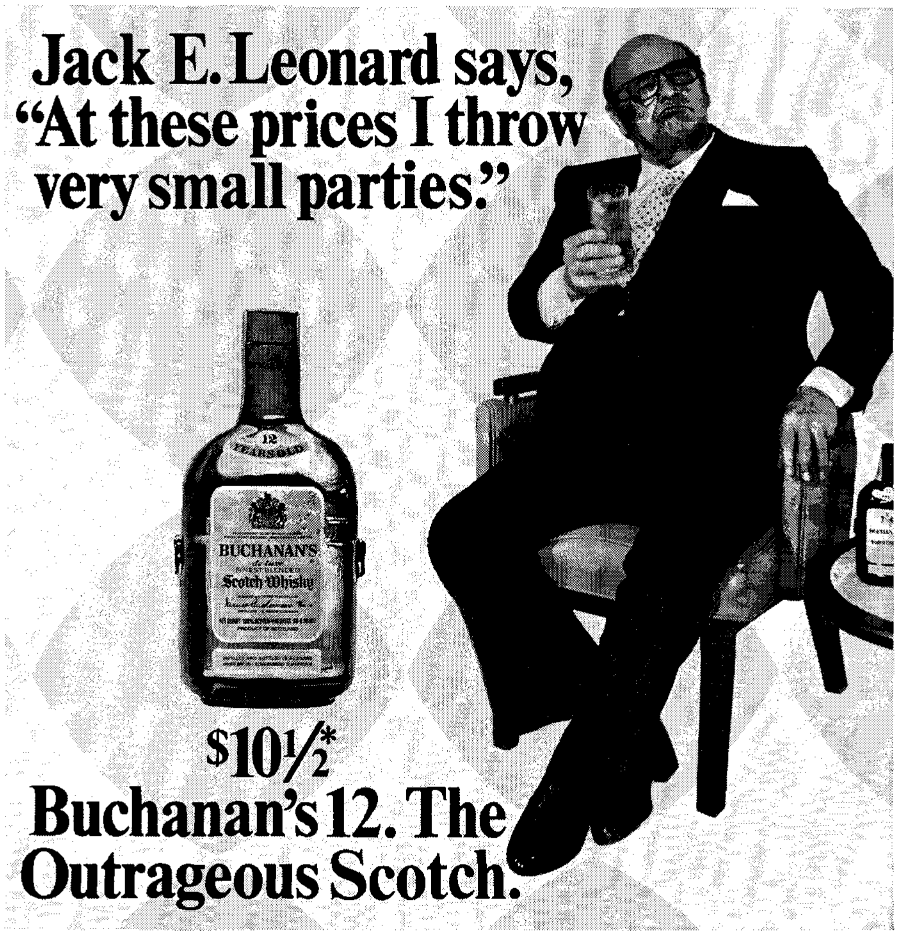
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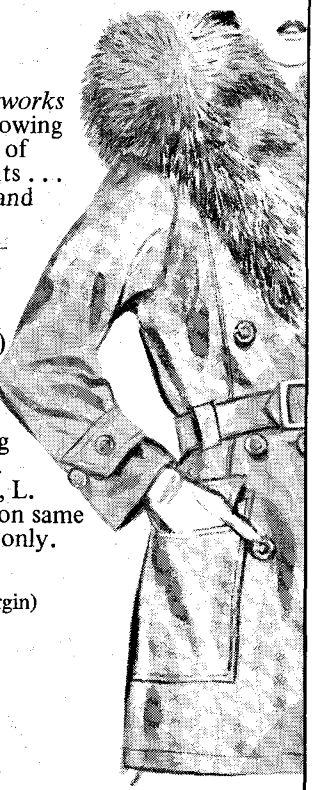

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world has not yet caught up with. Practically no Europeans appreciate how respectable it has always been in this country to be agin the government, and M. Revel is probably giving Americans too much credit for the anti-war movement when, for example, he contrasts its strength here with the feebleness of French opposition to the Algerian war. Perhaps his most useful work for the French is to call attention to the element of malice in their opinions: all varieties of the French left, for instance, are hostile to Sweden, partly because that country's Socialist regime disappoints French dogmatic preconceptions, but mainly because it is successful. For Americans, the book's value is as a reminder of what, perhaps, we already know: that, for example, conflict (which we always engage in and always apologize for) is as important to society as consensus, and that foreign criticism of the United States may be as ill-informed and neurotic as one-hundred-per-cent super-Americanism. Miss McCarthy's epilogue praises M. Revel while making light of his hopes for this country—but they are only hopes, not predictions, and why should he (and we) not hope?

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts (Stein & Day). Another, almost microscopically detailed, documentary account of the disaster of mid-April, 1906 (nearly five square miles burned out, some twenty-eight thousand buildings destroyed, almost five hundred people killed, Enrico Caruso inconvenienced, John Barrymore inspired to a three-day binge), which opens and closes with a solemn warning that another San Francisco earthquake is imminent and almost certain to be catastrophic because of overcrowding, heedless building, and under-planning. The tone is peculiar. The authors' warning is delivered in an almost gleeful voice, and their description of the familiar quake and fire has a querulous, accusing note, as if everybody concerned annoyed them. They speak weightily of the photographs taken by Arnold Genthe, but although their book is generously illustrated with photographs, none of Genthe's are included. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TWELVE TRAINS TO BABYLON, by Alfred Connable (Little, Brown). About a dedicated Communist spy who is landed on Fire Island to do his spying, and then one day discovers that his organization has been taken over by a syndicate and is now dealing not in information but in heroin. There is a great deal of activity—racing up and down Manhattan by subway and cab and stolen car, ducking in and out of McSorley's, picking up messages at Kennedy Airport. The people involved are carefully striking—a dwarf with a menacing bicycle chain, a smiling giant, an oracular blind black man, a bartender named Sugar Red, a beautiful junkie who poses for dirty pictures. There is also a large amount of pretension, and very little sense.

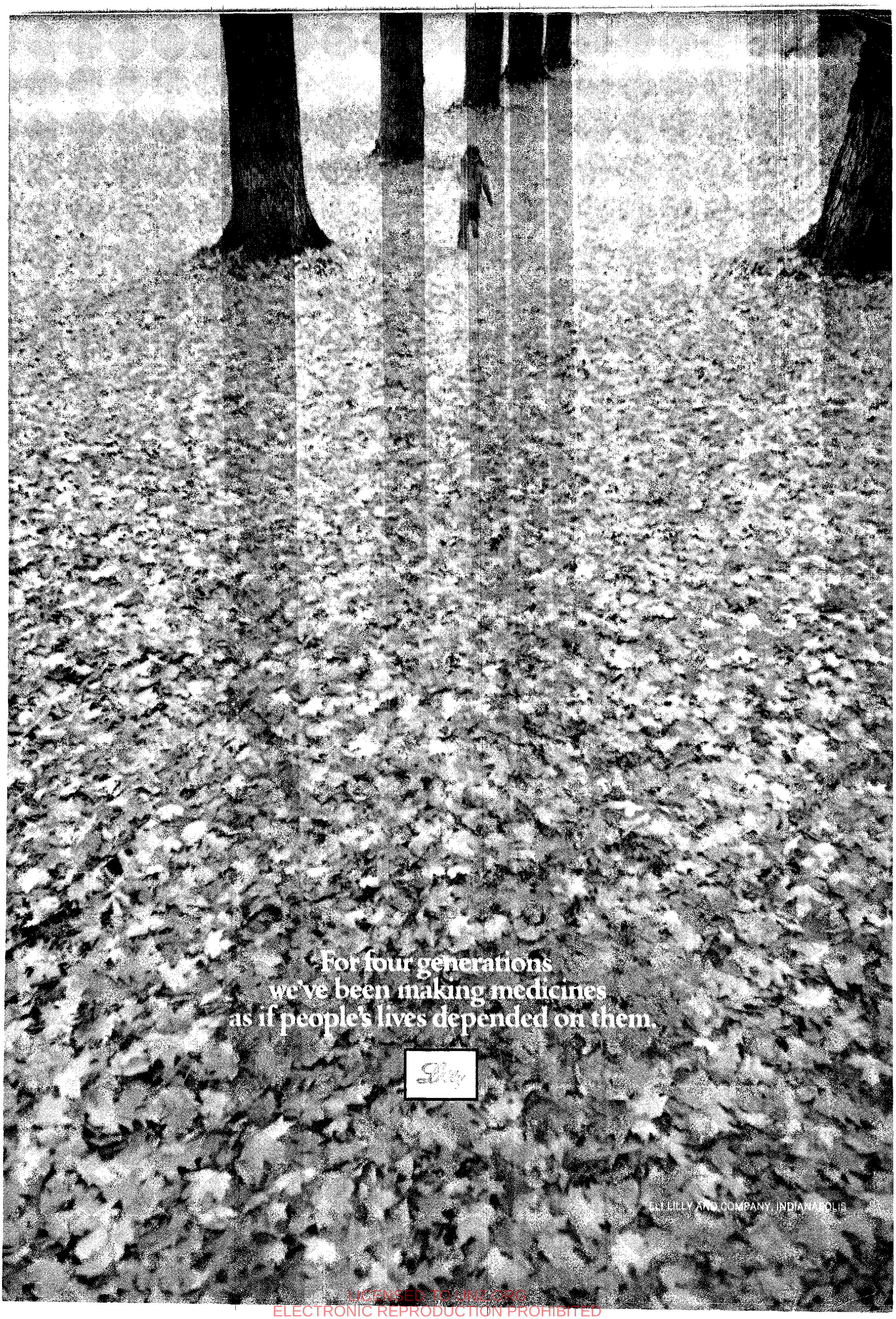
THE EMBASSY MADONNA, by Lydia Kirk (Doubleday). A Brussels mystery, set in diplomatic circles and written with a prim and worldly insouciance that makes it delightful reading. Mlle. Jacquin, a hardworking little spinster who was heroic in the Belgian resistance in the Second World War and now is indispensable to the smooth workings of the social side of the American Embassy, finds something to question in the famous painting "Notre Dame des Roses," which is resting at the Embassy after having been rescued from a junk shop in Midwestern America. The painting, which beguiled Mlle. Jacquin all during her life, from childhood until it was taken away by the Germans during the war, is on the last lap of its journey home to her neighborhood church, Notre Dame des Champs. But Mlle. Jacquin notices something very odd about it, and so the real part of the story starts, with a lot of fancy footwork by the Belgian police, a lot of embarrassed murmuring from the American diplomats (who find themselves hoodwinked), and a very satisfactory dénouement on a shabby barge bound for Antwerp.

•

They were scratching chiefly because of injuries to Willie McCovey (both knees), a problem that forced Mays to play more often, which in turn created a fatigue problem for the old hero of the Giants.

Then in September, more woes: McCovey took an 8-stitich cut on his left head, Dick Dietz was beaned and took 12 stitches on his head, and Marichal suffered a bruised left hip after colliding with Lee May in Cincinnati.—*The Times.*

At least, McCovey can always fall back on the circus.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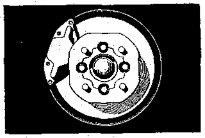

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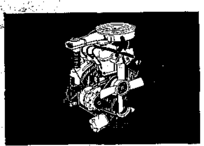

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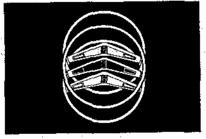

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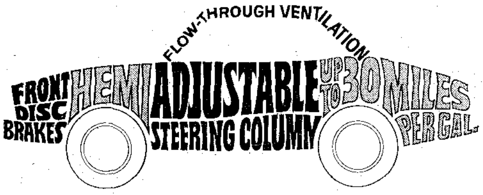
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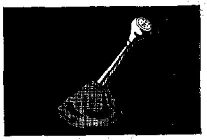

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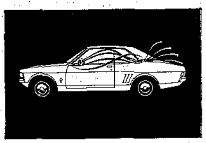

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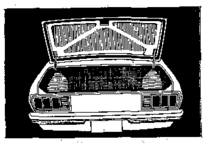

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